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THE

W O R K S

O F

PHILIP MASSINGER.

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING,

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

The GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE.

The UNNATURAL COMBAT.

AND

The BASHFUL LOVER.

L O N D O N :

Printed for HENRY DELL, the Corner of *St. Dunstan's-Hill*,
in *Great Tower-Street*.

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W. O. K. S.

PHILIP MASSINGER



VOLUME 1

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A NEW WAY TO OLD DEBTS

THE GREAT RIVER OF FRANCE

THE OLD AND NEW COMBAT

A NEW

THE FASHIONABLE

LONDON

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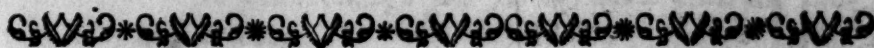
MUSEUM



A N E W W A Y
T O
P A Y O L D D E B T S.
A
C O M E D Y.

As it hath been often acted at the *Phoenix* in
Drury-Lane, by the Queen's Majesty's Ser-
vants. 1633.

W R I T T E N
By P H I L I P M A S S I N G E R.



VOL. III.

A

STANDARD-BANK OF NEW YORK

A NEW WAY

PAY OLD DEBTS.



COMPLETED.

As it had been often asked at the Bank in
Dunlop Lane, by the Queen's Majesty's Ser-
vants, 1833.

WRITTEN

BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

STANDARD-BANK OF NEW YORK

A

Vol. III



TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE
ROBERT Earl of CARNARVAN,
Master Falconer of ENGLAND.

My Good Lord,

P *****
ARDON I beseech you my Boldness, in pre-
suming to shelter this Comedy under the Wings of
your Lordship's Favour and Protection. I am
not ignorant (having never yet deserved you in
my Service) that it cannot but meet with a severe Con-
struction, if in the Clemency of your noble Disposition, you
fashion not a better Defence for me, than I can fancy for
myself. All I can allege is, that divers Italian Princes,
and Lords of eminent Rank in England, have not dis-
dained to receive, and read Poems of this Nature; nor am
I wholly lost in my Hopes, but that your Honour (who have
ever express'd yourself a Favourer, and Friend to the Muses)
may vouchsafe, in your gracious Acceptance of this Trifle, to
give me Encouragement to present you with some laboured
Work, and of a higher Strain, hereafter. I was born a
devoted Servant to the thrice noble Family of your incom-
parable Lady, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming
Distance, to be known to your Lordship, which, if you please
to admit, I shall embrace it as a Bounty, that while I live
shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble Patron, and
profess myself to be,

Your Honour's true Servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis Personæ.

LOVELL, an *English* Lord.

SIR GILES OVERREACH, a cruel Extortioner.

WELLBORN, a Prodigal.

ALLWORTH, a young Gentleman, Page to Lord *Lovell*.

GREEDY, a hungry Justice of Peace.

MARRALL, a Term-driver; a Creature of Sir *Giles Overreach's*.

ORDER,

AMBLE,

FURNACE,

WATCHALL,

WELL-DO, a Parson.

TAPWELL, an Alehouse-keeper.

Three Creditors.

The Lady ALLWORTH. a rich Widow.

MARGARET, *Overreach's* Daughter.

Waiting Woman.

Chambermaid.

FROTH, *Tapwell's* Wife.



A N E W W A Y
T O
P A Y O L D D E B T S.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Wellborn, Tapwell, Froth.

Wellborn.

N O Bouze? nor no Tobacco?

Tapwell. Not a Suck, Sir;
Nor the Remainder of a single Cann
Left by a drunken Porter, all Night pall'd too.

Froth. Not the Dropping of the Tap for your Morn-
ing's Draught, Sir:

'Tis Verity, I assure you.

Wellborn. Verity, you Brach!

The Devil turn'd Precisian! Rogue, what am I?

Tapwell. Troth! durst I trust you with a Looking-
Glafs,

To let you see your trim Shape, you would quit me,
And take the Name yourself.

Wellborn. How! Dog?

Tapwell. Even so, Sir.

And I must tell you, if you but advance
Your pile-worn Cloak, you shall be soon instructed
There dwells, and within Call (if it please your Worship)
A potent monarch call'd the Constable,

That does command a Citadel call'd the Stocks ;
 Whose Guards are certain Files of lusty Billmen,
 Such as with great Dexterity will hawl
 Your tatter'd, louzy —

Wellborn. Rascal ! Slave !

Froth. No Rage, Sir.

Tapwell. At his own Peril ! Do not put yourself
 In too much Heat, there being no Water near
 To quench your Thirst ; and sure for other Liquor,
 As mighty Ale, or Beer, they are Things, I take it,
 You must no more remember ; not in a Dream, Sir.

Wellborn. Why, thou unthankful Villain, dar'st thou
 talk thus ?

Is not thy House, and all thou hast, my Gift ?

Tapwell. I find it not in Chalk ; and *Timothy Tapwell*
 Does keep no other Register.

Wellborn. Am not I He

Whose Riots fed and cloath'd thee ? Wert thou not
 Born on my Father's Land, and proud to be
 A Drudge in his House ?

Tapwell. What I was, Sir, it skills not :
 What you are, is apparent. Now for a Farewell :
 Since you talk of Father, in my Hope it will torment
 you,

I'll briefly tell your Story. Your dead Father,
 My *quondam* Master, was a Man of Worship ;
 Old Sir *John Wellborn*, Justice of Peace and *Quorum* ;
 And stood fair to be *Custos Rotulorum* ;
 Bore the whole Sway of the Shire, kept a great House,
 Reliev'd the Poor, and so forth : but he dying,
 And the Twelve Hundred a Year coming to you,
 Late Master *Francis*, but now forlorn *Wellborn* —

Wellborn. Slave, stop ! or I shall lose myself.

Froth. Very hardly ;

You cannot be out of your Way.

Tapwell. But to my Story.

You were then a Lord of Acres, the prime Gallant,
 And I your under Butler : Note the Change now :
 You had a merry Time of't ; Hawks and Hounds,

With



P A Y O L D D E B T S.

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With Choice of Running Horses; Mistresses
Of all Sorts and all Sizes, yet so hot
As their Embraces made your Lordship melt;
Which your Uncle, Sir *Giles Overreach*, observing,
Resolving not to lose a Drop of 'em,——
On foolish Mortgages, Statutes, and Bonds,
For a while supply'd your Looseness, and then left you.

Wellborn. Some Curate hath penn'd this invective,
Mongrel,

And you have study'd it.

Tapwell. I have not done yet:

Your Land gone, and your Credit not worth a Token,
You grew the common Borrower, no Man 'scap'd
Your Paper-pellets, from the Gentleman
To the Beggars on Highways, that sold you Switches
In your Gallantry.

Wellborn. I shall switch your Brains out.

Tapwell. When poor *Tim Tapwell*, with a little Stock,
Some Forty Pounds or so, bought a small Cottage;
Humbled myself to Marriage with my *Froth* here,
Gave Entertainment——

Wellborn. Yes, to Whores, and Canters,
Clubbers by Night.

Tapwell. True, but they brought in Profit,
And had a Gift to pay for what they call'd for;
And stuck not like your Mastership. The poor Income
I glean'd from them, hath made me in my Parish
Thought worthy to Scavenger; and in Time
May rise to be Overseer of the Poor;
Which if I do, on your Petition, *Wellborn*,
I may allow you Thirteen-pence a Quarter;
And you shall thank my Worship.

Wellborn. Thus, you Dog-bolt——
And thus——

[Beats and kicks him.]

Tapwell. Cry out for Help!

Wellborn. Stir, and thou diest:
Your potent Prince the Constable shall not save you.
Hear me, ungrateful Hell-Hound! did not I
Make Purfes for you? Then you lick'd my Boots,

And thought your Holiday Cloak too coarse to clean 'em.
'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear, if ever
Thou could'st arrive at Forty Pounds, thou would'st
Live like an Emperor; 'twas I that gave it
In ready Gold. Deny this, Wretch!

Tapwell. I must, Sir.

For from the Tavern to the Taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their Licences, stand bound,
Never to remember who their best Guests were,
If they grew poor like you.

Wellborn. They are well rewarded
That beggar themselves to make such Cuckolds rich.
Thou Viper, thankless Viper! impudent Bawd!
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
Your Memory, and tread thee into Mortar;
Not leave one Bone unbroken.

Tapwell. Oh!

Froth. Ask Mercy.

Enter Allworth.

Wellborn. 'Twill not be granted.

Allworth. Hold for my Sake, hold!

Deny me, *Frank*? They are not worth your Anger.

Wellborn. For once thou hast redeem'd them from this
Scepter.

But let 'em vanish, creeping on their Knees;
And, if they grumble, I revoke my Pardon.

Froth. This comes of your prating Husband; you
presum'd
On your ambling Wit, and must use your glib Tongue,
Though you are beaten lame for't.

¹ *On Forfeiture of their Licences stand bound
Never to remember, &c.*

I have printed this after the old Copies. *Mr. Dodley* in his Collection reads,

*On Forfeiture of their Licence stand bound
Never to remember who the best Guests were, &c.*

Tapwell.

Tapwell. Patience, *Froth* !
There's Law to cure our Bruises.

[*They go off on their Hands and Knees.*]

Wellborn. Sent for to your Mother ?

Allworth. My Lady, *Frank*, my Patroness ! my all !
She's such a Mourner for my Father's Death,
And in her Love to him, so favours me,
That I cannot pay too much Observance to her :
There are few such Step-dames.

Wellborn. 'Tis a noble Widow,
And keeps her Reputation pure, and clear
From the least Taint of Infamy : Her Life
With the Splendor of her Actions leaves no Tongue
To Envy, or Detraction. Pry'thee tell me ;
Has she no Suitors ?

Allworth. Even the best of the Shire, *Frank*,
My Lord excepted : Such as sue, and fend,
And fend, and sue again ; but to no Purpose.
Their frequent Visits have not gain'd her Prefence ;
Yet she's so far from Sullenness and Pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal Entertainment. I can give you
A Catalogue of her Suitors Names.

Wellborn. Forbear it,
While I give you good Counsel. I am bound to it ;
Thy Father was my Friend ; and that Affection
I bore to him, in Right descends to thee.
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful Youth,
Nor will I have the least Affront stick on thee,
If I with any Danger can prevent it.

Allworth. I thank your noble Care ; but, pray you, in
what
Do I run the Hazard ?

Wellborn. Art thou not in Love ?
Put it not off with Wonder.

Allworth. In Love, at my Years ?

Wellborn.

Wellborn. You think you walk in Clouds, but are transparent, ²

I have heard all, and the Choice that you have made;
And, with my Finger, can point out the North Star,
By which the Loadstone of your Folly's guided:
And to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair *Margaret*, the only Child, and Heir
Of *Cormorant Overreach*? Do'st blush and start,
To hear her only nam'd? Blush at your want
Of Wit and Reason.

Allworth. You are too bitter, Sir.

Wellborn. Wounds of this Nature are not to be cur'd
With Balms, but Corrosives. I must be plain:
Art thou scarce manumiz'd from the Porter's Lodge,
And yet sworn Servant to the Pantophle,
And dar'st thou dream of Marriage? I fear
'Twill be concluded for impossible,
That there is now, nor ere shall be hereafter,
A handsome Page, or Player's Boy of fourteen,
But either loves a Wench, or Drabs love him;
Court-waiters not exempted.

Allworth. This is Madness.

How ere you have discover'd my Intents,
You know my Aims are lawful; and if ever
The Queen of Flowers, the Glory of the Spring,
The sweetest Comfort to our Smell, the Rose
Sprung from an envious Briar, I may infer,
There's such Desparity in their Conditions,
Between the Goddess of my Soul, the Daughter,
And the base Churl her Father.—

Wellborn. Grant this true,
As I believe it; canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet Bed with her, whose Father
Ruin'd thy State?

² *You think you walk in Clouds, but are transparent.*

The old Reading was,

You think you walk in Clouds, but are transient,
Which was certainly an Error of the Press.

Allworth.

PAY OLD DEBTS.

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Allworth. And your's too.

Wellborn. I confess it true,

I must tell you as a Friend, and freely,
That, where Impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis Indiscretion to nourish Hopes.
Canst thou imagine, (let not Self-love blind thee)
That Sir *Giles Overreach*, who to make her great
In swelling Titles, without touch of Conscience,
Will cut his Neighbour's Throat (and I hope his own too)
Will ere consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some Course suitable to thy Rank,
And prosper in it.

Allworth. You have well advis'd me.

But, in the mean Time, you that are so studious
Of my Affairs, wholly neglect your own:
Remember yourself, and in what Plight you are.

Wellborn. No matter, no matter.

Allworth. Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my Fortune, and my Means; yet something
I can spare from myself, to help your Wants.

Wellborn. How's this?

Allworth. Nay, be not angry. There's eight Pieces
To put you in better Fashion.

Wellborn. Money from thee?

From a Boy? A Stipendary? One that lives
At the Devotion of a Stepmother,
And the uncertain Favour of a Lord?
I'll eat my Arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her Malice on me;
Though I am vomited out of an Alehouse,
And thus accoutred; know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this Canopy;
Although I thank thee, I despise thy Offer.
And as I, in my Madness, broke my State,
Without th' Assistance of another's Brain,
In my right Wits I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus, and be forgotten.

Allworth. A strange Humour! [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchall.

Order. Set all Things right, or as my Name is *Order*,
And by this Staff of Office that commands you——
This Chain and double Ruff, Symbols of Power!
Whoever misses in his Function,
For one whole Week makes Forfeiture of his Breakfast,
And Privilege in the Wine-cellar.

Amble. You are merry
Good Master Steward.

Furnace. Let him; I'll be angry.

Amble. Why, Fellow *Furnace*, 'tis not Twelve o'Clock
yet,

Nor Dinner taking up; then 'tis allow'd
Cooks, by their Places, may be Cholerick.

Furnace. You think you have spoke wisely, Goodman

Amble,
My Lady's Go-before!

Order. Nay, nay, no wrangling.

Furnace. 'Twit me with the Authority of the Kitchen?
At all Hours, and all Places, I'll be angry;
And thus provok'd, when I am at my Prayers
I will be angry.

Amble. There was no Hurt meant.

Furnace. I am Friends with thee, and yet I will be an-
gry.

Order. With whom?

Furnace. No Matter whom: Yet, now I think on't,
I am angry with my Lady.

Watchall. Heaven forbid, Man.

Order. What Cause has she given thee?

Furnace. Cause enough, Master Steward:
I was entertain'd by her to please her Palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.
Now since our Master, noble *Allworth*, died,
Tho' I crack my Brains to find out tempting Sauces,

And

And raise Fortifications in the Pastry,
Such as might serve for Models in the Low-Countries;
(Which, if they had been practis'd at *Breda*,
Spinola might have thrown his Cap at it, and ne'er took
it)——

Amble. But you had wanted Matter there to work on.

Furnace. Matter! with six Eggs, and a Strike of Rye
Meal,

I had kept the Town till Doomsday; perhaps longer.

Order. But what's this to your Pet against my Lady?

Furnace. What's this? Marry this, when I am three
Parts roasted,

And the fourth Part parboil'd to prepare her Viands;
She keeps her Chamber, dines with a Panada,
Or Water-gruel, my Sweat never thought on.

Order. But your Art is seen in the Dining-room.

Furnace. By whom?

By such as pretend love her; but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the Harpies
That do devour her, I am out of Charity
With none so much, as the thin gutted Squire
That's stol'n into Commission.

Order. Justice Greedy?

Furnace. The same, the same. Meat's cast away upon
him;

It never thrives. He holds this Paradox,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do Justice well.
His Stomach's as insatiate as the Grave,
Or Strumpets ravenous Appetites.

Watchall. One knocks. [*Allworth knocks, and enters.*]

Order. Our late young Master.

Amble. Welcome, Sir.

Furnace. Your Hand:

If you have a Stomach, a cold Bake-meat's ready.

Order. His Father's Picture in little.

Furnace. We are all your Servants.

Amble. In you he lives.

Allworth. At once, my Thanks to all;

This is yet some Comfort. Is my Lady stirring?

Enter

Enter the Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.

Order. Her Presence answers for us.

Lady. Sort those Silks Well,

I'll take the Air alone.

[Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.]

Furnace. You air and air;

But will you never taste but Spoon-meat more?

To what use serve I?

Lady. Prythee, be not angry;

I shall er'e long; in the mean Time, there's Gold

To buy thee Aprons, and a Summer Suit.

[Cool.]

Furnace. I am appeas'd,³ and *Furnace* now grows

Lady. And, as I gave Directions, if this Morning

I am visited by any, entertain 'em

As heretofore: But say in my Excuse

I am indisposed.

Order. I shall, Madam.

Lady. Do, and leave me.

Nay, stay you *Allworth*.

[Exeunt Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchball.]

Allworth. I shall gladly grow here,

To wait on your Commands.

Lady. So soon turn'd Courtier.

[is Duty,

Allworth. Stile not that Courtship, Madam, which
Purchas'd on your Part.

Lady. Well, you shall ov'rcome;

I'll not contend in Words. How is it with

Your noble Master?

Allworth. Ever like himself;

No Scruple lessen'd in the full Weight of Honour;

He did Command me; (pardon my Presumption)

³ *I am appeas'd, and Furnace now grows Cooke.*

Thus it stands in the Old Editions. Mr. *Doddsley* reads,

I am appeas'd, and Furnace now grows Cold.

But I think from the Sense and Similitude it should be *Cool*.

As his unworthy Deputy, to kiss
Your Ladyship's fair Hands.

Lady. I am honour'd in
His Favour to me. Does he hold his Purpose
For the Low-Countries?

Allworth. Constantly, good Madam:
But he will in Person, first present his Service. [yet

Lady. And how approve you of his Course? you are
Like virgin Parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vitious or honorable.
I will not force your Will, but leave you free
To your own Election.

Allworth. Any Form you please,
I will put on; but, might I make my Choice,
With humble Emulation I would follow
The Path my Lord marks to me.

Lady. 'Tis well answer'd,
And I commend your Spirit: You had a Father,
(Bless'd be his Memory) that some few Hours
Before the Will of Heaven took him from me,
Who did commend you, by the dearest Ties
Of perfect Love between us, to my Charge:
And therefore what I speak, you are bound to hear
With such Respect, as if he liv'd in me.
He was my Husband, and how 'ere you are not
Son of my Womb, you may be of my Love,
Provided you deserve it.

Allworth. I have found you,
(Most honour'd Madam) the best Mother to me;
And with my utmost Strength of Care and Service,
Will labour that you never may repent
Your Bounties show'r'd upon me.

Lady. I much hope it.
These were your Father's Words. If ere my Son
Follow the War, tell him it is a School
Where all the Principles tending to Honour
Are taught, if truly followed: But for such
As repair thither, as a Place in which
They do presume they may with Licence practise
Their

Their Lusts and Riots; they shall never merit
 The noble Name of Soldiers. To dare boldly
 In a fair Cause, and for their Countries Safety
 To run upon the Cannon's Mouth undaunted;
 To obey their Leaders, and shun Mut'nies;
 To bear with Patience the Winter's Cold,
 And Summer's scorching Heat; and not to faint,
 When Plenty of Provision fails, with Hunger;
 Are the essential Parts make up a Soldier,
 Not Swearing, Dice or Drinking.

Allworth. There's no Syllable
 You speak, but is to me an Oracle,
 Which but to doubt were impious.

Lady. To conclude,
 Beware ill Company; for often Men
 Are like to those with whom they do converse:
 And, from one Man I warn'd you, and that's *Wellborn*:
 Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your Pity;
 But that he's in his Manners so debauch'd,
 And hath to vicious Courses sold himself.
 'Tis true your Father lov'd him, while he was
 Worthy the loving; but if he had liv'd
 To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,
 As you must do.

Allworth. I shall obey in all Things.

Lady. Follow me to my Chamber, you shall have Gold
 To furnish you like my Son, and still supply'd,
 As I hear from you.

Allworth. I am still your Creature. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Overreach, Greedy, Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchall.
 Marrall.

Greedy. Not to be seen?

Overreach. Still cloistered up? Her Reason,
 I hope, assures her, though she make herself
 Close Prisoner ever for her Husband's Loss,

'Twill

'Twill not recover him.

Order. Sir, it is her Will;
Which we that are her Servants ought to serve,
And not dispute. Howe'er, you are nobly Welcome;
And if you please to stay, that you may think so;
There came not six Days since from *Hull*, a Pipe
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my Lady's Honour.

Greedy. Is it of the right Race?

Order. Yes, Master *Greedy*

Amble. How his Mouth runs o'er! [Worship.

Furnace. I'll make it run, and run. Save your good

Greedy. Honest Master Cook, thy Hand, again! How
I love thee.

Are the good Dishes still in being? Speak Boy.

Furnace. If you have a Mind to feed, there is a Chine
Of Beef well seasoned.

Greedy. Good!

Furnace. A Pheasant larded.

Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't!

Furnace. Other *Kickshaws*.⁴

Besides there came last Night from the Forest of *Sherwood*,
The fattest Stag I ever cook'd.

Greedy. A Stag, Man?

Furnace. A Stag, Sir, Part of it prepar'd for Dinner,
And bak'd in Puff-paste

Greedy. Puff-paste too, Sir, *Giles*!

A ponderous Chine of Beef! A Pheasant larded!

And red Deer too Sir *Giles*, and bak'd in Puff-paste!

All Business set aside; let us give thanks here.

Furnace. How the lean Skeleton's rap'd!

Over. You know we cannot.

Mar. Your Worships are to sit on a Commission,
And if you fail to come, you lose the Cause. [Dinner,

Greedy. Cause me no Causes: I'll prove't, for such a
We may put off a Commission: You shall find it
Henrici decimo quarto.

⁴ Other *Kickshaws*.

This is the Original, but Mr. *Dodsley* has other *quelques choses*. I
would preserve the *English Kickshaws*.

Over. Fie, Master *Greedy*,
Will you lose me a thousand Pounds for a Dinner?
No more for Shame! We must forget the Belly,
When we think of Profit.

Greedy. Well, you shall o'errule me,
I could e'en cry now. Do you hear, Master Cook?
Send but a Corner of that immortal Pastie;
And I, in Thankfulness, will by your Boy
Send you—a Brace of Three-pences.

Furn. Will you be so Prodigal?

Enter Wellborn.

Over. Remember me to your Lady.—Who have we
[here?

Wellborn. Don't you know me:

Over. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no Blood of mine. Avant, thou Beggar!
If ever thou presume to own me more,
I'll have thee cag'd and whipp'd.

Greedy. I'll grant the Warrant.
Think of *Pye-corner*, *Furnace*!

[*Exeunt Over. Greedy, Mar.*

Watch. Will you out, Sir?
I wonder how you durst creep in.

Order. This is Rudeness
And saucy Impudence.

Amble. Cannot you stay
To be serv'd among your Fellows from the Basket,
But you must press into the Hall?

Furnace. Pry'thee vanish
Into some Outhouse, though it be the Pigsty;
My Skullion shall come to thee.

Enter Allworth.

Wellborn. This is rare:
Oh! here's *Tom Allworth*, *Tom*!

Allworth. We must be Strangers;

Nor

Nor would I have you seen here for a Million.

[*Exit Allworth.*]

Wellborn. Better and better. He contemns me too?

Enter Woman and Chambermaid.

Woman. Foh, what a Smell's here! What Thing's this?

Chamb. A Creature

Made out of the Privy. Let us hence for Love's Sake,
Or I shall swoon.

Woman. I begin to faint already.

[*Exeunt Woman and Chambermaid.*]

Watchall. Will you know your Way?

Amble. Or shall we teach it you,

By the Head and Shoulders?

Wellborn. No, I will not stir:

Do you mark, I will not. Let me see the Wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you Slaves,
Created only to make Legs and Cringe;
To carry in a Dish, and shift a Trencher;
That have not Souls only to hope a Blessing
Beyond black Jacks or Flagons; you that were born
Only to consume Meat and Drink, and batten
Upon Reversions: Who advances? Who
Shews me the Way?

Order. My Lady.

Enter Lady, Woman and Chambermaid.

Chamb. Here's the Monster.

Woman. Sweet Madam, keep your Glove to your Nose.

Chamb. Or let me

Fetch some Perfumes may be Predominant;
You wrong yourself else.

Wellborn. Madam, my Designs

Bear me to you.

Lady. To me?

Wellborn. And though I have met with
But ragged Entertainment from your Grooms here;

I hope from you to receive that noble Usage,
As may become the true Friend of your Husband;
And then I shall forget these.—

Lady. I am amaz'd,
To see, and hear this Rudeness. Dar'st thou think,
Though sworn, that it can ever find Belief,
That I, who to the best Men of this Country
Deny'd my Presence since my Husband's Death,
Can fall so low, as to change Words with thee?
Thou Son of Infamy, forbear my House!
And know, and keep the Distance that's between us:
Or, though it be against my gentler Temper,
I shall take Order, you no more shall be
An Eye-sore to me.

Wellborn. Scorn me not, good Lady;
But as in Form you are Angelical,
Imitate the heavenly Natures, and vouchsafe
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The Blood that runs in this Arm, is as noble
As that which fills your Veins; those costly Jewels,
And those Rich Clothes you wear, your Men's Observance,
And Women's Flattery, are in you no Virtues;
Nor these Rags, with my Poverty, in me Vices.
You have a fair Fame, and I know deserve it;
Yet, Lady, I must say, in nothing more,
Than in the pious Sorrow you have show'n
For your late noble Husband.

Order. How she starts!

Furnace. And hardly can keep finger from the Eye
To hear him nam'd.

Lady. Have you ought else to say? [Fortune

Wellborn. That Husband, Madam, was once in his
Almost as low as I. Want, Debts and Quarrels
Lay heavy on him: Let it not be thought
A Boast in me, though I say, I reliev'd him.
'Twas I that gave him Fashion; mine the Sword
That did on all Occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with Honour, *Lady*:
And when in all Men's Judgments he was sunk,

And

And in his own Hopes not to be buoy'd up;
I step'd unto him, took him by the Hand,
And set him upright.

Furnace. Are not we base Rogues
That could forget this?

Wellborn. I confess you made him
Master of your Estate; nor could your Friends
Though he brought no Wealth with him, blame you for't;
For he had a Shape, and to that Shape a Mind
Made up of all Parts, either Great or Noble;
So winning a Behaviour, not to be
Resisted, Madam.

Lady. 'Tis most true, he had.

Wellborn. For his Sake then, in that I was his Friend,
Do not condemn me.

Lad. For what's past, excuse me,
I will redeem it. *Order,* give the Gentleman
A hundred Pounds.

Wellborn. No, Madam, on no Terms:
I will not beg nor borrow Six-pence of you;
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one Suit I make, which you deny not
To Strangers: And 'tis this. *[Whispers to her.*

Lady. Fie, nothing else? *[Servants,*

Wellborn. Nothing, unless you please to charge your
To throw away a little Respect upon me.

Lady. What you Demand is yours.

Wellborn. I thank you, *Lady.*

Now what can be wrought out of such a Suit,
Is yet in Supposition; I have said all,
When you please you may Retire.—Nay, all's forgotten,
And for a lucky Omen to my Project,
Shake Hands, and end all Quarrels in the Cellar.

Order. Agreed, Agreed.

Furnace. Still Merry-master *Wellborn.*

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Overreach, Marrall.

Over. **H**E's gone, I warrant thee; this *Commission* crush'd him.

Mar. Your Worship has the Way on't, and ne'er miss
To squeeze these Unthrifths into Air: And yet
The chap-fal'n *Justice* did his Part, returning
For your Advantage the *Certificate*,
Against his Conscience and his Knowledge too;
(With your good Favour) to the utter Ruin
Of the poor Farmer.

Over. 'Twas for these good Ends
I made him a *Justice*. He that bribes his Belly,
Is certain to command his Soul.

Mar. I wonder
(Still with your Licence) why, your Worship having
The Power to put this thin-gut in Commission,
You are not in't yourself?

Over. Thou art a Fool:
In being out of Office, I am out of Danger;
Where, if I were a *Justice*, besides the Trouble,
I might, or out of Wilfulness or Error,
Run myself finely into a *Premunire*;
And so become a Prey to the Informer.
No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my Devotion; so he serve
My Purposes, let him Hang, or Damn, I care not.
Friendship is but a Word.

Mar. You are all Wisdom.

Over. I would be Wordly Wise; for the other
Wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well-govern'd Life,
And to do Right to others, as ourselves,

I value not an Atom.

Mar. What Course take you,
With your good Patience, to hedge in the Manor
Of your Neighbour Master *Frugall*? As 'tis said,
He will not Sell, nor Borrow, nor Exchange;
And his Land lying in the midst of your many Lord-
Is a foul Blemish. [ships,

Over. I have thought on't, *Marrall*;
And it shall take. I must have all Men Sellers,
And I the only Purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, Sir.

Over. I'll therefore buy some Cottage near his Ma-
nor;

Which done, I'll make my Men break ope his Fences;
Ride o'er his standing Corn, and in the Night
Set Fire on his Barns, or break his Cattles Legs.
These Trespasses draw on Suits; and Suits, Expences:
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus Two or Three Years,
Tho' he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his Thrift and Care, he'll grow behind hand.

Mar. The best I ever heard! I could adore you.

Over. Then, with the Favour of my Man of Law,
I will pretend some Title: Want will force him
To put it to Arbitrement: Then if he sell
For Half the Value, he shall have Ready Money,
And I possess his Land.

Mar. 'Tis above Wonder!

Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine Arts, Sir, to hook him in.

Over. Well thought on.

This Varlet, *Wellborn*, lives too long, to upbraid me
With my close Cheat put upon him. Will not Cold
Nor Hunger kill him?

Mar. I know not what to think on't.

I have us'd all Means; and the last Night I caus'd
His Host the Tapster to turn him out of Doors;
And have been since with all your Friends and Tenants,
And on the Forfeit of your Favour charg'd them,

Though a Crust of mouldy Bread would keep him from
starving,

Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, Sir.

Over. That was something, *Marrall*, but thou must
go farther ;

And suddenly, *Marrall*.

Mar. Where, and when you please, Sir.

Over. I would have thee seek him out : and, if thou
Persuade him that 'tis better steal, than beg. [canst,
Then if I prove he has but robb'd a Henroost,
Not all the World shall save him from the Gallows.
Do any thing to work him to Despair,
And 'tis thy Masterpiece.

Mar. I will do my Best, Sir.

Over. I am now on my main Work, with the Lord
Lovell,

The Gallant-minded, Popular Lord *Lovell* ;
The Minion of the People's Love. I hear
He's come into the Country ; and my Aims are
To insinuate myself into his Knowledge,
And then invite him to my House.

Mar. I have you.

This points at my young Mistress.

Over. She must part with
That humble Title, and write Honourable,
Right Honourable, *Marrall* ! My Right Honourable
Daughter !

If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
I will have her well attended ; there are Ladies
Of Errant Knights decay'd, and brought so low,
That for cast Cloaths and Meat will gladly serve her,
And 'tis my Glory, though I come from the City
To have their Issue whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine, as Bond-Slaves.

Mar. 'Tis fit State, Sir.

Over. And therefore, I'll not have a Chambermaid
That ties her Shoes, or any meaner Office,
But such whose Fathers were Right Worshipful.
'Tis a rich Man's Pride ! there having ever been

More

More than a Fewd, a strange Antipathy,
Between us and true Gentry.

Enter Wellborn.

Mar. See! who's here, Sir? 5

Over. Hence, Monster Prodigy!

Wellborn. Sir, your Wife's Nephew;
She and my Father tumbled in one Belly.

Over. Avoid my Sight! thy Breath's infectious,
Rogue!

I shun thee as a Leprosy, or the Plague.

Come hither, *Marrall*, this is the Time to work him.

[*Exit Overreach.*

Mar. I warrant you, Sir.

Wellborn. By this Light, I think he's mad.

Mar. Mad! had you took Compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.

Wellborn. You have took a Course,
Between you and my venerable Uncle,
To make me so.

Mar. The more dull spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply —

Wellborn. By what?

Mar. By my Religion.

Wellborn. Thy Religion!

The Devil's Creed! — But what would you have done?

Mar. Had there been but one Tree in all the Shire,
Nor any Hope to compass a penny Halter,
Before, like you, I had outliv'd my Fortunes,
A With had serv'd my Turn to hang myself;
And presently, as you love your Credit.

Wellborn. I thank you.

5 See! who's here, Sir?

I cannot help thinking but something is lost here. *Marrall* says,
See! who's here, Sir? *Over.* Hence, Monster, Prodigy! *Wellborn*
answers as if the other had said, *Who*, or *what art thou?* —
Sir, your *Wife's Nephew*, *She*, and my *Father*, &c.

Mar.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a Ditch, or Lice devour you?

Or if you dare not do the Feat yourself,
But that you'll put the State to Charge and Trouble,
Is there no Purse to be cut? House to be broken?
Or Market-Women with Eggs that you may murder,
And so dispatch the Business?

Wellborn. Here's Variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle Offers, I assure you.

Mar. Why, have you Hope ever to eat again?
Or drink? or be the Master of Three Farthings?
If you like not Hanging, Drown yourself: Take some
Course

For your Reputation.

Wellborn. 'Twill not do, dear Tempter:
With all the Rhetorick the Fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from Despair,
Nay, I have Confidence, which is more than Hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.

Mar. Ha! ha! these Castles you build in the Air
Will not persuade me, or to give, or lend
A Token to you.

Wellborn. I'll be more kind to thee.
Come, thou shalt dine with me.

Mar. With you?

Wellborn. Nay more, dine *gratis*.

Mar. Under what Hedge, I pray you? Or at whose
Cost? Are they Padders, or Abram-men, that are your
Consorts?

Wellborn. Thou art incredulous, but thou shalt dine
Not alone at her House, but with a gallant Lady;
With me, and with a Lady,

Mar. Lady! what Lady?
With the Lady of the Lake, or Queen of Fairies?
For I know, it must be an enchanted Dinner.

Wellborn. With the Lady *Allworth*, Knave.

Mar. Nay, now there's Hope
Thy Brain is crack'd.

Wellborn.

Wellborn. Mark there, with what Respect
I am entertain'd.

Mar. With Choice no doubt of Dog-whips.
Why dost thou ever hope to pass her Porter?

Wellborn. 'Tis not far off, go with me: Trust thine
own Eyes.

Mar. Troth, in my Hope, or my Assurance, rather,
To see thee curvet, and mount like a Dog in a Blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her Threshold,
I will endure thy Company.

Wellborn. Come along then. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Allworth, *Waiting-woman, Chambermaid, Order, Am-*
ble, Furnace, Watchall.

Woman. Could you not command your Leisure one
Hour longer?

Chamb. Or half an Hour?

Allworth. I have told you what my Haste is:
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,
My Duty suffers, if to please myself
I should neglect my Lord.

Woman. Pray you do me the Favour
To put these few Quince-Cakes into your Pocket,
They are of mine own preserving.

Chamb. And this Marmulade;
'Tis comfortable for your Stomach.

Woman. And, at parting,
Excuse me if I beg a Farewell from you.

Chamb. You are still before me. I move the same
Suit, Sir. [Kisses 'em severally.]

Furnace. How greedy these Chamberers are of a
beardless Chin!

I think the Titts will ravish him.

Allworth. My Service
To both.

Woman.

Woman. Ours wait on you.]

Chamb. And shall do ever.

Order. You are my Lady's Charge, be therefore
That you sustain your Parts. [careful

Woman. We can bear, I warrant you.

Exeunt Woman and Chambermaid.

Furnace. Here, drink it off; the Ingredients are
And this the true Elixir; it hath boil'd [Cordial,
Since Midnight for you. 'Tis the Quintessence
Of five Cocks of the Game, ten Dozen of Sparrows,
Knuckles of Veal, Potatoe-roots, and Marrow;
Coral, and Ambergrise: Were you two Years older,
And I had a Wife, or gamesome Mistris,
I durst trust you with neither: You need not bait
After this, I warrant you; though your Journey's long,
You may ride on the Strength of this till To-morrow
Morning.

Allworth. Your Courtesies overwhelm me: I much
grieve

To part from such true Friends, and yet I find Comfort;
My Attendance on my Honourable Lord,
(Whose Resolution holds to visit my Lady)
Will speedily bring me back.

[Knocking at the Gate; Marrall and Wellborn
within.

Mar. Dar'st thou venture further?

Wellborn. Yes, yes, and knock again.

Order. 'Tis he; disperse.

Amble. Perform it bravely.

Furnace. I know my Cue; ne'er doubt me.

[They go off several Ways.

Watchall. Beast that I was to make you stay: Most
You were long since expected. [welcome;

Wellborn. Say so much

To my Friend, I pray you.

Watchall. For your Sake, I will, Sir.

Mar. For his Sake!

Wellborn.

Wellborn. Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever

I would have believ'd, though I had found it in my Primer.

Allworth. When I have given you Reasons for my late Harshness,

You'll pardon and excuse me: For, believe me, Though now I part abruptly, in my Service I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a Vengeance!

Wellborn. I am satisfied: Farewell *Tom.*

Allworth. All Joy stay with you. [Exit *Allworth.*

Enter Amble.

Amble. You are happily encounter'd: I never yet Presented one so welcome, as I know You will be to my Lady.

Mar. This is some Vision;
Or sure these Men are mad, to worship a Dunghill;
It cannot be a Truth.

Wellborn. Be still a Pagan,
An unbelieving Infidel; be so, Miscreant!
And meditate on Blankets, and on Dog-Whips.

Enter Furnace.

Furnace. I am glad you are come; untill I know your Pleasure

I know not how to serve up my Lady's Dinner.

Mar. His Pleasure! is it possible?

Wellborn. What's thy Will?

Furnace. Marry, Sir, I have some Growse, and Turkey Chicken,

Some Rails, and Quails, and my Lady will'd me t' ask
What kind of Sauces best affect your Palate, [you
That I may use my utmost Skill to please it.

Mar.

Mar. The Devil's enter'd this Cook; Sauce for his
Palate

That on my Knowledge, for almost this Twelvemonth,
Durst wish but Cheeseparings and brown Bread on *Sun-*
days.

Wellborn. That Way I like 'em best.——

Furnace. It shall be done, Sir. [Exit Furnace.]

Wellborn. What think you of the Hedge we shall dine
under?

Shall we feed *gratis*?

Mar. I know not what to think;
Pray you make me not mad.

Enter Order.

Order. This Place becomes you not;
Pray you walk, Sir, to the Dining Room.

Wellborn. I am well here,
'Till her Ladyship quits her Chamber.

Mar. Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare Change! but Yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a Barn, wrapp'd up in Pease-straw.

Enter Woman and Chambermaid.

Woman. O! Sir, you are wish'd for.

Chambermaid. My Lady dream't, Sir, of you.

Woman. And the first Command she gave, after the
rose,

Was (her Devotions done) to give her Notice
When you approach'd here.

Chambermaid. Which is done, on my Virtue.

Mar. I shall be converted; I begin to grow
Into a new Belief, which Saints, nor Angels,
Could have won me to have Faith in.

Woman. Sir, my Lady——

Enter

Enter Lady.

Lady. I come to meet you, and languish'd till I saw you.

This first Kifs is for me ; I allow a second
To such a Friend.

Mar. To such a Friend ! Heav'n blefs me !

Wellborn. I am wholly yours ; yet Madam, if you please

To grace this Gentleman with a Salute.

Mar. Salute me at his Bidding !

Wellborn. I shall receive it

As a most high Favour.

Lady. Sir, you may command me.

Wellborn. Run backward from a Lady ! and such a Lady !

Mar. To kifs her Foot is, to poor me, a Favour
I am unworthy of—— [Offers to kifs her Foot.

Lady. Nay, pray you rise ;

And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you :

You shall dine with me to Day, at mine own Table.

Mar. Your Ladyship's Table ! I am not good enough
To sit at your Steward's Board.

Lady. You are too modest :

I will not be deny'd.

Enter Furnace.

Furnace. Will you still be babling,
Till your Meat freeze on the Table ? The old Trick still :
My Art ne'er thought on !

Lady, Your Arm, Master *Wellborn* :
Nay, keep us Company.

Mar. I was never so grac'd.

[Exeunt *Wellborn*, *Lady*, *Amble*, *Marall*, *Woman*.

Order. So, we have play'd our Parts, and are come
off well.

But

But if I know the Mystery, why my Lady
Consented to it, or why Master *Wellborn*
Desir'd it, may I perish.

Furnace. Would I had
The roasting of his Heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor Gentleman to these Shifts.
By Fire! (for Cooks are *Persians*, and swear by it)
Of all the griping, and extorting Tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A Match to Sir *Giles Overreach*.

Watchball. What will you take
To tell him so, Fellow *Furnace*?

Furnace. Just as much
As my Throat is worth, for that would be the Price on't.
To have a Usurer that starves himself,
And wears a Cloak of one and twenty Years,
Or a Suit of fourteen Groats, bought of the Hangman,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:
But this Sir *Giles* feeds high, keeps many Servants,
Who must at his Command do any Outrage;
Rich in his Habit, vast in his Expences,
Yet he to Admiration still increases
In Wealth, and Lordships.

Order. He frights Men out of their Estates,
And breaks through all Law-nets, made to curb ill Men,
As they were Cobwebs. No Man dares reprove him.
Such a Spirit to dare, and Power to do, were never
Lodg'd so unluckily.

Enter Amble.

Amble. Ha, ha! I shall burst.

Order. Contain thyself Man.

Furnace. Or make us Partakers
Of your sudden Mirth.

Amble. Ha, ha! my Lady has got
Such a Guest at her Table—this Term-driver *Marall*—
This Snip of an Attorney.

Furnace. What of him, Man?

Amble.

Amble. The Knave thinks still he's at the Cook's Shop
in *Ram alley*;

Where the Clerks divide, and the Elder is to choose—
And feeds so slovenly!

Furnace. Is this all?

Amble. My Lady

Drank to him for fashion Sake, or to please Master
As I live, he rises, and takes up a Dish, [*Wellborn.*
In which there were some Remnants of a boil'd Capon,
And Pledges her in Whitebroth.

Furnace. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his Tribe.

Amble. And when I brought him Wine,
He leaves his Stool, and after a Leg or two
Most humbly thanks my Worship.

Order. Risen already.

Amble. I shall be chid.

Enter Lady, Wellborn, Marall.

Furnace. My Lady frowns.

Lady. You wait well—

Let me have no more of this, I observ'd your Jeering;
Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my Table, be he ne'er so mean;
When I am present, is not your Companion.

Order. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her. [*Aside.*

Furnace. This refreshing,
Follows your Flux of Laughter;

Lady. You are Master [*To Wellborn.*
Of your own Will. I know so much of Manners,
As not to enquire your Purposes; in a Word,
To me you are ever welcome, as to a House
That is your own.

Wellborn. Mark that.

Mar. With Reverence, Sir,
And it like your Worship.

Wellborn. Trouble yourself no farther;

VOL. III.

C

Dear

Dear Madam ; my Heart's full of Zeal, and Service,
However in my Language I am sparing.
Come, Master *Marrall*.

Mar. I attend your Worship.

[*Exeunt* Wellborn, *Mar.*

Lady. I see in your Looks you are sorry, and you
know me

An easy Mistress: Be merry ; I have forgot all.

Order and *Furnace* come with me. I must give you
Further Directions.

Order. What you please.

Furnace. We are ready.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Wellborn, *Marrall*.

Wellborn. I think I am in a good Way.

Mar. Good Sir! the best Way ;
The certain best Way.

Wellborn. There are Casualties
That Men are subject too.

Mar. You are above 'em,
And as you are already Worshipful,
I hope e'er long you will increase in Worship,
And be Right Worshipful.

Wellborn. Pry'thee do not flout me.
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your Ease,
You keep your Hat off?

Mar. Ease, and it like your Worship?
I hope *Jack Marrall* shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly Beast,
Though it hail Hazel Nuts, as to be cover'd
When your Worship's present.

Wellborn. Is not this a true Rogue?
That out of meer Hope of a future Cos'nage
Can turn thus suddenly: 'Tis rank already.

[*Aside.*

Mar. I know your Worship's wife, and needs no
[*Counsel:*

Yet

Yet if in my Desire to do you Service,
I humbly offer my Advice, (but still
Under Correction) I hope I shall not
Incur your high Displeasure.

Wellborn. No; speak freely. [ment,

Mar. Then in my Judgment, Sir, my simple Judg-
(Still with your Worship's Favour) I could wish you
A better Habit, for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble Lady
(I say no more) that loves you: For this Morning,
To me (and I am but a Swine to her)
Before th' Assurance of her Wealth perfum'd you,
You favour'd not of Amber.

Wellborn. I do now then?⁶

Mar. This your Battoon hath got a Touch of it.

[Kisses the End of his Cudgel.

Yet if you please, for Change, I have Twenty Pounds
[here,
Which, out of my true Love, I presently
Lay down at your Worship's Feet: 'Twill serve to buy
A Riding Suit.

Wellborn. But where's the Horse?

Mar. My Gelding

Is at your Service: Nay, you shall ride me,
Before your Worship shall be put to the Trouble
To walk a Foot. Alas! when you are Lord
Of this Lady's Manor (as I know you will be) [acre,
You may with the Lease of Glebe Land, call'd *Knaves-*
(A Place I would manure) requite your Vassal.

Wellborn. I thank thy Love: But must make no use
What's Twenty Pounds? [of it.

Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, Sir.

Wellborn. Dost thou think, though I want Clothes, I
could not have 'em,

⁶ I do now then?

Mr. Doddsley reads, Do I now then?—The old Reading is right, for
Marral says, *This Morning before the Assurance of her Wealth had per-*
fum'd you—you favour'd not of Amber. *Wellborn* replies, *I do now then,*
giving him at the same Time his Cudgel to smell to.

For one Word to my Lady?

Mar. As I know not that—— [thee.

Wellborn. Come, I'll tell thee a Secret, and so leave
I'll not give her the Advantage, though she be
A gallant minded Lady, after we are married
(There being no Woman, but is sometimes froward)
To hit me in the Teeth, and say she was forc'd
To buy my Wedding Clothes, and took me on,
With a plain Riding-suit, and an ambling Nag.
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself.
And so farewell; for thy Suit touching Knaves-acre,
When it is mine, 'tis thine. [Exit Wellborn.

Mar. I thank your Worship.
How was I cozen'd in the Calculation
Of this Man's Fortune! My Master cozen'd too,
Whose Pupil I am in the Art of undoing Men;
For that is our Profession. Well, well, Master *Wellborn*,
You are of a sweet Nature, and fit again to be cheated:
Which, if the Fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the Land and Lady, you sans Question shall be.
I'll presently think of the Means. [Walks by, musing.

Enter Overreach speaking to a Servant.

Over. Sirrah! take my Horse.
I'll walk to get me an Appetite. 'Tis but a Mile;
And Exercise will keep me from being pursesey.
Ha! *Marral!* is he conjuring? Perhaps
The Knave has wrought the Prodigal to do
Some Outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his Conscience for't: No matter.
So it be done. *Marrall!*

Mar. Sir.

Over. How succeed we
In our Plot on *Wellborn*?

Mar. Never better, Sir.

Over. Has he hang'd, or drown'd himself?

Mar. No, Sir, he lives;

Lives

Lives once more to be made a Prey to you:
A greater Prey than ever.

Over. Art thou in thy Wits?

If thou art, reveal this Miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A Lady, Sir, is fal'n in Love with him,

Over. With him! what Lady?

Mar. The rich Lady *Allworth*.

Over. Thou Dolt; how dar'st thou speak this?

Mar. I speak Truth;

And I do so but once a Year; unless

It be to you, Sir. We din'd with her Ladyship:

I thank his Worship.

Over. His Worship!

Mar. As I live, Sir;

I din'd with him, at the great Lady's Table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd him;
And would at his Request, have kiss'd me too;
But I was not so audacious, and some Youths are,⁷
And dare do any Thing be it ne'er so absurd,
And sad after Performance.

Over. Why, thou Rascal,
To tell me these Impossibilities:
Dine at her Table! and kiss him! or thee!
Impudent Varlet. Have not I myself,
To whom great *Countesses* Doors have oft flew open;
Ten Times attempted, since her Husband's Death,
In vain to see her, though I came a Suitor:
And yet your good Solicitor-ship, and Rogue *Wellborn*,
Were brought into her Presence, feasted with her.—
But that I know thee a Dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible Lye would call up one
On thy Buttermilk Cheeks.

⁷ But I was not so audacious, &c.

Mr. Dodgley has this Passage,

But I was not so audacious as some Youths are,
And dare do any Thing, &c.

I think the old Reading right—if not, it ought to read,

Who dare, &c.

Mar. Shall I not trust my Eyes, Sir?
Or taste? I feel her good Cheer in my Belly.

Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over Sirrah;
Recover your Brains again; and be no more gull'd
With a Beggar's Plot, assisted by the Aids
Of serving Men and Chambermaids; for, beyond these,
Thou never saw'st a Woman; or I'll quit you
From my Employments.

Mar. Will you credit this yet.
On my Confidence of their Marriage, I offer'd *Wellborn*
(I would give a Crown now, I durst say his Worship)
[*Aside.*

My Nag, and twenty Pounds.

Over. Did you so Idiot? * [Strikes him down,
Was this the Way to work him to Despair
Or rather to cross me?

Mar. Will your Worship kill me?

Over. No, no; but drive the lying Spirit out of you,

Mar. He's gone.

Over. I have done then: Now forgetting
Your late imaginary Feast and Lady,
Know my Lord *Lovell* dines with me To-morrow:
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;
And bid my Daughter's Women trim her up
Though they paint her, so she catch the Lord; I'll thank
'em,

There's a Piece for my late Blows,

Mar. I must yet suffer:

But there may be a Time.

Over. Do you grumble?

Mar. No, Sir,

* *Did you so I doe.*

Thus it stood in the Original. *Mr. Dodsley* reads,

Did you so?

Which Reading makes the Verse bad; I fancy it should be—

Did you so Idiot? Or else, Did you so Dog?

Which reads still better, and is not improbable.

The End of the Second Act.

A C T

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Lovell, Allworth, *Servants*.

*Lovell.* WALK the Horses down the Hill;  
something in private

I must impart to *Allworth*. [*Exeunt Servant.*]

*Allworth.* O my Lord!

What Sacrifice of Reverence, Duty, Watching;  
Altho' I could put off the Use of Sleep,  
And ever wait on your Commands to serve 'em;  
What Dangers, though in ne'er so horrid Shapes,  
Nay Death itself, though I should run to meet it,  
Can I, and with a thankful Willingness, suffer;  
But still the Retribution will fall short  
Of your Bounties shower'd upon me.

*Lovell.* Loving Youth;  
Till what I purpose be put into act,  
Do not o'er-prize it; since you have trusted me  
With your Soul's nearest, nay, her dearest Secret,  
Rest confident, 'tis in a Cabinet lock'd,  
Treachery shall never open. I have found you  
(For so much to your Face I must profess,  
Howe'er you guard your Modesty with a Blush for't)  
More zealous in your Love, and Service to me,  
Than I have been in my Rewards.

*Allworth.* Still great ones,  
Above my Merit.

*Lovell.* Such your Gratitude calls 'em:  
Nor am I of that harsh and rugg'd Temper  
As some Great Men are tax'd with, who imagine  
They part from the Respect due to their Honours,  
If they use not all such as follow 'em,  
Without Distinction of their Births, like Slaves.  
I am not so condition'd: I can make  
A fitting Difference between my Foot-boy,

And a Gentleman by Want compell'd to serve me.

*Allworth.* 'Tis thankfully acknowledg'd; you have  
More like a Father to me than a Master, [been  
Pray you, pardon the Comparifon.

*Lovell.* I allow it;

And to give you Assurance I am pleas'd in't,  
My Carriage and Demeanour to your Miftrefs,  
Fair *Margaret*, fhall truly witnefs for me,  
I can command my Paflions.

*Allworth.* 'Tis a Conqueft  
Few Lords can boast of when they are tempted.—Oh!

*Lovell.* Why do you figh? Can you be doubtful of  
By that fair Name, I in the Wars have purchas'd, [me?  
And all my Actions, hitherto untainted!  
I will not be more true to mine own Honour,  
Than to my *Allworth*.

*Allworth.* As you are the brave Lord *Lovell*,  
Your bare Word only given, is an Assurance  
Of more Validity and Weight to me,  
Than all the Oaths bound up with Imprecations,  
Which, when they would deceive, moft Courtiers practice;  
Yet being a Man (for fure to ftile you more  
Would relifh of grofs Flattery) I am forc'd,  
Againft my Confidence of your Worth and Virtues,  
To doubt, nay more, to fear.

*Lovell.* So young, and jealous?

*Allworth.* Were you to encounter with a fingle Foe,  
The Victory were certain: But to ftand  
The Charge of two fuch potent Enemies,  
At once affaulting you, as Wealth and Beauty,  
And thofe too feconded with Power, is Odds  
Too great for *Hercules*.

*Lovell.* Speak your Doubts and Fears,  
Since you will nourifh 'em, in plainer Language,  
That I may underftand 'em.

*Allworth.* What's your Will,  
Though I lend Arms againft myfelf, (provided  
They may advantage you) muft be obey'd.

My



PAY OLD DEBTS.

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My much lov'd Lord, were *Margaret* only fair,  
The Cannon of her more than earthly Form,  
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,  
And ramm'd with Bullets of her sparkling Eyes,  
Of all the Bulwarks that defend your Senses  
Could batter more, but that which guards your Sight.  
But when the well-tun'd Accents of her Tongue  
Make Musick to you, and with numerous Sounds  
Assault your Hearing, such as if *Ulysses*  
Now liv'd again (howe'er he stood the Syrens)  
Could not resist; the Combat must grow doubtful  
Between your Reason and rebellious Passions.  
Add this too; when you feel her touch, and breath  
Like a soft western Wind, when it glides o'er  
*Arabia*, creating Gums and Spices;  
And in the Van, the Nectar of her Lips  
Which you must taste, bring the Battalia on,  
Well arm'd, and strongly liv'd with her Discourse,  
And knowing Manners, to give Entertainment;  
*Hyppolitus* himself would leave *Diana*,  
To follow such a *Venus*.

*Lovell*. Love hath made you  
Poetical, *Allworth*.

*Allworth*. Grant all these beat off,  
(Which if it be in Man to do, you'll do it)  
*Mammon*, in *Sir Giles Overreach*, steps in  
With Heaps of ill got Gold, and so much Land,  
To make her more remarkable, as would tire  
A Falcon's Wings in one Day to fly over.  
O my good Lord! these powerful Aids, which would  
Make a mishapen *Negro* beautiful,  
(Yet are but Ornaments to give her Lustre,  
That in herself is all Perfection) must  
Prevail for her. I here release your Trust;  
'Tis Happiness, enough, for me to serve you;  
And sometimes, with chaste Eyes, to look upon her.

*Lovell*. Why, shall I swear?

*Allworth*. O, by no means, my Lord!  
And wrong not so your Judgment to the World,

As

As from your fond Indulgence to a Boy,  
Your Page, your Servant, to refuse a Blessing  
Divers great Men are Rivals for.

*Lovell.* Suspend  
Your Judgment 'till the Trial. How far is it  
T' *Overreach's* House?

*Allworth.* At the most some half Hour's Riding;  
You'll soon be there.

*Lovell.* And you the sooner freed  
From your jealous Fears.

*Allworth.* O that I durst but hope it! [Exit.

## SCENE II.

Overreach, Greedy, Marrall.

*Over.* Spare for no Cost; let my Dressers crack with  
Of curious Viands. [the Weight

*Greedy.* Store indeed's no Sore, Sir

*Over.* That Proverb fits your Stomach, Master *Greedy*,  
And let no Plate be seen but what's pure Gold,  
Or such whose Workmanship exceeds the Matter  
That it is made of: Lay my choicest Linnen,  
Perfume the Room, and when we wash, the Water  
With precious Powders mix, to please my Lord,  
That he may with Envy wish to bathe so ever.

*Mar.* 'Twill be very chargeable.

*Over.* Avaunt, you Drudge:  
Now all my labour'd Ends are at the Stake,  
Is't a Time to think of Thrift? Call in my Daughter.  
And, Master Justice, since you love choice Dishes,  
And Plenty of 'em —

*Greedy.* As I do, indeed, Sir,  
Almost as much as to give Thanks for 'em.

*Over.* I do confer that Province, with my Power  
Of absolute Command to have Abundance,  
To your best Care.

*Greedy.* I'll punctually discharge it,

And

And give the best Directions.—Now am I  
In mine own Conceit a Monarch, at the least,  
Arch-president of the Boil'd, the Roast, the Bak'd;  
For which I will eat often, and give Thanks,  
When my Belly's brac'd up like a Drum; and that's  
pure Justice.

*Over.* It must be so.—Should the foolish Girl prove  
modest, [Exit Greedy.

She may spoil all; she had it not from me,  
But from her Mother: I was ever forward,  
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her

*Enter Margaret.*

Alone — and let your Women wait without.

*Marg.* Your Pleasure, Sir?

*Over.* Ha! this is a neat Dressing!  
These orient Pearls, and Diamonds well plac'd too!  
The Gown affects me not; it should have been  
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with Flowers of Gold;  
But these rich Jewels and quaint Fashion help it.  
And, how below? since oft the wanton Eye,  
The Face observ'd, descends unto the Foot;  
Which being well proportion'd, as yours is,  
Invites as much as perfect White and Red,  
Though without Art. How like you your new Woman,  
The Lady *Downfaln*?

*Marg.* Well, for a Companion;  
Not as a Servant.

*Over.* Is she humble, *Meg*;  
And careful too; her Ladyship forgotten?

*Marg.* I pity her Fortune.

*Over.* Pity her. Trample on her.  
I took her up in an old tatter'd Gown,  
(Even starv'd for want of Two-penny Chops) to serve  
thee:

And if I understand, she but repines  
To do thee any Duty, though ne'er so servile,  
I'll pack her to her Knight, where I have lodg'd him,  
In



In the Counter, and there let 'em howl together.

*Marg.* You know your own Ways; but for me, I  
[blush,

When I command her, that was once attended  
With Persons, not inferior to myself  
In Birth.

*Over.* In Birth. Why art thou not my Daughter?  
The blest Child of my Industry and Wealth?  
Why, foolish Girl; wa'st not to make thee great,  
That I have ran, and still pursue those Ways  
That hale down Curses on me, which I mind not?  
Part with these humble Thoughts, and apt thyself  
To the noble State I labour to advance thee;  
Or, by my Hopes to see thee Honourable,  
I will adopt a Stranger to my Heir,  
And throw thee from my Care; do not provoke me.

*Marg.* I will not, Sir; mould me which way you  
please.

*Over.* How, interrupted?

*Enter Greedy.*

*Greedy.* 'Tis matter of Importance.  
The Cook, Sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn  
From my Experience. There's a Fawn brought in, Sir,  
And, for my Life, I cannot make him roast it,  
With a *Norfolk* Dumpling in the Belly of it;  
And, Sir, we wise Men know, without the Dumpling  
'Tis not worth Three-pence.

*Over.* Would it were whole in thy Belly,  
To stuff it out; Cook it any way, prythee, leave me.

*Greedy.* Without Order for the Dumpling?

*Over.* Let it be dumpl'd  
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scall'd him  
In his own Caldron.

*Greedy.* I had lost my Stomach  
Had I lost my Mistress's Dumpling, I'll give thanks for't.

[*Exit Greedy.*

*Over.*

*Over.* But to our Business *Meg*. You have heard who  
[dines here?

*Marg.* I have, Sir.

*Over.* 'Tis an honourable Man.

A Lord, *Meg*, and commands a Regiment  
Of Soldiers; and what's rare is one himself;  
A bold and understanding one; and to be  
A Lord, and a good Leader in one Volume,  
Is granted unto few, but such as rise up  
The Kingdom's Glory.

*Enter Greedy.*

*Greedy.* I'll resign my Office,  
If I be not better obey'd.

*Over.* Slight, art thou frantick?

*Greedy.* Frantick, 'twould make me frantick, and  
stark Mad,

Were I not a *Justice of Peace* and *Quorum* too,  
Which this rebellious Cook cares not a Straw for.  
There are a Dozen of Woodcocks——

*Over.* Make thyself

Thirteen: The Baker's Dozen.

*Greedy.* I am contented,

So they may be dress'd to my mind; he has found out  
A new Device for Sauce, and will not dish 'em  
With Toasts and Butter. My Father was a Taylor;  
And my Name, though a Justice, *Greedy Woodcock*;  
And, e'er I'll see my Lineage so abused,  
I'll give up my Commission.

*Over.* Cook!—Rogue, obey him.

I have given the Word, pray you now remove yourself,  
To a Coller of Brawn, trouble me no farther.

*Greedy.* I will, and meditate what to Eat at Dinner.

[*Exit Greedy.*

*Over.* And as I said, *Meg*, when this Gull disturb'd us;  
This Honourable Lord, this Colonel,  
I would have thy Husband.

*Marg.* There's too much Disparity

Between

Between his Quality and mine to hope it.

*Over.* I more then hope, and doubt not to effect it,  
Be thou no Enemy to thyself; my Wealth  
Shall weigh his Titles down, and make you equals.  
Now for the Means to assure him thine, observe me;  
Remember he's a Courtier, and a Soldier,  
And not to be trifled with, and therefore when  
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it.  
This mincing Modesty hath spoil'd many a Match  
By a first Refusal, in vain after hop'd for.

*Marg.* You'll have me, Sir, preserve the Distance that  
Confines a Virgin?

*Over.* Virgin me no Virgins.

I must have you lose that Name, or you lose me.  
I will have you private—start not—I say private;  
If thou art my true Daughter, not a Bastard,  
Thou wilt venture alone with one Man, though he came  
Like *Jupiter* to *Semele*, and come off too:  
And therefore when he kisses you, kiss close.

*Marg.* I have heard this is the Strumpets Fashion, Sir,  
Which I must never learn.

*Over.* Learn any thing,  
And from any Creature that may make thee Great;  
From the Devil himself.

*Marg.* This is but Devellish Doctrine! [*Aside*

*Over.* Or if his Blood grow hot, suppose he offer  
Beyond this; do not you stay 'till it cool,  
But meet his Ardor? if a Couch be near,  
Sit down on't, and invite him.

*Marg.* In your House,  
Your own House, Sir? for Heav'ns Sake! what are  
[you then?  
Or what shall I be, Sir?

*Over.* Stand not on Form;  
Words are no Substances.

*Marg.* Though you could dispense  
With your own Honour; cast aside Religion  
The Hopes of Heaven or fear of Hell—excuse me  
In worldly policy; this is not the Way



To make me his Wife, his Whore : I grant it may.  
My maiden Honour so soon yielded up,  
Nay prostituted, cannot but assure him,  
I that am Light to him will not hold Weight  
When tempted by others : So in Judgment,  
When to his Lust I have given up my Honour,  
He must, and will forsake me.

*Over.* How ! forsake thee ?

Do I wear a Sword for Fashion ? or is this Arm  
Shrunk up or wither'd ? Does there live a Man  
Of that large Lift I have encounter'd with,  
Can truly say I e'er gave Inch of Ground,  
Nor purchas'd with his Blood that did oppose me ?  
Forsake thee when the Thing is done ? He dares not.  
Give me but Proof, he has enjoy'd thy Person,  
Though all his Captains (Eccho's to his Will,)  
Stood arm'd by his Side to justify the Wrong,  
And he himself in the Head of his bold Troop,  
Spite of his Lordship, and his Colonelship,  
Or the Judge's Favour, I will make him render  
A bloody and a strict Accompt, and force him,  
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded Honour;  
I have said it.

*Enter Marrall.*

*Mar.* Sir, the Man of Honour's come,  
Newly alighted.

*Over.* In, without reply ;  
And do as I Command, or thou art lost. [*Exit Marg.*]  
Is the loud Musick I gave order for,  
Ready to receive him ?

*Mar.* 'Tis, Sir.

*Over.* Let 'em sound  
A princely welcome. Roughness a while leave me ;  
For fawning now, a Stranger to my Nature,  
Must make Way for me. [*Loud Musick.*]

*Enter*

*Enter Lovell, Greedy, Allworth, Marrall.*

*Lovell.* Sir, you meet your Trouble.

*Over.* What you are pleas'd to stile so, is an Honour  
Above my Worth and Fortunes.

*Allworth.* Strange! so humble.

*Over.* A Justice of Peace, my Lord.

*[Presents Greedy to him.]*

*Lovell.* Your Hand, good Sir.

*Greedy.* This is a Lord; and some think this a Favour;  
But I had rather have my Hand in my Dumpling.

*[Aside.]*

*Over.* Room for my Lord.

*Lovell.* I miss, Sir, your fair Daughter  
To crown my Welcome.

*Over.* May it please my Lord  
To taste a Glass of Greek Wine first, and suddenly  
She shall attend, my Lord.

*Lovell.* You'll be obey'd, Sir.

*[Exeunt all but Overreach.]*

*Over.* 'Tis to my Wish! as soon as come, ask for her!

*Enter Margaret.*

Why, Meg? *Meg Overreach* — How! Tears in your  
Ha! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out. *[Eyes!]*  
Is this a Time to whimper? Meet that Greatness  
That flies into thy Bosom; think what 'tis  
For me to say, *My Honourable Daughter*:  
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, put on;  
Or, Father you forget yourself. No more,  
But be instructed, or expect — He comes.

*Enter Lovell, Greedy, Allworth, Marrall. They salute.*

A black-brow'd Girl, my Lord.

*Lovell.* As I live, a rare one.

*Allworth.* He's took already: I am lost.

*Over.*

*Over.* That Kifs  
Came twanging off, I like it; quit the Room.—

*[The rest go off.]*

A little bashful, my good Lord, but you,  
I hope, will teach her Boldness.

*Lovell.* I am happy  
In such a Scholar: But ———

*Over.* I am past learning,  
And therefore leave you to yourselves: Remember.

*To his Daughter.*

*[Exit Overreach.]*

*Lovell.* You see, fair Lady, your Father is solicitous  
To have you change the barren Name of Virgin  
Into a hopeful Wife.

*Marg.* His Haste, my Lord,  
Holds no Power o'er my Will.

*Lovell.* But o'er your Duty ———

*Marg.* Which forc'd too much, may break.

*Lovell.* Bend rather, Sweetest:  
Think of your Years.

*Marg.* Too few to match with yours:  
And choicest Fruits too soon plucked, rot, and wither;

*Lovell.* Do you think I am old?

*Marg.* I am sure, I am too young.

*Lovell.* I can advance you ———

*Marg.* To a Hill of Sorrow;  
Where every Hour I may expect to fall,  
But never hope firm Footing. You are noble;  
I of a low Descent, however rich;  
And Tissues match'd with Scarlet suit but ill.  
O my good Lord, I could say more, but that  
I dare not trust these Walls.

*Lovell.* Pray you trust my Ear then.

*Enter Overreach, listening.*

*Over.* Close at it! whispering! this is excellent!  
And by their Postures, a Consent on both Parts.



— *Enter Greedy.*

*Greedy.* Sir Giles! Sir Giles!

*Over.* The great Fiend stop that Clapper! [Noon.

*Greedy.* It must ring out, Sir, when my Belly rings  
The bak'd Meats are run out, the roast turn'd Powder.

*Over.* I shall powder you.

*Greedy.* Beat me to Dust, I care not;  
In such a Cause as this, I'll die a Martyr. [bles.

*Over.* Marry, and shall, you Barathrum of the Sham-

[*Strikes him.*

*Greedy.* How! strike a Justice of Peace? 'tis petty  
Treason,

*Edwardi quinto!* But that you are my Friend,  
I could commit you without Bail or Mainprize. [you

*Over.* Leave your Bawling, Sir, or I shall commit  
Where you shall not dine To-day: Disturb my Lord,  
When he is in Discourse?

*Greedy.* Is't a Time to talk  
When we should be munching?

*Lovell.* Ha! I heard some Noise.

*Over.* Mum, Villain; vanish: Shall we break a  
Bargain

Almost made up? [*Thrusts Greedy off.*

*Lovell.* Lady, I understand you;  
And rest most happy in your Choice. Believe it,  
I'll be a careful Pilot to direct  
Your yet uncertain Bark to a Port of Safety.

*Marg.* So shall your Honour save two Lives, and  
Your Slaves for ever. [bind us

*Lovell.* I am in the Act rewarded,  
Since it is good; howe'er you must put on  
An am'rous Carriage towards me, to delude  
Your subtle Father.

*Marg.* I am prone to that.

*Lovell.* Now break we off our Conference.—Sir Giles,  
Where is Sir Giles?

*Enter*

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*Enter Overreach, and the rest.*

*Over.* My noble Lord; and how  
Does your Lordship find her?

*Lovell.* Apt, Sir Giles, and coming,  
And I like her the better.

*Over.* So do I too.

*Lovell.* Yet should we take Forts at the first Assault,  
'Twere poor in the Defendant. I must confirm her  
With a Love-Letter or two, which I must have  
Deliver'd by my Page, and you give Way to't,

*Over.* With all my Soul—a towardly Gentleman!  
Your Hand, good Master *Allworth*; know my House  
Is ever open to you.

*Allworth.* 'Twas shut 'till now. [*Aside.*

*Over.* Well done, well done, my Honourable Daugh-  
Thou'rt so already: Know this gentle Youth, [*ter:*  
And cherish him, my Honourable Daughter.

*Margaret.* I shall, with my best Care.

[*Noise within as of a Coach.*

*Over.* A Coach!

*Greedy.* More Stops  
Before we go to Dinner! O my Guts!

*Enter Lady, and Wellborn.*

*Lady.* If I find Welcome,  
You share in it: If not, I'll back again,  
Now I know your Ends; for I come arm'd for all  
Can be objected.

*Lovell.* How! the Lady *Allworth*!

*Over.* And thus attended!

*Marg.* No, I am a Dolt; [*Lovell salutes*  
*the Lady, the Lady salutes Margaret.*

The Spirit of Lies hath enter'd me.

*Over.* Peace, Patch,  
'Tis more than Wonder! an Astonishment  
That does possess me wholly!

*Lovell.* Noble Lady,  
This is a Favour to prevent my Visit;  
The Service of my Life can never equal.

*Lady.* My Lord, I laid wait for you, and much hop'd  
You would have made my poor House your first Inn:  
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,  
Or too long dwell here, having such ample Cause,  
In this unequal'd Beauty, for your Stay;  
And fearing to trust any but myself  
With the Relation of my Service to you,  
I borrow'd so much from my long Restraint,  
And took the Air in Person to invite you.

*Lovell.* Your Bounties are so great, they rob me, 'Ma-  
Of Words to give you Thanks. [dam,

*Lady.* Good Sir *Giles Overreach*. [Salutes him.  
How dost thou, *Marrall*? lik'd you my Meat so ill,  
You'll dine no more with me?

*Greedy.* I will when you please,  
And it like your Ladyship.

*Lady.* When you please, Master *Greedy*;  
If Meat can do it, you shall be satisfy'd.  
And now, my Lord, pray take into your Knowledge  
This Gentleman; howe'er his Outside's coarse,  
[Presents Wellborn.

His inward Linings are as fine and fair,  
As any Man's: Wonder not, I speak at large:  
And howsoe'er his Humour carries him  
To be thus accoutred; or what Taint soever  
For his wild Life hath stuck upon his Fame;  
He may ere long, with Boldness, rank himself  
With some that have contemn'd him. Sir *Giles Over-*  
If I am welcome, bid him so. [reach,

*Over.* My Nephew!  
He has been too long a Stranger: Faith you have:  
Pray let it be mended.

[*Lovell conferring with Wellborn.*

*Mar.* Why, Sir, what do you mean?  
This is Rogue *Wellborn*, Monster, Prodigy,

That



That should hang or drown himself, no Man of Wor-  
Much less your Nephew. [Ship,

*Over.* Well, Sirrah! we shall reckon  
For this hereafter.

*Mar.* I'll not lose my Jeer,  
Though I be beaten dead for't [Aside.

*Wellborn.* Let my Silence plead  
In my Excuse, my Lord, 'till better Leisure  
Offer itself to hear a full Relation  
Of my poor Fortunes.

*Lovell.* I would hear, and help 'em.

*Over.* Your Dinner waits you.

*Lovell.* Pray you lead, we follow.

*Lady.* Nay, you are my Guest; come, dear Master

*Wellborn.* [Exeunt. *Manet Greedy.*

*Greedy.* Dear Master *Wellborn*! So she said; Heav'n!  
Heav'n!

If my Belly would give me Leave, I could ruminate  
All Day on this: I have granted twenty Warrants;  
To have him committed, from all Prisons in the Shire,  
To *Nottingham* Jail! and now, dear Master *Wellborn*!  
And my good Nephew!—But I play the Fool  
To stand here prating, and forget my Dinner.

*Enter Marrall.*

Are they set, *Marrall*?

*Mar.* Long since: Pray you a Word, Sir.

*Greedy.* No Wording now.

*Mar.* In troth, I must; my Master  
Knowing you are his good Friend, makes bold with you,  
And does intreat you, more Guests being come in  
Than he expected, especially his Nephew,  
The Table being full too, you would excuse him,  
And sup with him on the cold Meat.

*Greedy.* How! no Dinner  
After all my Care?

*Mar.* 'Tis but a Penance for  
A Meal; besides, you broke your Fast.

*Greedy.* That was  
But a Bit to stay my Stomach: A Man in Commission  
Give Place to a Tatterdemallion!

*Mar.* No bug Words, Sir;  
Should his Worship hear you —

*Greedy.* Lose my Dumpling too?  
And butter'd Toasts, and Woodcocks?

*Mar.* Come, have Patience.  
If you will dispense a little with your Worship,  
And sit with the Waiting Women, you'll have Dumpling,  
Woodcock, and butter'd Toasts too.

*Greedy.* This revives me:  
I will gorge there sufficiently.

*Mar.* This is the Way, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E III.

*Overreach as from Dinner.*

*Over.* She's caught! O Woman! she neglects my  
Lord,  
And all her Compliments applied to *Wellborn*!  
(The Garments of her Widowhood laid by,  
She now appears as glorious as the Spring)  
Her Eyes fix'd on him; in the Wine she drinks,  
He being her Pledge, she sends him burning Kisses,  
And sits on Thorns, till she be private with him.  
She leaves my Meat to feed upon his Looks;  
And if in our Discourse he be but nam'd,  
From her a deep-Sigh follows. But why grieve I  
At this? It makes for me; if she prove his,  
All that is her's is mine, as I will work him.

*Enter Marrall.*

*Mar.* Sir, the whole Board is troubled at your rising.

*Over.* No Matter, I'll excuse it. Pr'ythee, *Marrall*,  
Watch an Occasion to invite my Nephew  
To speak with me in Private.

*Mar.*

*Mar.* Who? the Rogue  
The Lady scorn'd to look on?

*Over.* You are a Wag.

*Enter Lady and Wellborn.*

*Mar.* See, Sir, she's come, and cannot be without him.

*Lady.* With your Favour, Sir, after a plenteous Dinner,  
I shall make bold to walk a Turn or two  
In your rare Garden.

*Over.* There's an Arbour too,  
If your Ladyship please to use it.

*Lady.* Come, Master Wellborn.

*[Exeunt Lady and Wellborn.]*

*Over.* Groffer and Groffer! now I believe the Poet  
Feign'd not, but was historical, when he wrote  
*Pasiphae* was enamour'd of a Bull:  
This Lady's Lust's more monstrous. My good Lord,

*Enter Lovell, Margaret, and the rest.*

Excuse my Manners.

*Lovell.* There needs none, Sir Giles:  
I may ere long say Father, when it pleases  
My dearest Mistress to give Warrant to it.

*Over.* She shall seal to it, my Lord, and make me  
happy.

*Enter Wellborn and the Lady.*

*Marg.* My Lady is return'd.

*Lady.* Provide my Coach,  
I'll instantly away: My Thanks, Sir Giles,  
For my Entertainment.

*Over.* 'Tis your Nobleness  
To think it such.

*Lady.* I must do you a farther Wrong,  
In taking away your honourable Guest.



*Lovell.* I wait on you, Madam, farewell good Sir *Giles*.

*Lady.* Good Mistress *Margaret*! nay, come Master *Wellborn*,

I must not leave you behind, in sooth, I must not.

*Over.* Rob me not, Madam, of all Joys at once.

Let my Nephew stay behind: He shall have my Coach,  
And, after some small Conference between us  
Soon overtake your Ladyship.

*Lady.* Stay not long, Sir.

*Lovell.* This parting-Kiss: You shall every Day hear  
By my faithful Page. [from me

*Allworth.* 'Tis a Service I am proud of.

[*Exeunt Lovell, Lady, Allworth, Margaret, Marrall.*

*Over.* Daughter, to your Chamber. You may won-  
After so long an Enmity between us, [der, Nephew,  
I should desire your Friendship?

*Wellborn.* So I do, Sir.

'Tis strange to me.

*Over.* But I'll make it no Wonder,  
And what is more, unfold my Nature to you.  
We worldly Men, when we see Friends and Kinsmen,  
Past Hope, sunk in their Fortunes, lend no Hand  
To lift 'em up, but rather set our Feet  
Upon their Heads, to press 'em to the Bottom;  
As I must yield, with you I practis'd it:  
But now I see you in a Way to rise,  
I can and will assist you. This rich Lady  
(And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you;  
'Tis too apparent, Nephew.

*Wellborn.* No such Thing:  
Compassion rather, Sir.

*Over.* Well, in a Word,  
Because your Stay is short, I'll have you seen  
No more in this base Shape; nor shall she say,  
She married you like a Beggar, or in Debt.

*Wellborn.* He'll run into the Noose, and save my La-  
bour. [Aside.

*Over.* You have a Trunk of rich Clothes, not far hence  
In

In pawn; I will redeem 'em: and, that no Clamour  
May taint your Credit; for your petty Debts,  
You shall have a thousand Pounds to cut 'em off,  
And go a Freeman to the wealthy Lady.

*Wellborn.* This done, Sir, out of Love, and no Ends  
*Over.* As it is, Nephew. [else—

*Wellborn.* Binds me still your Servant. [supp'd

*Over.* No Compliments; you are stay'd for: e'er y've  
You shall hear from me. My Coach, Knaves, for my  
To-morrow I will visit you. [Nephew;

*Wellborn.* Here's an Uncle  
In a Man's Extremes! how much they do bely you  
That say you are hard-hearted!

*Over.* My Deeds, Nephew,  
Shall speak my Love; what Men report, I weigh not.  
[Exeunt.

*The End of the Third Act.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Lovell, Allworth.

*Lovell.* **T**IS well. Give me my Cloak: I now dis-  
charge you

From further Service. Mind your own Affairs;  
I hope they will prove successful.

*Allworth.* What is blest  
With your good Wish, my Lord, cannot but prosper.  
Let after-times report, and to your Honour,  
How much I stand engag'd; for I want Language  
To speak my Debt: yet if a Tear or two  
Of joy, for your much Goodness, can supply  
My Tongues Defects, I could—

*Lovell.* Nay, do not melt:

This

This ceremonial Thanks to me's superfluous. ?

*Over. within.* Is my Lord stirring?

*Lovell.* 'Tis he! oh, here's your Letter! let him in.

*Enter Overreach, Greedy, Marrall.*

*Over.* A good Day to my Lord.

*Lovell.* You are an early Riser,

*Sir Giles.*

*Over.* And Reason, to attend your Lordship.

*Lovell.* And you too, Master Greedy, up so soon?

*Greedy.* In troth, my Lord, after the Sun is up  
I cannot sleep; for I have a foolish Stomach  
That croaks for Breakfast. With your Lordship's Favour,  
I have a serious Question to demand.  
Of my worthy Friend *Sir Giles*.

*Lovell.* Pray you use your Pleasure.

*Greedy.* How far, *Sir Giles*, and pray you answer me  
Upon your Credit, hold you it to be  
From your Manor House, to this of my Lady *Allworth's*?

*Over.* Why, some four Miles

*Greedy.* How! four Miles good *Sir Giles*  
Upon your Reputation, think better;  
For if you do abate but one half quarter  
Of five, you do yourself the greatest Wrong  
That can be in the World: for four Miles riding  
Could not have rais'd so huge an Appetite  
As I feel gnawing on me.

*Mar.* Whether you ride,  
Or go a foot, you are that Way still provided,  
And it please your Worship.

*Over.* How now, Sirrah? Prating

° *This ceremonial Thanks to me's superfluous.*

This is the old Reading which I have followed. *Mr. Doddsley* reads,

This ceremonial of Thanks, &c.

We might alter it yet, and read,

These ceremonial, &c.

This ceremonious Thanks to me's superfluous.

Before



Before my Lord? No Difference? Go to my Nephew,  
See all his Debts discharg'd, and help his Worship  
To sit on his rich Suit.

*Mar.* I may fit you too;  
Tofs'd like a Dog still. [*Exit Marrall.*]

*Lovell.* I have writ this Morning  
A few Lines to my Mistress, your fair Daughter.

*Over.* 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly your's already:  
Sweet Master *Allworth*, take my Ring; 'twill carry you  
To her Presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead  
For my good Lord, if you shall find Occasion.

That done, pray ride to *Nottingham*; get a Licence,  
Still by this Token. I'll have it dispatch'd,  
And suddenly, my Lord; that I may say  
My Honourable, nay, Right Honourable Daughter.

*Greedy.* Take my Advice young Gentleman; get your  
Breakfast.

'Tis unwholsome to ride fasting. I'll eat with you;  
And eat to purpose.

*Over.* Some Furies in that Gut:  
Hungry again! did you not devour this Morning,  
A Shield of Brawn, and a Barrel of *Colchester* Oysters?

*Greedy.* Why that was, Sir, only to scour my Stomach,  
A kind of a Preparative. Come, Gentleman,<sup>10</sup>  
I will not have you feed like the Hangman of *Flushing*  
Alone, while I am here.

*Lovell.* Hasten your Return.

*Allworth.* I will not fail, my Lord.

*Greedy.* Nor I, to line  
My Christmas Coffer. [*Exeunt Greedy and Allworth.*]

<sup>10</sup> A kind of a Preparative. Come Gentleman,  
I will not have, &c.

*Mr. Doddsley* alters this, and reads

A kind of Preparative. Come Gentleman,  
I will, &c.

But to me 'tis very plain that *Greedy* by his former Advice to *All-*  
*worth*, now directs himself to him only; and not to the whole Com-  
pany; nor could they be said to eat alone, if he had not kept them  
Company.

*Over.*

*Over.* To my Wish, we are private.  
 I come not to make Offer with my Daughter  
 A certain Portion ; that were poor and trivial :  
 In one Word, I pronounce all that is mine,  
 In Lands, or Leases, ready Coin, or Goods,  
 With her, my Lord, comes to you ; nor shall you have  
 One Motive to induce you to believe,  
 I live too long, since every Year I'll add  
 Something unto the Heap, which shall be your's too.

*Lovell.* You are a right kind Father.

*Over.* You shall have Reason  
 To think me such. How do you like this Seat ?  
 It is well wooded, and well water'd, the Acres  
 Fertile and rich ; would it not serve for change  
 To entertain your Friends in a Summer Progress ?  
 What thinks my noble Lord ?

*Lovell.* 'Tis a wholsom Air,  
 And well built Pile ; and she that's Mistress of it  
 Worthy the large Revenue.

*Over.* She the Mistress ?  
 It may be so for a Time : But let my Lord,  
 Say only, that he likes it, and would have it,  
 I say, e'er long 'tis his.

*Lovell.* Impossible.

*Over.* You do conclude too fast, not knowing me ;  
 Nor the Engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone  
 The Lady *Allworth's* Lands ; for those once *Wellborn's*,  
 (As by her Dotage on him, I know they will be,)  
 Shall soon be mine, but point out any Man's  
 In all the Shire, and say they lie convenient,  
 And useful for your Lordship, and once more,  
 I say aloud, they are your's.

*Lovell.* I dare not own  
 What's by unjust and cruel Means extorted :  
 My Fame and Credit are more dear to me,  
 Than so to expose 'em to be censur'd by  
 The publick Voice.

*Over.* You run, my Lord, no Hazard.  
 Your Reputation shall stand as fair

In all good Men's Opinions as now :  
 Nor can my Actions, though condemn'd for ill,  
 Cast any foul Asperſion upon your's.  
 For, though I do contemn Report myſelf,  
 As a meer Sound ; I ſtill will be ſo tender  
 Of what concerns you, in all Points of Honour,  
 That the immaculate Whitenefs of your Fame,  
 Nor your unqueſtion'd Integrity,  
 Shall e'er be ſullied with one Taint or Spot,  
 That may take from your Innocence and Candor.  
 All my Ambition is to have my Daughter  
 Right Honourable ; which my Lord can make her :  
 And might I live to dance upon my Knee  
 A young Lord *Lovell*, born by her unto you,  
 I write *nil ultra* to my proudeſt Hopes.  
 As for Poſſeſſions, and annual Rents,  
 Equivalent to maintain you in the Port,  
 Your noble Birth and preſent State require,  
 I do remove that Burthen from your Shoulders,  
 And take it on mine own : For though I ruin  
 The Country to ſupply your Riotous Waſte,  
 The Scourge of Prodigals, Want, ſhall never find you.

*Lovell*. Are you not frighted with the Imprecations  
 And Curſes of whole Families, made wretched  
 By your ſiniſter Practiſes ?

*Over*. Yes, as Rocks are,  
 When foamy Billows ſplit themſelves againſt  
 Their flinty Ribs ; or as the Moon is mov'd,  
 When Wolves, with Hunger pin'd, howl at her Bright-  
 I am of a ſolid Temper, and like theſe, [neſs.  
 Steer on a conſtant Courſe. With mine own Sword  
 If call'd into the Field, I can make that right,  
 Which fearful Enemies murmur'd at as wrong.  
 Now, for thoſe other pidling Complaints  
 Breath'd out in Bitterneſs ; as when they call me  
 Extortioner, Tyrant, Cormorant, or Intruder  
 On my poor Neighbours Right ; or grand Incloſer  
 Of what was common, to my private Uſe ;  
 Nay, when my Ears are pierced with Widows cries,

And



And undone Orphans wash with Tears my Threshold;  
 I only think what 'tis to have my Daughter  
 Right Honourable; and, 'tis a powerful Charm:  
 Makes me insensible of Remorse or Pity,  
 Or the least Sting of Conscience.

*Lovell.* I admire  
 The Toughness of your Nature.

*Over.* 'Tis for you,  
 My Lord, and for my Daughter, I am Marble;  
 Nay more, if you will have my Character  
 In little, I enjoy more true Delight  
 In my Arrival to my Wealth, these dark  
 And crooked Ways, than you shall e'er take Pleasure  
 In spending what my Industry hath compass'd.  
 My Haste commands me hence: In one Word therefore,  
 Is it a Match?

*Lovell.* I hope, that is past Doubt now.

*Over.* Then rest secure; not the Hate of all Mankind  
 Nor Fear of what can fall on me hereafter,  
 Shall make me study ought, but your Advancement  
 One Story higher. An Earl! if Gold can do it.  
 Dispute not my Religion, nor my Faith,  
 Though I am borne thus headlong by my Will;  
 You may make Choice of what Belief you please,  
 To me they are equal; so, my Lord, good-morrow.

[Exit.

*Lovell.* He's gone—I wonder how the Earth can bear<sup>11</sup>  
 Such a Portent! I, that have liv'd a Soldier,  
 And stood the Enemies violent Charge undaunted,  
 To hear this Blasphemous Beast, am bath'd all over  
 In a cold Sweat: Yet like a Mountain he  
 (Confirm'd in Atheistical Assertions)

<sup>11</sup> *He's gone, I wonder how the Earth can bear  
 Such a Portent, &c.*

All the Characters of this Piece are finely drawn, but that of *Overreach* is inimitable; nothing could give us such an Idea of a designing cruel Extortioner, as the foregoing Scene, it is a Master-piece in its kind, and worthy of Observation.—Lord *Lovell* is a beautiful Contrast, and the Reflections he makes on *Overreach* is equally worth our Attention.

Is no more shaken, than *Olimpus* is  
When angry *Boreas* loads his double Head  
With sudden Drifts of Snow.

*Enter Lady, Woman, Amble.*

*Lady.* Save you, my Lord.  
Disturb I not your Privacy?

*Lovell.* No, good Madam;  
For your own Sake I am glad you came no sooner.  
Since this Bold, Bad Man, Sir *Giles Overreach*,  
Made such a plain Discovery of himself,  
And read this Morning such a devillish Matins,  
That I should think it a Sin next to his;  
But to repeat it.

*Lady.* I ne'er press'd, my Lord,  
On others Privacies; yet, against my Will,  
Walking, for Health Sake, in the Gallery  
Adjoining to your Lodgings, I was made  
(So vehement, and loud he was) Partaker  
Of his tempting Offers.

*Lovell.* Please you to command  
Your Servants hence, and I shall gladly hear  
Your wiser Counsel.

*Lady.* 'Tis, my Lord a Woman's,  
But True and Hearty;—wait in the next Room;  
But be within call: Yet not so near to force me  
To whisper my Intents.

*Amble.* We are taught better  
By you good Madam.

*Woman.* And well know our Distance.

*Lady.* Do so, and talk not, 'twill become your Breed-  
ing.

[*Exeunt Amble and Woman.*]

Now, my good Lord; if I may use my Freedom,  
As to an honour'd Friend?

*Lovell.* You lessen else  
Your Favour to me.

*Lady.* I dare then say thus;  
As you are Noble (howe'er common Men

Make

Make fordid Wealth the Object, and sole End  
 Of their industrious Aims) 'twill not agree  
 With those of eminent Blood (who are engag'd  
 More to prefer their Honours, than to increase  
 The State left to 'em by their Ancestors)  
 To study large Additions to their Fortunes,  
 And quite neglect their Births : Though I must grant,  
 Riches well got, to be a useful Servant,  
 But a bad Master.

*Lovell.* Madam, 'tis confessed ;  
 But what infer you from it ?

*Lady.* This, my Lord ;  
 That as all Wrongs, though thrust into one Scale,  
 Slide of themselves off, when Right fills the other,  
 And cannot 'bide the Trial : So all Wealth  
 (I mean if Ill acquir'd) cemented to Honour  
 By virtuous Ways atchiev'd and bravely purchas'd,  
 Is but as Rubbish pour'd into a River,  
 (Howe'er intended to make good the Bank)  
 Rend'ring the Water that was pure before,  
 Polluted and unwholesome. I allow  
 The Heir of Sir *Giles Overreach*, *Margaret*,  
 A Maid well qualified, and the Richest Match  
 Our North Part can make boast of, yet she cannot  
 With all that she brings with her, fill their Mouths,  
 That never will forget who was her Father ;  
 Or that my Husband *Allworth's* Lands, and *Wellborn's*  
 (How wrung from both needs now no Repetition)  
 Were real Motives, that more work'd your Lordship  
 To join your Families, than her Form and Virtues.  
 You may conceive the rest.

*Lovell.* I do sweet Madam ;  
 And long since have considered it. I know,  
 The Sum of all that makes a Just Man Happy,  
 Consists in the well choos'ing of his Wife !  
 And there, well to discharge it, does require  
 Equality of Years, of Birth, of Fortune :  
 For Beauty being poor, and not cried up  
 By Birth or Wealth, can truly mix with neither.

And



And Wealth, where there's such Difference in Years,  
And fair Descent, must make the Yoke uneasy :  
But I come nearer.

*Lady.* Pray you do, my Lord. [Daughter

*Lovell.* Were *Overreach's* 'States thrice centupl'd ; his  
Millions of Degrees, much Fairer than she is,  
(How'er I might urge Presidents to excuse me)  
I would not so adulterate my Blood  
By marrying *Margaret* ; and so leave my Issue  
Made up of several Pieces, one part Scarlet  
And the other *London Blue*. In my own Tomb  
I will inter my Name first.

*Lady.* I am glad to hear this : [Aside  
Why then, my Lord, pretend your Marriage to her ?  
Diffimulation but ties false Knots  
On that strait Line, by which you hitherto  
Have measur'd all your Actions ?

*Lovell.* I make answer,  
And aptly, with a Question. Wherefore have you,  
That since your Husband's Death, have liv'd a strict  
And chaste *Nun's* Life, on the Sudden given yourself  
To Visits and Entertainments ? Think you, Madam,  
'Tis not grown publick Conference ? Or the Favours  
Which you too prodigally have thrown on *Wellborn*  
Being too Reserv'd before, incur not Censure ?

*Lady.* I am Innocent here, and on my Life I swear  
My Ends are good.

*Lovell.* On my Soul so are mine  
To *Margaret* ; but leave both to the Event :  
And since this friendly Privacy does serve  
But as an offer'd Means unto ourselves  
To search each other farther ; you having shewn  
Your Care of me, I, my Respect to you ;  
Deny me not, but still in Chaste Words, Madam,  
An Afternoon's Discourse.

*Lady.* So I shall hear you. [Exeunt.

E S C E N E

## SCENE II.

Tapwell, Froth.

*Tapwell.* Undone, undone! This was your Counsel,  
[*Froth.*

*Froth.* Mine! I defy thee: Did not Master *Marrall*  
(He has marr'd all I am sure) strictly command us  
(On Pain of Sir *Giles Overreach*'s Displeasure)  
To turn the Gentleman out of Doors?

*Tapwell.* 'Tis true;  
But now he's his Uncle's Darling, and has got  
Master *Justice Greedy* (since he fill'd his Belly)  
At his Commandment, to do any thing;  
Woe, woe to us.

*Froth.* He may prove merciful.

*Tapwell.* Troth, we do not deserve it at his Hands.  
Though he knew all the Passages of our House;  
As the receiving of stolen Goods, and Bawdry, [him  
When he was Rogue *Wellborn* no Man would believe  
And then his Information could not hurt us:  
But now he is Right Worshipful again,  
Who dares but doubt his Testimony? Me thinks  
I see thee, *Froth*, already in a Cart  
For a close Bawd; thine Eyes even pelted out  
With Dirt and rotten Eggs; and my Hand hissing  
(If I scape the Halter) with the Letter R.  
Printed upon it.

*Froth.* Would that were the worst!  
That were but nine Days wonder: As for Credit  
We have none to lose; but we shall lose the Money.  
He owes us, and his Custom; there's the Hell on't.

*Tapwell.* He has summon'd all his Creditors by the  
[Drum,  
And they swarm about him like so many Soldiers  
On the Pay Day; and has found out such a New Way  
To Pay his Old Debts, as, 'tis very likely,  
He shall be Chronicl'd for it.

*Froth.*

*Froth.* He deserves it  
More than ten Pageants. But are you sure his Worship  
Comes this way to my Lady's?

[*A cry within, brave Master Wellborn.*

*Tapwell.* Yes, I hear him.

*Froth.* Be ready with your Petition, and present it  
To his good Grace.

*Enter Wellborn in a Rich Habit, Greedy, Order, Furnace, three Creditors: Tapwell kneeling, delivers his Bill of Debt.*

*Wellborn.* How's this! Petition'd too?  
But note what Miracles the Payment of  
A little Trash, and a Rich Suit of Clothes  
Can work upon these Rascals. I shall be,  
I think, Prince *Wellborn*.

*Mar.* When your Worship's married  
You may be—I know what I hope to see you.

*Wellborn.* Then look thou for Advancement.

*Mar.* To be known  
Your Worship's Bailiff is the Mark I shoot at.

*Wellborn.* And thou shalt hit it.

*Mar.* Pray you, Sir, dispatch  
These needy Followers, and for my Admittance  
(Provided you'll defend me from Sir *Giles*.

[*This Interim, Tapwell and Froth, flattering and bribing Justice Greedy.*

Whose Service I am weary of) I'll say something  
You shall give me thanks for.

*Wellborn.* Fear not Sir *Giles*

[*me*

*Greedy.* Who? *Tapwell*? I remember thy Wife brought  
Last New Year's Tide, a Couple of fat Turkeys. [ship

*Tapwell.* And shall do every Christmas, let your Wor-  
But stand my Friend now.

*Greedy.* How?—With Master *Wellborn*?  
I can do any thing with him on such Terms;—



See you this honest Couple? They are good Souls  
As ever drew out Foffet, have they not  
A Pair of honest Faces?

*Wellborn.* I o're heard you,  
And the Bribe he promis'd; you are coufen'd in 'em;  
For of all the Scum that grew Rich by my Riots,  
This for a most unthankful Knave, and this  
For a base Bawd and Whore, have worst deserv'd,  
And therefore speak not for 'em. By your Place  
You are rather to do me Justice; lend me your Ear—  
Forget his Turkies, and call in his Licence,  
And at the next Fair, I'll give you a Yoke of Oxen  
Worth all his Poultry.—

*Greedy.* I am chang'd on the sudden  
In my Opinion! Come near; nearer, Rascal.  
And now I view him better, did you e'er see  
One look so like an Arch-knave? His very Countenance,  
Should an understanding Judge but look upon him,  
Would hang him, though he were Innocent.

*Tapwell and Froth.* Worshipful Sir. [Turkies,

*Greedy.* No, though the great Turk came instead of  
To beg any Favour, I am inexorable:  
Thou hast an ill Name: Besides thy musty Ale  
That hath destroy'd many of the King's leige People,  
Thou never hadst in thy House to stay Mens Stomachs  
A Piece of *Suffolk* Cheese, or Gammon of Bacon,  
Or any Esculent, as the Learned call it,  
For their Emolument; but sheer drink only.  
For which gross Fault, I here do damn thy Licence,  
Forbidding thee ever to Tap or Draw.  
For instantly, I will in mine own Person  
Command the Constable to pull down thy Sign;  
And do it before I Eat.

*Froth.* No mercy?

*Greedy.* Vanish.

If I shew any, may my promis'd Oxen gore me.

*Tapwell.* Unthankful Knaves are ever so Rewarded

[*Exeunt Greedy, Tapwell, Froth.*

*Wellborn.*

*Wellborn.* Speak; what are you?

1. *Cred.* A decay'd Vintner, Sir, [me  
That might have thrived, but that your Wiorship broke  
With trusting you with Muskadine and Eggs,  
And Five Pound Suppers, with your after Drinkings,  
When you lodged upon the *Bankside*.

*Wellborn.* I Remember.

1. *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest [you.  
And therefore, Sir—

*Wellborn.* Thou art an Honest Fellow:  
I'll set thee up again; see his Bill paid.  
What are you?

2. *Cred.* A Taylor once, but now meer Botcher.  
I gave you Credit for a Suit of Clothes,  
Which was all my Stock, but you failing in Payment,  
I was remov'd from the Shop-board, and confin'd  
Under a Stall.

*Wellborn.* See him paid; and botch no more.

2. *Cred.* I ask no Interest, Sir.

*Wellborn.* Such Taylors need not;  
If their Bills are paid in one and twenty Years  
They are seldom Losers.—O, I know thy Face,  
Thou wert my Surgeon: You must tell no Tales,  
Those Days are done. I will pay you in Private.

*Ord.* A Royal Gentleman!

*Furnace.* Royal as an Emperor!  
He'll prove a brave Master: my good *Lady* knew  
To choose a Man.

*Wellborn.* See all Men else discharg'd;  
And since *Old Debts* are clear'd by a *New Way*,  
A little Bounty will not misbecome me;  
There's something, honest Cook, for thy good Breakfasts,  
And this for your Respect; take't, 'tis good Gold,  
And I able to spare it.

*Ord.* You are too Munificent.

*Furnace.* He was ever so.

*Wellborn.* Pray you on before.

3. *Cred.* Heaven blefs you. [me

*Mar.* At Four o'Clock the Rest know where to meet

[*Exeunt Order, Furnace, Creditor.*

*Wellboon.* Now, Master *Marrall*, what's the weighty  
You promis'd to impart? [Secret

*Mar.* Sir, Time nor Place

Allow me to relate each Circumstance;

This only in a Word: I know Sir *Giles*

Will come upon you for Security

For his Thousand Pounds; which you must not consent to,

As he grows in Heat (as I am sure he will)

Be you but Rough, and say he's in your Debt

Ten Times the Sum, upon Sale of your Land;

I had a Hand in't (I speak it to my Shame)

When you were defeated of it.

*Wellborn.* That's forgiven.

*Mar.* I shall deserve it then. Then urge him to produce

The Deed in which you pass'd it over to him,

Which I know he'll have about him to deliver

To the Lord *Lovell*, with many other Writings,

And present Money's. I'll instruct you further,

As I wait on your Worship: If I play not my Part

To your full Content, and your Uncle's much Vexation,

Hang up *Jack Marrall*.

*Wellborn.* I rely upon thee.

*Exeunt,*

### SCENE III.

Allworth, Margaret.

*Allworth.* Whether to yield the first Praise to my  
Lord's

Unequal'd Temperance, or your constant Sweetness,

That I yet live, (my weak Hands fasten'd on

Hope's Anchor, spite of all Storms of Despair)

I yet rest doubtful.

*Marg.* Give it to Lord *Lovell*.

For



For what in him was Bounty, in me's Duty.  
I make but Payment of a Debt, to which  
My Vows, in that high Office register'd,  
Are faithful Witnesses.

*Allworth.* 'Tis true, my dearest; <sup>12</sup>  
Yet, when I call to Mind how many Fair Ones  
Make wilful Shipwreck of their Faiths and Oaths  
To God and Man, to fill the Arms of Greatness;  
And you rise no less than a glorious Star  
To the Amazement of the World, that hold out  
Against the stern Authority of a Father;  
And spurn at Honour when it comes to court you,  
I am so tender of your Good, that faintly  
With your Wrong, I can wish myself that Right  
You yet are pleas'd to do me.

*Margaret.* Yet, and ever  
To me what's Title, when Content is wanting?  
Or Wealth, rak'd up together with much Care,  
And to be kept with more, when the Heart pines,  
In being dispossest'd of what it longs for  
Beyond the *Indian* Mines; or the smooth Brow  
Of a pleas'd Sire, that slaves me to his Will?  
And so his ravenous Humour may be feasted  
By my Obedience, and he see me Great,  
Leaves to my Soul, nor Faculties, nor Power  
To make her own Election.

<sup>12</sup> 'Tis true, my dearest;  
Yet, when I call to Mind, how many Fair Ones  
Make wilful Shipwreck of their Faiths and Oaths  
To God and Man, to fill the Arms of Greatness;  
And you rise no less than a glorious Star.

In the old Copies the last line is,

*And you, rise up less than a glorious Star.*

This I think is false; therefore I ventured to alter it. —

Mr. *Dodley* reads,

*And you, rise up no less than, &c.*

Which makes the Line too long, and consequently harsh to the  
Ear.

*Allworth.* But the Dangers  
That follow the Repulse.

*Margaret.* To me they are nothing :  
Let *Allworth* love, I cannot be unhappy.  
Suppose the worst, that in his Rage he kill me,  
A Tear or two, by you dropt on my Hearse  
In Sorrow for my Fate, will call back Life  
So far as but to say, that I die your's,  
I then shall rest in Peace ; or should he prove  
So cruel, as one Death would not suffice  
His Thirst of Vengeance ; but with ling'ring Torments,  
In Mind and Body, I must waste to Air,  
In Poverty join'd with Banishment ; so you share  
In my Afflictions, which I dare not wish you,  
So high I prize you, I could undergo 'em  
With such a Patience as should look down  
With Scorn on his worst Malice.

*Allworth.* Heaven avert  
Such Trials of your true Affection to me,  
Nor will it unto you, that are all Mercy,  
Shew so much Rigor. But since we must run  
Such desperate Hazards, let us do our best  
To steer between 'em.

*Margaret.* Your Lord's ours, and sure ;  
And though but a young Actor, second me,  
In doing to the Life what he has plotted,

*Enter Overreach.*

The End may yet prove happy : Now my *Allworth*.

*Allworth.* To your Letter, and put on a seeming  
Anger.

*Margaret.* I'll pay my Lord all Debts due to his Title,  
And when with Terms, not taking from his Honour,  
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him :  
But, in this peremptory, nay, commanding Way,  
T' appoint a Meeting, and without my Knowledge,  
A Priest to tie the Knot can ne'er be undone  
Till Death unloose it, is a Confidence

In

In his Lordship will deceive him.

*Allworth.* I hope better,  
Good Lady.

*Margaret.* Hope, Sir, what you please : For me  
I must take a safe and secure Course ; I have  
A Father, and without his full Consent,  
Though all Lords of the Land kneel'd for my Favour,  
I can grant nothing.

*Over.* I like this Obedience.

But whatsoever my Lord writes, must, and shall be  
Accepted and embrac'd. Sweet Master *Allworth*,  
You shew yourself a true and faithful Servant  
To your good Lord ; he has a Jewel of you.  
How ! frowning, *Meg* ? Are these Looks to receive  
A Messenger from my Lord ? What's this ? give me it.

*Margaret.* A Piece of arrogant Paper, like th' In-  
scriptions. [*Overreach reads the Letter.*]

*Over.* " Fair Mistress, from your Servant learn, all  
Joys

That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove Toys ;  
Therefore this Instant, and in private meet  
A Husband, that will gladly at your Feet  
Lay down his Honours, tend'ring them to you  
With all Content, the Church being paid her due."

—Is this the arrogant Piece of Paper ? Fool !  
Will you still be one ? In the Name of Madness, what  
Could his good Honour write more to content you ?  
Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two,  
That are already offer'd ? Marriage first,  
And lawful Pleasure after ; what would you more ?

*Margaret.* Why, Sir, I would be married like your  
Daughter ;

Not hurried away i' th' Night I know not whither,  
Without all Ceremony : No Friends invited  
To honour the Solemnity.

*Allworth.* An't please your Honour,  
(For so before To-morrow I must stile you)  
My Lord desires this Privacy in respect  
His Honourable Kinsmen are far off,

And



And his Desires to have it done, brook not  
So long Delay as to expect their coming;  
And yet he stands resolv'd, with all due Pomp:  
As running at the Ring, Plays, Masques, and Tilting,  
To have his Marriage at Court celebrated  
When he has brought your Honour up to *London*.

*Over.* He tells you true; 'tis the Fashion, on my  
Knowledge:

Yet the good Lord, to please your Peevishness,  
Must put it off, forsooth! and lose a Night,  
In which perhaps he might get two Boys on thee.  
Tempt me no farther, if you do, this Goad  
Shall prick you to him.

*Margaret.* I could be contented,  
Were you but by to do a Father's Part,  
And give me in the Church.

*Over.* So my Lord have you,  
What do I care who gives you? since my Lord  
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.  
I know not, Master *Allworth*, how my Lord  
May be provided, and therefore there's a Purse  
Of Gold: 'twill serve this Night's Expence; To-morrow  
I'll furnish him with any Sums. In the mean Time,  
Use my Ring to my Chaplain: he is benefic'd  
At my Manor of *Gotam*, and call'd Parson *Will-do*:  
'Tis no Matter for a Licence, I'll bear him out in't.

*Margaret.* With your Favour, Sir, what Warrant is  
He may suppose I got that twenty Ways, [your Ring?  
Without your Knowledge; and then to be refus'd,  
Were such a Stain upon me — If you please, Sir,  
Your Presence would do better.

*Over.* Still perverse?  
I say again, I will not cross my Lord,  
Yet I'll prevent you too.—Paper and Ink, there!

*Allworth.* I can furnish you.

*Over.* I thank you, I can write then.

[Writes on his Book.

*Allworth.* You may, if you please, put out the Name  
of my Lord,

In

In Respect he comes disguis'd, and only write,  
Marry her to this Gentleman.

*Over.* Well advis'd.

[*Margaret kneels.*

'Tis done: away.—My Blessing, Girl? Thou hast it,  
Nay, no Reply.—Be gone, good Master *Allworth*,  
This shall be the best Night's Work you ever made.

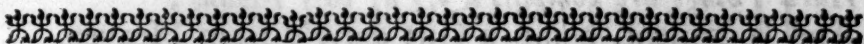
*Allworth.* I hope so, Sir.

[*Exeunt Allworth and Margaret.*

*Over.* Farewell.—Now all's cock-sure:

Methinks I hear already Knights and Ladies  
Say, Sir *Giles Overreach*, how is it with  
Your Honourable Daughter? Has her Honour  
Slept well To-night? or, Will her Honour please  
To accept this Monkey, Dog, or Paroquet?  
(This is State in Ladies) or my eldest Son  
To be her Page, and wait upon her Trencher? —  
My Ends, my Ends are compass'd!—Then for *Wellborn*  
And the Lands; were he once married to the Widow —  
I have him here — I can scarce contain myself,  
I am so full of Joy; nay, Joy all over. [Exit.

*The End of the Fourth Act.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

Lovell, Lady, Amble.

*Lady.* **B**Y this you know, how strong the Motives  
were

That did, my Lord, induce me to dispense  
A little with my Gravity, to advance  
(In personating some few Favours to him)  
The Plots and Projects of the down-trod *Wellborn*.  
Nor shall I e'er repent (although I suffer  
In some few Men's Opinions for't) the Action.  
For he that ventur'd all for my dear Husband,

Might

Might justly claim an Obligation from me,  
To pay him such a Courtesy ; which had I  
Coyly, or over-curiously deny'd,  
It might have argu'd me of little Love  
To the deceas'd.

*Lovell.* What you intended, Madam,  
For the poor Gentleman, hath found good Success ;  
For, as I understand, his Debts are paid,  
And he once more furnish'd for fair Employment :  
But all the Arts that I have u'd to raise  
The Fortunes of your Joy and mine, young *Allworth*,  
Stand yet in Supposition, though I hope, well.  
For the young Lovers are in Wit more pregnant,  
Than their Years can promise ; and for their Desires,  
On my Knowledge, they are equal.

*Lady.* Though my Wishes  
Are with yours, my Lord : yet give me Leave to fear  
The Building, though well-grounded. To deceive  
*Sir Giles* (that's both a Lyon and a Fox  
In his Proceedings) were a Work beyond  
The strongest Undertakers ; not the Trial  
Of two weak Innocents.

*Lovell.* Despair not, Madam :  
*Hard Things are compass'd oft by easy Means ;*  
And Judgment, being a Gift deriv'd from Heaven,  
Though sometimes lodg'd i' th' Hearts of worldly Men,  
(That ne'er consider from whom they receive it)  
Forsakes such as abuse the Giver of it.  
Which is the Reason, that the politick  
And cunning Statesman, that believes he fathoms  
The Counsels of all Kingdoms on the Earth,  
Is by Simplicity oft over-reach'd.

*Lady.* May he be so. — Yet, in his Name to express it,  
Is a good Omen.

*Lovell.* May it to myself  
Prove so, good Lady, in my Suit to you :  
What think you of the Motion ?

*Lady.* Troth, my Lord,  
My own Unworthiness may answer for me ;

For



For had you, when that I was in my Prime,  
My Virgin Flower uncropp'd, presented me  
With this great Favour, looking on my Lowness  
Not in a Glas of Self-love, but of Truth,  
I could not but have thought it, as a Blessing  
Far, far beyond my Merit.

*Lovell.* You are too modest,  
And undervalue that which is above  
My Title, or whatever I call mine.  
I grant, were I a *Spaniard*, to marry  
A Widow might disparage me; but being  
A true-born *Englishman*, I cannot find  
How it can taint my Honour; nay, what's more,  
That which you think a Blemish, is to me  
The fairest Lustre. You already, Madam,  
Have given sure Proofs how dearly you can cherish  
A Husband that deserves you; which confirms me,  
That if I am not wanting in my Care  
To do you Service, you'll be still the same  
That you were to your *Allworth*. In a Word,  
Our Years, our States, our Births are not unequal;  
You being descended nobly, and ally'd so,  
If then you may be won to make me happy,  
But join your Lips to mine, and that shall be  
A solemn Contract.

*Lady.* I were blind to my own Good,  
Should I refuse it; yet, my Lord, receive me  
As such a one, the Study of whose whole Life  
Shall know no other Object but to please you.

*Lovell.* If I return not, with all Tenderness,  
Equal Respect to you, may I die wretched.

*Lady.* There needs no Protestation, my Lord,  
To her that cannot doubt. — You are welcome, Sir.

*Enter Wellborn.*

Now you look like yourself.

*Wellborn.* And will continue  
Such in my free Acknowledgment, that I am

Your

Your Creature, Madam, and will never hold  
My Life mine own, when you please to command it.

*Lovell.* It is a Thankfulness that well becomes you ;  
You could not make Choice of a better Shape,  
To dress your Mind in.

*Lady.* For me, I am happy  
That my Endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late  
Sir *Giles*, your Uncle ?

*Wellborn.* I heard of him, Madam, [sions  
By his Minister, *Marrall* ; he's grown into strange Pas-  
About his Daughter : This last Night he look'd for  
Your Lordship at his House ; but missing you,  
And she not yet appearing, his wife Head  
Is much perplex'd and troubled.

*Lovell.* It may be,  
Sweetheart, my Project took.

*Enter Overreach with distracted Looks, driving in Marrall  
before him.*

*Lady.* I strongly hope.

*Over.* Ha ! find her, Booby, thou huge Lump of  
I'll bore thine Eyes out else. [Nothing,

*Wellborn.* May it please your Lordship,  
For some Ends of mine own, but to withdraw  
A little out of Sight, though not of Hearing,  
You may perhaps have Sport.

*Lovell.* You shall direct me. [Steps aside.

*Over.* I shall fol fa you Rogue.

*Mar.* Sir, for what Cause  
Do you use me thus ?

*Over.* Cause, Slave ! why, I am angry,  
And thou a Subject only fit for beating ;  
And so to cool my Choler. Look to the Writing ;  
Let but the Seal be broke upon the Box,  
That has slept in my Cabinet these three Years.  
I'll rack thy Soul for't.

*Mar.* I may yet cry 'Quittance ;  
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist.

[Aside.  
*Over.*

*Over.* Lady, by your Leave, did you see my Daughter Lady?

And the Lord her Husband? Are they in your House?  
If they are, discover, that I may bid 'em Joy;  
And as an Entrance to her Place of Honour,  
See your Ladyship on her left Hand, and make Court  
When she nods on you; which you must receive  
As a special Favour.

*Lady.* When I know, Sir Giles,  
Her State requires such Ceremony, I shall pay it;  
But in the mean Time, as I am myself,  
I give you to understand, I neither know  
Nor care where her Honour is.

*Over.* When you once see her  
Supported, and led by the Lord her Husband,  
You'll be taught better.—Nephew.

*Wellborn.* Sir.

*Over.* No more!

*Wellborn.* 'Tis all I owe you.

*Over.* Have your redeem'd Rags  
Made you thus insolent!

*Wellborn.* Insolent to you? [In Scorn.  
Why, what are you, Sir, unless in your Years,  
At the best, more than myself?

*Over.* His Fortune swells him:  
'Tis Rank, he's married.

*Lady.* This is excellent!

*Over.* Sir, in calm Language, (tho' I seldom use it)  
I am familiar with the Cause, that makes you  
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain Buz [riage:  
Of a stol'n Marriage; Do you hear? Of a stol'n Mar-  
In which 'tis said there's some body hath been couzen'd.  
I name no Parties.

*Wellborn.* Well, Sir, and what follows? [ber,

*Over.* Marry this! Since you are peremptory, remem-  
Upon mere Hope of your great Match, I lent you  
A Thousand Pounds: Put me in good Security,  
And suddenly, by Mortgage, or by Statute  
Of some of your new Possessions, or I'll have you

Drag'd



Drag'd in you Lavender Robes to the Gaol; you know  
And therefore do not trifle. [me,

*Wellborn.* Can you be  
So cruel to your Nephew, now he's in  
The Way to rise? Was this the Courtesy  
You did me in pure Love, and no Ends else?

*Over.* End me no Ends; engage the whole Estate,  
And force your Spouse to sign it; you shall have  
Three or four Thousand more, to roar and swagger,  
And revel in bawdy Taverns.

*Wellborn.* And beg after;  
Mean you not so?

*Over.* My Thoughts are mine, and free.  
Shall I have Security?

*Wellborn.* No, indeed you shall not;  
Nor Bond, nor Bill, nor bare Acknowledgment;  
Your great Looks fright not me.

*Over.* But my Deeds shall.—  
Out-braved? [They both draw, the Servants Enter.

*Lady.* Help, Murder! Murder!

*Wellborn.* Let him come on,  
With all his Wrongs and Injuries about him,  
Arm'd with his cut-throat Practises to guard him;  
The Right that I bring with me, will defend me,  
And punish his Extortion.

*Over.* That I had thee  
But single in the Field!

*Lady.* You may; but make not  
My House your quarrelling Scene.

*Over.* Were't in a Church,  
By Heaven and Hell, I'll do't.

*Mar.* Now put him to  
The shewing of the Deed.

*Wellborn.* This rage is vain, Sir;  
For Fighting fear not, you shall have your Hands full  
Upon the least Incitement; and whereas  
You charge me with a Debt of a Thousand Pounds;  
If there be Law, (howe'er you have no Conscience)  
Either restore my Land, or I'll recover

A Debt, that's truly due to me from you,  
In value ten Times more than what you challenge.

*Over.* I in thy Debt! O Impudence! did I not pur-  
[chase

The Land left by thy Father? That rich Land,  
That had continued in *Wellborn's* Name  
Twenty Descents; which, like a Riotous Fool  
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here inclos'd  
The Deed that does confirm it mine?

*Mar.* Now, now:

*Wellborn.* I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd o'er  
Any such Land; I grant, for a Year or two,  
You had it in Trust; which if you do discharge,  
Surrendering the Possession, you shall ease  
Yourself, and me, of chargeable Suits in Law;  
Which, if you prove not Honest (as I doubt it)  
Must of necessity follow.

*Lady.* In my Judgment  
He does advise you well.

*Over.* Good! Good! conspire  
With your new Husband, Lady; second him  
In his dishonest Practises; but when  
This Manor is extended to my Use,  
You'll speak in an humbler Key, and sue for Favour.

*Lady.* Never: do not hope it.

*Wellborn.* Let Despair first sieze me.

*Over.* Yet to shut up thy Mouth, and make thee give  
Thyself the Lie, the lowd Lie: I draw out  
The precious Evidence; if thou canst forswear  
Thy Hand and Seal, and make a Forfeit of [*Opens the Box.*  
Thy Ears to the Pillory: See, here's that will make  
My Interest clear—Ha!

*Lady.* A fair Skin of Parchment!

*Wellborn.* Indented, I confess, and labels too;  
But neither Wax nor Words. How! Thunder-struck?  
Not a Syllable to insult with? My wise Uncle,  
Is this your precious Evidence? Is this that makes  
Your Interest clear?

*Over.* I am o'erwhelm'd with Wonder !  
 What Prodigy is this ? What subtle Devil  
 Hath raz'd out the Inscription ? The Wax  
 Turn'd into Dust—The Rest of my Deeds whole,  
 As when they were deliver'd ; and this only  
 Made nothing ! do you deal with Witches Rascall ?  
 There is a Statute for you, which will bring  
 Your Neck in a hempen Circle ; yes, there is.  
 And now 'tis better thought ; for, Cheater know  
 This juggling shall not save you.

*Wellborn.* To save thee  
 Would begger the Stock of Mercy.

*Over. Marrall.*

*Mar.* Sir.

*Over.* Though the Witnesses are Dead, your Testi-  
 mony [*Flattering him.*  
 Help with an Oath or two ; and for thy Master,  
 Thy liberal Master, my good Honest Servant,  
 I know, you will swear any thing to dash  
 This cunning Sleight : Besides, I know thou art  
 A publick Notary, and such stand in Law  
 For a dozen Witnesses ; the Deed being drawn too  
 By thee, my careful *Marrall*, and deliver'd  
 When thou wert present, will make good my Title ;  
 Wilt thou not swear this ?

*Mar.* I ? No, I assure you.  
 I have a Conscience, not fear'd up like yours ;  
 I know no Deeds.

*Over.* Wilt thou betray me ?

*Mar.* Keep him  
 From using of his Hands, I'll use my Tongue  
 To his no little Torment.

*Over.* Mine own Varlet  
 Rebel against me ?

*Mar.* Yes, and uncase you too.  
 The Idiot ; the Patch ; the Slave ; the Booby ;  
 The Property fit only to be beaten  
 For your Morning Exercise ; your Foot-ball, or

The



The unprofitable Lump of Flesh; your Drudge;  
Can now anatomize you, and lay open  
All your black Plots, and level with the Earth  
Your Hill of Pride; and with these Gabions guarded,  
Unload my great Artillery, and shake,  
Nay pulverize the Walls you think defend you.

*Lady.* How he foams at the Mouth with Rage!

*Wellborn.* To him again.

*Over.* O that I had thee in my Gripe, I would tear  
Joint after Joint! [thee

*Mar.* I know you are a Tearer.

But I'll have first your Fangs par'd off; and then  
Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,  
And made it good before the Judge, what Ways  
And devillish Practices you us'd too coozen  
An Army of whole Families, who yet live;  
And but enrol'd for Soldiers, were able  
To take *Dunkirk*.

*Wellborn.* All will come out.

*Lady.* The better.

*Over.* But that I will live, Rogue, to torture thee,  
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain to die,  
These Swords that keep thee from me, should fix here,  
Although they made my Body but one Wound,  
But I would reach thee.

*Lovell.* Heav'ns Hand is in this,  
One Ban-dog worry the other.

[*Aside.*

*Over.* I play the Fool,  
And make my Anger but ridiculous.  
There will be a Time and Place, there will be Cowards,  
When you shall feel what I dare do.

*Wellborn.* I think so:

You dare do any Ill, yet want true Valour  
To be Honest and Repent.

*Over.* They are Words I know not,  
Nor e'er will learn. Patience the Beggars Virtue,

*Enter Greedy and Parson Well-do.*

Shall find no Harbour here—after these Storms  
At length a Calm appears. Welcome, most welcome:  
There's Comfort in thy looks; is the Deed done?  
Is my Daughter Married? Say but so, my Chaplain,  
And I am tame.

*Well-do.* Married? Yes, I assure you.

*Over.* Then vanish all sad Thoughts; there's more  
[Gold for thee.

My Doubts and Fears are in the Titles drown'd,  
Of my Honorable, my Right Honorable Daughter.

*Greedy.* Here will be Feasting; at least for a Month  
I am provided: Empty Guts, croke no more,  
You shall be stuffed like Bagpipes, not with Wind,  
But bearing Dishes.

*Over.* —Instantly be here? [*Whispering to Well-do.*  
To my Wish. Now you that Plot against me,  
And hop'd to trip my Heels up; that contemn me;

[*Loud Musick.*  
Think on't and Tremble. They come, I hear the Musick.  
A Lane there for my Lord.

*Wellborn.* This sudden Heat  
May yet be cool'd, Sir.

*Over.* Make Way there for my Lord.

*Enter Allworth and Margaret.*

*Marg.* Sir, first your Pardon, then your Blessing, with  
Your full Allowance of the Choice I have made.  
As ever you could make use of your Reason, [*Kneeling.*  
Grow not in Passion; since you may as well  
Call back the Day that's past, as untie the Knot  
Which is too strongly Fasten'd. Not to dwell  
Too long on Words, this is my Husband.

*Over.* How!

*Allworth.* So I assure you; all the Rites of Marriage  
With every Circumstance are past. Alas! Sir,

*Altho'*

Altho' I am no Lord, but a Lord's Page,  
Your Daughter and my lov'd Wife mourns not for it.  
And for Right Honourable Son in Law! you may say  
Your dutiful Daughter.

*Over.* Devil! are they married? [joy.

*Well-do.* Do a Father's Part, and say, Heaven give 'em

*Over.* Confusion and Ruin! speak, and speak quickly,  
Or thou art dead,

*Well-do.* They are married,

*Over.* Thou had'st better  
Have made a Contract with the King of Fiends  
Than these.—My Brain turns!

*Well-do.* Why this Rage to me?  
Is not this your Letter, Sir? And these the Words?  
Marry her to this Gentleman.

*Over.* It cannot:  
Nor will I e'er believe it: 'Sdeath I will not.  
That I, that in all Passages I touch'd  
At worldly Profit, have not left a Print  
Where I have trod for the most curious Search  
To trace my Footsteps, should be gull'd by Children!  
Baff'd and fool'd, and all my Hopes and Labours  
Defeated, and made void.

*Wellborn.* As it appears,  
You are so, my grave Uncle  
*Over.* Village Nurses  
Revenge their Wrongs with Curses; I'll not waste  
A Syllable, but thus I take the Life  
Which Wretch! I gave to thee. [*Offers to kill Margaret.*

*Lovell.* Hold, for your own Sake!  
Though Charity to your Daughter hath quite left you,  
Will you do an Act, though in your Hopes lost here,  
Can leave no Hope for Peace, or Rest hereafter?  
Consider; at the best you're but a Man,  
And cannot so create your Aims, but that  
They may be cross'd.

*Over.* Lord! thus I spit at thee,  
And at thy Counsel; and again desire thee,  
And as thou art a Soldier, if thy Valour



Dares shew itself, where Multitude and Example  
Lead not the Way, let's quit the House, and change  
Six Words in private.

*Lovell.* I am ready.

*Lady.* Stay, Sir,  
Contest with one distracted?

*Wellborn.* You'll grow like him,  
Should you answer his vain Challenge.

*Over.* Are you pale?  
Borrow his Help, though *Hercules* call it odds,  
I'll stand against both, as I am hem'd in thus.  
Since, like a *Libyan* Lion in the Toil,  
My Fury cannot reach the Coward Hunters,  
And only spends itself, I'll quit the Place;  
Alone I can do nothing: but I have Servants  
And Friends to second me; and if I make not  
This House a Heap of Ashes (by my Wrongs,  
What I have spoke I will make good) or leave  
One Throat uncut, if it be possible,  
Hell add to my Afflictions! [Exit Overreach.

*Mar.* Is't not brave Sport?

*Greedy.* Brave Sport? I am sure it has ta'en away my  
I do not like the Sauce. [Stomach;

*Allworth.* Nay, weep not, dearest:  
Though it express your Pity; what's decreed  
Above, we cannot alter.

*Lady.* His Threats move me  
No Scruple, Madam.

*Mar.* Was it not a rare Trick,  
(And it please your Worship) to make the Deed nothing?  
I can do twenty neater, if you please—  
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be  
Such a Sollicitor, and Steward for you,  
As never Worshipful had.

*Wellborn.* I do believe thee.  
But first discover the quaint Means you us'd  
To raze out the Conveyance?

*Mar.* They are Mysteries  
Not to be spoke in publick: Certain Minerals

Incorporated in the Ink and Wax.

Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me  
With Hopes and Blows; and that was the Inducement  
To this Conundrum. If it please your Worship  
To call to Memory, this mad Beast once caus'd me  
To urge you, or to drown, or hang yourself,  
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

*Wellborn.* You are a Rascall; he that dares be false  
To a Master, though unjust, will ne'er be true  
To any other: Look not for Reward,  
Or Favour from me; I will shun thy Sight  
As I would do a Basilisk's. Thank my Pity,  
If thou keep thy Ears; howe'er I will take Order  
Your Practice shall be silenc'd,

*Greedy.* I'll commit him,  
If you'll have me, Sir?

*Wellborn.* That were to little Purpose;  
His Conscience be his Prison; not a Word,  
But instantly be gone.

*Order.* Take this Kick with you,

*Amble.* And this.

*Furnace.* If that I had my Cleaver here,  
I would divide your Knave's Head.

*Mar.* This is the Haven,  
False Servants still arrive at.

[Exit Marrall.

*Enter Overreach,*

*Lady.* Come again.

*Lovell.* Fear not, I am your Guard.

*Wellborn.* His Looks are ghastly.

[Favours,

*Well-do.* Some little Time I have spent, under your  
In Physical Studies, and, if my Judgment err not  
He's mad beyond Recovery: But observe him,  
And look to yourselves.

*Over.* Why is not the whole World  
Included in myself? To what Use then  
Are Friends, and Servants? Say there were a Squadron  
Of Pikes, lined through with Shot, when I am mounted

Upon my Injuries, shall I fear to charge 'em?

No: I'll through the Battalia, and that routed,

*[Flourishing his Sword in the Sheath.]*

I'll fall to Execution.—Ha! I am feeble:

Some undone Widow sits upon mine Arm,

And takes away the Use of't; and my Sword

Glew'd to my Scabbard with wrong'd Orphans Tears

Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? Sure Hangmen,

That come to bind my Hands, and then to drag me

Before the Judgment Seat.—Now they are new Shapes

And do appear like Furies, with steel Whips

To scourge my ulcerous Soul: Shall I then fall

Ingloriously, and yield? No; Spite of Fate

I will be forc'd to Hell like to myself;

Though you were Legions of accursed Spirits,

Thus would I fly among you,—

*Wellborn.* There's no Help;

Disarm him first, then bind him.

*Greedy.* Take a *Mittimus*

And carry him to *Bedlam*.

*Lovell.* How he foams!

*Wellborn.* And bites the Earth.

*Well-do.* Carry him to some dark Room,

There try what Art can do for his Recovery.

*Marg.* O my dear Father! *[They force Overreach off.]*

*Allworth.* You must be patient, Mistress.

*Lovell.* Here is a President to teach wicked Men,

That when they leave Religion, and turn Atheists,

Their own Abilities leave 'em. Pray you take Comfort

I will endeavour you shall be his Guardian

In his Distractions: and for your Land, Master *Wellborn*,

Be it good, or ill in Law, I'll be an Umpire

Between you, and this, th' undoubted Heir

Of Sir *Giles Overreach*, for me, here's the Anchor

That I must fix on.

*Allworth.* What you shall determine,

My Lord, I will allow of.

*Wellborn.* 'Tis the Language

That I speak too; but there is something else

Beside



Beside the Repossession of my Land,  
And Payment of my Debts, that I must practise.  
I had a Reputation, but 'twas lost  
In my loose Course; and 'till I redeem it  
Some noble Way, I am but half made up.  
It is a Time of Action; if your Lordship  
Will please to confer a Company upon me  
In your Command, I doubt not in my Service  
To my King, and Country, but I shall do something  
That may make me right again.

*Lovell.* Your Suit is granted,  
And you lov'd for the Motion.

*Wellborn.* Nothing wants then  
But your Allowance. [*Addressing himself to the Pit.*]

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

28 ( 90 )  
E P I L O G U E.

**B**UT your Allowance — and in that, our All  
Is comprehended ; it being known, nor we,  
Nor he that wrote the Comedy, can be free  
Without your *Mannumission* ; which if you  
Grant willingly, as a fair Favour due  
To the Poet's, and our Labours, (as you may)  
For we despair not, Gentlemen, of the Play:  
We jointly shall profess your Grace hath Might  
To teach us Action, and him how to write.



THE

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THE  
GREAT DUKE  
OF  
FLORENCE.  
A COMICAL HISTORY.

As it hath been often presented, with good Allowance, by her Majesty's Servants, at the *Phoenix* in *Drury-Lane*. 1636.

WRITTEN  
By PHILIP MASSINGER,

csW29\*csW29\*csW29\*csW29\*csW29csW29\*csW29



THE  
GREAT DUK  
OF  
F L O R E N C E  
A COMICAL HISTORY.

As it hath been often presented, with good Al-  
lowance, by Her Majesty's servants at the  
Phoenix in Drury-Lane, 1698.

WRITTEN

BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

T O

The Truly Honoured, and my Noble Favourer,  
 Sir ROBERT WISEMAN, Knt.  
 Of Thorrells-Hall, in ESSEX.

S I R,

*S* I dare not be ungrateful for the many Benefits  
*A* you have heretofore confer'd upon me, so I have  
 just Reason to fear that my attempting this way  
 to make Satisfaction (in some Measure) for so  
 due a Debt, will further ingage me. However Examples  
 encourage me. The most able in my poor Quality have made  
 use of Dedications in this Nature, to make the World take  
 Notice (as far as in them lay) who, and what they were  
 that gave Supportment, and Protection to their Studies, be-  
 ing more willing to publish the Doer, then receive a Benefit  
 in a Corner. For myself, I will freely, and with a zealous  
 Thankfulness acknowledge, that for many Years I had but  
 faintly subsisted, if I had not often tasted of your Bounty.  
 But it is above my Strength and Faculties, to celebrate the  
 Desert, your noble Inclination, (and that made actual)  
 to raise up, or to speak more properly, to rebuild the Ruins  
 of demolish'd Poesie. But that is a Work reserved, and will  
 be, no doubt, undertaken, and finished, by one that can to  
 the Life express it. Accept, I beseech you, the Tender of  
 my Service, and in the List of those you have obliged to  
 you, condemn not the Name of

Your true and faithful Honourer,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

A 2

Dramatis,

( 93 )

TO  
The Truly Honoured, and my Noble Favourite,  
SIR ROBERT WISEMAN, Knt.  
Of the Privy-Council, in France.

## Dramatis Personæ.

COZIMA, Duke of *Florence*.

GIOVANNI, Nephew to the Duke.

LODOVICO SANAZARRO, the Duke's Favourite.

CAROLO CHAROMONTE, *Giovanni's* Tutor.

CONTARINO, Secretary to the Duke.

ALPHONSO,

HIPPOLITO, } Counsellors of State.

HIERONIMO, }

CALANDRINO, a merry Fellow, Servant to *Giovanni*.

BERNARDO,

CAUPONI, } Servants to *Carolo Charomonte*.

PETRUCHIO, }

FIORINDA, Dutcheſs of *Urbino*.

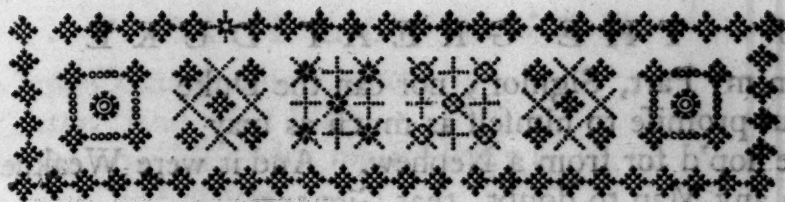
LYDIA, Daughter to *Carolo Charomonte*.

CALAMINTA, Servant to *Fiorinda*.

PETRONELLA, Servant to *Lydia*.

THE





THE  
G R E A T D U K E  
O F  
F L O R E N C E  
A C O M I C A L H I S T O R Y.

---

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Carolo Charemonte, Contarino.*

*Carolo.*

Y O U bring your Welcome with you.

*Contar.* Sir, I find it.

In every Circumstance.

*Carolo.* Again most welcome.

Yet, give me leave to wish (and pray you excuse me,  
For I must use the Freedom I was born with)  
The Great Duke's Pleasure had commanded you  
To my poor House upon some other Service;  
Not this you are design'd to: But his Will  
Must be obey'd, howe'er it ravish from me  
The happy Conversation of one  
As dear to me as the Old *Romans* held  
Their Household *Lars*, whom, they believ'd, had Power  
To bless and guard their Families.

*Contar.* 'Tis received so

<sup>1</sup> The Plot of this Play is taken from *Speed*, *Stow*, and other  
our *English* Chronicles, in the Reign of King *Edgar*.

On

On my Part, Signior ; nor can the Duke  
 But promise to himself as much as may  
 Be hop'd for from a Nephew. And it were Weakness  
 In any Man to doubt, that *Giovanni*,  
 Train'd up by your Experience and Care  
 In all those Arts peculiar, and proper  
 To future Greatness of Necessity  
 Must in his Actions, being grown a Man,  
 Make good the Princely Education  
 Which he deriv'd from you.

*Carolo.* I have discharged,  
 To the utmost of my Power, the Trust the Duke  
 Committed to me, and with Joy perceive  
 The Seed of my Endeavours was not sown  
 Upon the barren Sands, but fruitful Glebe,  
 Which yields a large Increase ; my noble Charge,  
 By his sharp Wit, and pregnant Apprehension  
 Instructing those that teach him ; making use,  
 Not in a vulgar and pedantick Form  
 Of what's read to him, but 'tis streight digested  
 And truly made his own. His grave Discourse,  
 In one no more indebted unto Years,  
 Amazes such as hear him. Horsemanship  
 And Skill to use his Weapon are by Practice  
 Familiar to him : As for Knowledge in  
 Musick, He needs it not, it being born with him ;  
 All that he speaks being with such Grace deliver'd  
 That it makes perfect Harmony.

*Contar.* You describe  
 A Wonder to me.

*Carolo.* Sir, he is no less ;  
 And, that there may be nothing wanting that  
 May render him compleat, the Sweetness of  
 His Disposition so wins on all  
 Appointed to attend him, that they are  
 Rivals ev'n in the coarsest Office, who  
 Shall get Precedency to do him Service ;  
 Which they esteem a greater Happiness  
 Than if they had been fashion'd, and built up

To

To hold Command ov'r others.

*Contar.* And what Place

Does he now bless with his Presence ?

*Carolo.* He is now

Running at the Ring, at which he's excellent.

He does allot for every Exercise

A several Hour ; for Sloth, the Nurse of Vices

And Rust of Action, is a Stranger to him.

But I fear I am tedious, let us pass,

If you please, to some other Subject, though I cannot  
Deliver him as he deserves.

*Contar.* You have given him

A noble Character.\*

*Carolo.* And how, I pray you,

(For we that never look beyond our Villa's

Must be inquisitive) are State Affairs

Carried in Court ?

*Contar.* There's little Alteration :

Some rise, and others fall ; as it stands with

The Pleasure of the Duke, their great Disposer.

*Carolo.* Does *Lodovico Sanazarro* hold

Weight, and Grace with him ?

*Contar.* Every day new Honours

Are showr'd upon him, and without the Envy

Of such as are good Men ; Since all confess

The Service done our Master, in his Wars

Against *Pisa* and *Sienna*, may with Justice

Claim what's confer'd upon him.

*Carolo.* 'Tis said Nobly :

For Princes never more make known their Wisdom

Then whey they cherish Goodness, where they find it,

They being Men, and not Gods, *Contarino* ;

They can give Wealth and Titles, but no Virtues ;

That is without their Power. When they advance

(Not out of Judgment, but deceiving Fancy)

An undeserving Man, howe'er set off

\* *Massinger* in this, and in many other of his Pieces, seems to have copied *Shakespear* in the Manner of delineating his Characters. See the 1st Part of *Henry IV.* Act I.



With all the Trim of Greatness, State and Power,  
 And of a Creature ev'n grown terrible  
 To him from whom he took his Giant Form,  
 This thing is still a Comet, no true Star;  
 And when the Bounties feeding his false Fire  
 Begin to fail, will of itself go out,  
 And what was dreadful, proves ridiculous.  
 But in our *Sanazarro* 'tis not so:  
 He, being pure and try'd Gold, and any Stamp  
 Of Grace to make him current to the World  
 The Duke is pleas'd to give him, will add Honour  
 To th' great Bestower; for he, though allow'd  
 Companion to his Master, still preserves  
 His Majesty in full Lustre.

*Contar.* He, indeed,  
 At no part does take from it, but becomes  
 A Partner of his Cares, and eases him,  
 With willing Shoulders of a Burthen, which  
 He should alone sustain.

*Carolo.* Is he yet married?

*Contar.* No, Signior; still a Batchelor; howe'er  
 It is apparent, that the choicest Virgin  
 For Beauty, Bravery, and Wealth in *Florence*,  
 Would with her Parents glad Consent, be won  
 (Were his Affection and Intent but known)  
 To be at his Devotion.

*Carolo.* So I think too.

*Enter Giovanni and Calandrino.*

But break we off. Here comes my Princely Charge.  
 Make your Approaches boldly; you will find  
 A courteous Entertainment.

*Giov.* Pray you, forbear  
 My Hand, good Signior; 'Tis a Ceremony  
 Not due to me. 'Tis fit we should embrace  
 With mutual Arms.

*Contar.* It is a Favour, Sir,  
 I grieve to be deny'd.

*Giov.*

*Giov.* You shall overcome :

But 'tis your Pleasure, not my Pride, that grants it.  
Nay, pray you, Guardian, and good Sir, put on :  
How ill it shews to have that Reverend Head  
Be uncover'd to a Boy ?

*Carolo.* Your Excellence  
Must give me Liberty to observe the Distance  
And Duty that I owe you.

*Giov.* Owe me Duty ?  
I do profess (and when I do deny it  
Good Fortune leave me.) You have been to me  
A second Father, and may justly challenge,  
For training up my Youth in Arts and Arms,  
As much Respect and Service, as was due  
To him that gave me Life. And did you know, Sir,  
Or will believe from me, how many Sleeps  
Good *Charomonte* hath broken, in his Care  
To build me up a Man, you must confess  
*Chiron*, the Tutor to the great *Achilles*,  
Compar'd with him, deserves not to be nam'd.  
And if my gracious Uncle, the great Duke,  
Still holds me worthy his Consideration,  
Or finds in me ought worthy to be lov'd,  
That little Rivolet flow'd from this Spring ;  
And so from me to report him.

*Contar.* Fame already  
Hath fill'd his Highness's Ears with the true Story  
Of what you are, and how much better'd by him.  
And 'tis his Purpose to reward the Travail  
Of this grave Sir, with a magnificent Hand.  
For, though his Tendernefs hardly could consent  
To have you one Hour absent from his Sight,  
For full three Years he did deny himself  
The Pleasure he took in you, that you, here  
From this great Master might arrive unto  
The Theory of those high Mysteries  
Which you by Action must make plain in Court.  
'Tis, therefore, his Request (and that, from him,  
Your Excellence must grant a strict Command)

100 THE GREAT DUKE

That instantly (it being not five Hours riding)  
You should take Horse, and visit him. These his Letters  
Will yield you further Reasons.

*Caland.* To the Court?

Farewel the Flower, then, of the Country's Garland!  
This is our Sun, and, when He's set, we must not  
Expect or Spring, or Summer; but resolve  
For a perpetual Winter.

*Carolo.* Pray you, observe [*Giovanni reading the Letter.*  
The frequent Changes in his Face.

*Contar.* As if  
His much Unwillingness to leave your House  
Contended with his Duty.

*Carolo.* Now he appears  
Collected and resolv'd.

*Giov.* It is the Duke!  
The Duke, upon whose Favour all my Hopes  
And Fortunes do depend. Nor must I check  
At his Commands for any private Motives  
That do invite my Stay here, though they are  
Almost not to be master'd. My Obedience  
In my departing suddenly shall confirm  
I am his Highness's Creature. Yet, I hope  
A little Stay to take a solemn Farewell  
For all those ravishing Pleasures I have tasted  
In this my sweet Retirement, from my Guardian,  
And his incomparable Daughter, cannot meet  
An ill Construction

*Contar.* I will answer that;  
Use your own Will.

*Giov.* I would speak to you, Sir,  
In such a Phrase as might express the Thanks  
My Heart would gladly pay; But——

*Carolo.* I conceive you:  
And something I would say; but I must do it  
In that dumb Rhetorick which you make use of;  
For I do wish you all.——I know not how,  
My Toughness Melts, and, spite of my Discretion,  
I must turn Woman.

*Contar.*



*Contar.* What a Sympathy  
There is between 'em.

*Caland.* Were I on the Rack,  
I could not shed a Tear.—But I am mad,  
And ten to one shall hang myself for Sorrow  
Before I shift my Shirt. But hear, you Sir,  
I'll separate you: When you are gone, what will  
Become of me?

*Giov.* Why thou shalt to Court with me.

*Caland.* To see you worried?

*Contar.* Worried, *Calandrino*? [Court,

*Caland.* Yes, Sir. For, bring this sweet Face to the  
There will be such a Longing 'mong the Madams,  
Who shall ingross it first, nay, fight and scratch for't,  
That, if they be not stop'd, for Entertainment  
They'll kifs his Lips off. Nay, if you'll scape so,  
And not be tempted to a farther Danger,  
These *Succubæ* are so sharp set, that you must  
Give out you are an Eunuch.

*Contar.* Have a better  
Opinion of Court-Ladies, and take Care  
Of your own Stake.

*Caland.* For my Stake, 'tis past caring;  
I would not have a Bird of unclean Feathers  
Handsel his Lime-twigg,—and so much for him:  
There's something else that troubles me.

*Contar.* What's that? [tightly.

*Caland.* Why, how to behave myself in Court, and  
I have been told the very Place transforms Men,  
And that not one of a thousand, that before  
Liv'd honestly in the Country, on plain Sallads  
But bring him thither, mark me that, and feed him  
But a Month or two with Custards and Court Cake-bread,  
And he turns Knave immediately.—I would be honest;  
But I must follow the Fashion, or die a Beggar.

*Giov.* And, if I ever reach my Hopes, believe it  
We will share Fortunes.

*Carolo.* This Acknowledgement

*Enter Lydia.*

Binds me your Debtor ever.—Here comes one  
In whose sad Looks you easily may read  
What her Heart suffers, in that she is forc'd  
To take her last Leave of you.

*Contar.* As I live,  
A Beauty without Parallel.

*Lydia.* Must you go, then,  
So suddenly?

*Giov.* There's no Evasion, *Lydia*,  
To gain the last Delay, though I would buy it  
At any rate. Greatness, with private Men  
Esteem'd a Blessing, is to me a Curse;  
And we, whom, for our high Births, they conclude  
The only Freemen, are the only Slaves.  
Happy the golden Mean! had I been born<sup>3</sup>  
In a poor sordid Cottage, not nurs'd up  
With Expectation to command a Court,  
I might, like such of your Condition, sweetest,  
Have took a safe and middle Course, and not,  
As I am now against my Choice compel'd  
Or to lie grov'ling on the Earth, or rais'd  
So high upon the Pinnacles of State,  
That I must either keep my Height with Danger,  
Or fall with certain Ruin.

*Lydia.* Your own Goodness  
Will be your faithful Guard.

*Giov.* O *Lydia*!

*Contar.* So passionate?

<sup>3</sup> *Happy the golden Mean! had I been born  
In a poor sordid Cottage, &c.*

Thus *Shakespear* in *Henry VIIIth.*

——— 'Tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble Livers in Content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glitt'ring Grief,  
And wear a golden Sorrow.

Act 2. Scene 5.

*Giov.*

*Giov.* For, had I been your Equal  
 I might have seen and lik'd with mine own Eyes,  
 And not, as now, with other's; I might still,  
 And without Observation, or Envy,  
 As I have done, continued my Delights  
 With you, that are alone, in my Esteem,  
 The Abstract of Society: We might walk  
 In solitary Groves, or in choice Gardens;  
 From the Variety of curious Flowers  
 Contemplate Nature's Workmanship, and Wonders:  
 And then, for Change, near to the Murmur of  
 Some bubbling Fountain, I might hear you sing,  
 And from the well-tun'd Accents of your Tongue  
 In my Imagination conceive  
 With what melodious Harmony a Quire  
 Of Angels sing above, their Maker's Praises.  
 And then with chaste Discourse, as we return'd,  
 Imp Feathers to the broken Wings of Time.  
 —And all this I must part from,

*Contar.* You forget  
 The Haste impos'd upon us,

*Giov.* One Word more,  
 And then I come. And after this, when with  
 Continued Innocence of Love, and Service,  
 I had grown ripe for Hymeneal Joys,  
 Embracing you, but with a lawful Flame,  
 I might have been your Husband,

*Lydia.* Sir, I was,  
 And ever am, your Servant; but it was,  
 And 'tis far from me, in a Thought to cherish  
 Such saucy Hopes. If I had been the Heir  
 Of all the Globes and Scepters Mankind bows to,  
 At my best you had deserv'd me; as I am,  
 Howe'er unworthy, in my Virgin Zeal  
 I wish you, as a Partner of your Bed,  
 A Princess equal to you; such a one  
 That may make it the Study of her Life,  
 With all th' Obedience of a Wife to please you,  
 May you have happy Issue, and I live



To be their humblest Handmaid.

*Giov.* I am dumb,  
And can make no Reply.

*Contar.* Your Excellence  
Will be benighted.

*Giov.* This Kiss bath'd in Tears  
May learn you what I should say.

*Lydia.* Give me Leave  
To wait on you to your Horse.

*Carolo.* And me to bring you  
To the one half of your Journey.

*Giov.* Your Love puts  
Your Age to too much Trouble.

*Carolo.* I grow young,  
When most I serve you.

*Contar.* Sir, the Duke shall thank you. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

Alphonso, Hippolito, Hieronimo, *with a Petition.*

*Alph.* His Highness cannot take it ill.

*Hippol.* However,  
We with our Duties shall express our Care  
For the Safety of his Dukedom.

*Hieron.* And our Loves

*Enter Cozimo, the Duke.*

To his person.—Here he comes: Present it boldly.

*Coz.* What needs this Form? We are not grown so  
As to disdain familiar Conference [proud  
With such as are to counsel, and direct us.  
This kind of Adoration shew'd not well  
In the old *Roman* Emperors, who, forgetting  
That they were Flesh and Blood, would be stil'd Gods:  
In us, to suffer it were worse. Pray you, rise.  
Still the old Suit? With too much Curiousness [Reads.  
You have too often search'd this Wound, which yields  
Security

Security and Rest, not Trouble to me.  
 For here you grieve, that my firm Resolution  
 Continues me a Widower; and that  
 My Want of Issue to succeed me in  
 My Government, when I am dead, may breed  
 Distraction in the State, and make the Name,  
 And Family of the *Medicis*, now admir'd,  
 Contemptible.

*Hippol.* And with strong Reasons, Sir.

*Alph.* For, were you old, and past Hope to beget  
 The Model of yourself, we should be silent.

*Hieron.* But, being in your Height and Pride of Years,  
 As you are now, great Sir, and having too  
 In your Possession the Daughter of  
 The deceas'd Duke of *Urbino*, and his Heir,  
 Whose Guardian you are made, were you but pleas'd  
 To think her worthy of you, besides Children,  
 The Dukedom she brings with her for a Dower,  
 Will yield a large Increase of Strength and Power  
 To those fair Territories, which already  
 Acknowledge you their absolute Lord.

*Coz.* You press us  
 With solid Arguments, we grant; and, though  
 We stand not bound to yield Account to any  
 Why we do this or that (the full Consent  
 Of our Subjects being included in our Will)  
 We, out of our free Bounties, will deliver  
 The Motives that divert us. You well know  
 That three Years since, to our much Grief, we lost  
 Our Dutchess; such a Dutchess, that the World  
 In her whole Course of Life, yields not a Lady  
 That can with Imitation deserve  
 To be her second: In her Grave we buried  
 All Thoughts of Women: Let this satisfy  
 For any second Marriage. Now, whereas  
 You name the Heir of *Urbino*, as a Princess  
 Of great Revenues, 'tis confess'd she is so:  
 But for some Causes, private to ourself,  
 We have dispos'd her otherwise. Yet despair not;

For

For you, ere long, with Joy shall understand,  
That in our Princely Care we have provided  
One worthy to succeed us.

*Hippol.* We submit,  
And hold the Counsels of great *Cozimo*  
Oraculous.

*Enter Lodovico, Sanazarro.*

*Coz.* My *Sanazarro* — Nay,  
Forbear all Ceremony. You look sprightly, Friend,  
And promise in your clear Aspect some Novel  
That may delight us.

*Sanaz.* O Sir, I would not be  
The Harbinger of aught that might distaste you,  
And therefore know (for 'twere a Sin to torture  
Your Highness' Expectation) your Vice-Admiral,  
By my Directions, hath surpriz'd the Gallies  
Appointed to transport the *Asian* Tribute  
Of the *Great Turk*; a richer Prize was never  
Brought into *Florence*,

*Coz.* Still my *Nightingale*,  
That with sweet Accents do'st assure me, that  
My Spring of Happiness comes fast upon me.  
Embrace me boldly. I pronounce that Wretch  
An Enemy to brave and thriving Action,  
That dares believe, but in a Thought, we are  
Too prodigal in our Favours to this Man,  
Whose Merits, though with him we should divide  
Our Dukedom, still continue us his Debtor.

*Hippol.* 'Tis far from me.

*Alph.* We all applaud it.

*Coz.* Nay, blush not, *Sanazarro*; we are proud  
Of what we build up in thee; nor can our  
Election be disparag'd, since we have not  
Receiv'd into our Bosom and our Grace  
A glorious lazy Drone, grown fat with feeding  
On others Toil, but an industrious Bee  
That crops the sweet Flowers of our Enemies,  
And ev'ry happy Evening returns

Loaden



Loaden with Wax and Honey to our Hive.

*Sanaz.* My best Endeavours never can discharge  
The Service I should pay.

*Coz.* Thou art too modest;  
But we will study how to give, and when,

*Enter Giovanni and Contarino.*

Before it be demanded.——*Giovanni!*

My Nephew! Let me eye thee better, Boy,  
In thee, methinks, my Sister lives again:  
For her Love I will be a Father to thee,  
For thou'rt my adopted Son.

*Giov.* Your Servant,  
And humblest Subject.

*Coz.* Thy hard Travel, Nephew,  
Requires soft Rest, and therefore we forbear,  
For the present, an Account how thou hast spent  
Thy absent Hours. See, Signiors, see, our Care,  
Without a second Bed, provides you of  
A hopeful Prince. Carry him to his Lodgings,  
And, for his farther Honour, *Sanazarro*,  
With the rest, do you attend him.

*Giov.* All true Pleasures  
Circle your Highness.

*Sanaz.* As the rising Sun,  
We do receive you.

*Giov.* May this never set,  
But shine upon you ever.

[*Exeunt Giovanni, Sanazarro, Hieronimo.*  
*Alphonso, Lodovico.*

*Coz. Contarino!*

*Contar.* My gracious Lord.

*Coz.* What Entertainment found you  
From *Carolo de Charomonte*?

*Contar.* Free  
And bountiful. He's ever like himself,  
Noble and hospitable.

*Coz.* But did my Nephew  
Depart thence willingly?

*Contar.*

*Contar.* He obey'd your Summons  
As did become him. Yet it was apparent,  
But that he durst not cross your Will, he would  
Have sojourn'd longer there, he ever finding  
Variety of sweetest Entertainment.  
But there was something else ; nor can I blame  
His Youth, though with some Trouble he took Leave  
Of such a sweet Companion.

*Coz.* Who was it ?

*Contar.* The Daughter, Sir, of Signior *Carolo*,  
Fair *Lydia*, a Virgin, at all Parts,  
But in her Birth and Fortunes, equal to him.  
The rarest Beauties *Italy* can make Boast of  
Are but mere Shadows to her, she the Substance  
Of all Perfection. And, what encreases,  
The Wonder, Sir, her Body's matchless Form  
Is better'd by the Pureness of her Soul.  
Such sweet Discourse, such ravishing Behaviour,  
Such charming Language, such enchanting Manners,  
With a Simplicity that shames all Courtship,  
Flow hourly from her, that I do believe  
Had *Circe*, or *Calypso* her sweet Graces,  
Wand'ring *Ulysses* never had remember'd  
*Penelope* or *Ithaca*.

*Coz.* Be not rap'd so.

[her.

*Contar.* Your Excellence would be so, had you seen

*Coz.* Take up. Take up.—But did your Observation  
Note any Passage of Affection  
Between her and my Nephew ?

*Contar.* How it should  
Be otherwise between 'em, is beyond  
My best Imagination. *Cupid's* Arrows  
Were useless there ; for, of Necessity,  
Their Years and Dispositions do accord so,  
They must wound one another.

*Coz.* Hum ! Thou art  
My Secretary, *Contarino*, and more skill'd  
In politick Designs of State, than in  
Thy Judgment of a Beauty ; give me Leave

In

In this to doubt it.—Here. Go to my Cabinet,  
You shall find there Letters newly receiv'd,  
Touching the State of *Urbino*. Pray you, with Care  
Peruse them; leave the Search of this to us.

*Contar.* I do obey in all Things. [*Exit Contarino.*]

*Coz.* *Lydia*! a Diamond so long conceal'd,  
And never worn in Court? of such sweet Feature?  
And he on whom I fix my Dukedom's Hopes,  
Made Captive to it! Hum!—'Tis somewhat strange!  
Our Eyes are every where, and we will make  
A strict Enquiry. *Sanazarro*!

*Enter Sanazarro.*

*Sanaz.* Sir.

*Coz.* Is my Nephew at his Rest?

*Sanaz.* I saw him in Bed, Sir.

*Coz.* 'Tis well; and does the Princess *Fiorinda*  
(Nay, do not blush, she is rich *Urbino's* Heir)  
Continue constant in her Favours to you?

*Sanaz.* Dread Sir, she may dispense them as she pleases;  
But I look up to her as on a Princess  
I dare not be ambitious of, and hope  
Her prodigal Graces shall not render me  
Offended to your Highness.

*Coz.* Not a Scruple.

He whom I favour, as I do my Friend,  
May take all lawful Graces that become him.  
But touching this hereafter; I have now  
(And though perhaps it may appear a Trifle)  
Serious Employment for thee.

*Sanaz.* I stand ready  
For any Act you please.

*Coz.* I know it, Friend.  
Have you ne'er heard of *Lydia*, the Daughter  
Of *Carolo Charomonte*?

*Sanaz.* Him I know, Sir,  
For a noble Gentleman, and my worthy Friend;  
But never heard of her.

*Coz.*



*Coz.* She is deliver'd,  
 And feelingly, to us by *Contarino*  
 For a Master-Piece in Nature, I would have you  
 Ride suddenly thither to behold this Wonder :  
 But not as sent by us, that's our first Caution.  
 The second is, and carefully observe it,  
 That, though you are a Bachelor, and endow'd with  
 All those Perfections that may take a Virgin,  
 On Forfeit of our Favour do not tempt her.  
 It may be her fair Graces do concern us.  
 Pretend what Business you think fit, to gain  
 Access into her Father's House, and there  
 Make full Discovery of her, and return me  
 A true Relation.—I have some Ends in it  
 With which we will acquaint you.

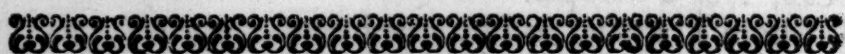
*Sanaz.* This is, Sir,  
 An easy Task.

*Coz.* Yet, one that must exact  
 Your Secrecy, and Diligence. Let not  
 Your Stay be long.

*Sanaz.* It shall not, Sir.

*Coz.* Farewell,  
 And be, as you would keep our Favour, careful.

*The End of the First Act.*



## ACT II. SCENE I.

Fiorinda, Calaminta.

*Fiorin.* **H**OW does this Dressing shew ?  
*Calam.* 'Tis of itself

Curious and rare ; but, borrowing Ornament,  
 As it does from your Grace that deigns to wear it,  
 Incomparable.

*Fiorin.* Thou flatter'st me.

*Calam.*

*Calam.* I cannot,  
Your Excellence is above it.

*Fiorin.* Were we less perfect,  
Yet, being as we are an absolute Princess,  
We of Necessity must be chaste, wise, fair,  
By our Prerogative.—Yet all these fail  
To move where I would have them. How receiv'd  
Count *Sanazarro* the rich Scarf I sent him  
For his last Visit?

*Calam.* With much Reverence;  
I dare not say Affection. He express'd  
More Ceremony in his humble Thanks  
Than Feeling of the Favour; and appear'd  
Wilfully ignorant, in my Opinion,  
Of what it did invite him to.

*Fiorin.* No Matter;  
He's blind with too much Light. Have you not heard  
Of any private Mistress he's engag'd to?

*Calam.* Not any; and this does amaze me, Madam,  
That he, a Soldier, one that drinks rich Wines,  
Feeds high, and promises as much as *Venus*  
Could wish to find from *Mars*, should in his Manners  
Be so averse to Women.

*Fiorin.* 'Troth, I know not;  
He's Man enough, and, if he has a Haunt,  
He preys far off, like a subtile Fox.

*Calam.* And that Way  
I do suspect him. For I learnt last Night  
(When the Great Duke went to Rest) attended by  
One private Follower, he took Horse; but whither  
He's rid, or to what End, I cannot guess at,  
But I will find it out.

*Fiorin.* Do, faithful Servant:

*Enter Calandrino.*

We would not be abus'd. Who have we here?

*Calam.* How the Fool stares!

*Fiorin.* And looks as if he were  
Conning his Neck-verse.

*Caland.*

*Caland.* If I now prove perfect  
In my A. B. C. of Courtship, *Calandrino*  
Is made for ever. I am sent — let me see,  
On a How d'ye, as they call't.

*Calam.* What would'st thou say ?

*Caland.* Let me see my Notes. These are her Lodgings. — Well.

*Calam.* Art thou an Ass ?

*Caland.* Peace ! thou art a Court-Wagtail

[*Calandrino still looking on his Instructions.*

To interrupt me.

*Fiorin.* He has giv'n it you.

*Caland.* And then say to th' illustrious *Fi-o-rin-da*.

—I have it. Which is she ?

*Calam.* Why this, Fop-doodle. [me out,

*Caland.* Leave chattering, Bullfinch ; you would put  
But 'twill not do. — Then, after you have made  
Your three Obeysances to her, kneel and kiss  
The Skirt of Gown. — I am glad it is no worse.

*Calam.* And why so, Sir ?

*Caland.* Because I was afraid  
That, after the *Italian* Garb, I should  
Have kiss'd her backward.

*Calam.* This is Sport unlook'd for.

*Caland.* Are you the Princess ?

*Fiorin.* Yes, Sir.

*Caland.* Then stand fair

(For I am cholerick) and do not nip  
A hopeful Blossom. — Out again. — Three low [Reads.  
Obeysances —

*Fiorin.* I am ready.

*Caland.* I come on, then.

*Calam.* With much Formality.

*Caland.* Hum. One, two, three.

[*Makes antick Curtesies.*

Thus far I am right. Now for the last. — O rare !  
She is perfum'd all over ! Sure great Women,  
Instead of little Dogs, are privileg'd  
To carry Musk-Cats.

*Fiorin.*



*Fiorin.* Now the Ceremony  
Is pass'd, what is the Substance?

*Caland.* I'll peruse  
My Instructions, and then tell you.—Her Skirt kiss'd,  
Inform her Highness, that your Lord ——

*Calam.* Who's that?

*Caland.* Prince *Giovanni*, who entreats your Grace,  
That he with your good Favour may have Leave  
To present his Service to you. I think I have nick'd it  
For a Courtier of the first Form.

*Fiorin.* To my Wonder.

*Enter Giovanni and a Gentleman.*

Return unto the Prince.—But he prevents  
My Answer. *Calaminta*, take him off;  
And for the neat Delivery of his Message  
Give him ten Ducats; such rare Parts as yours  
Are to be cherish'd.

*Caland.* We will share: I know  
It is the Custom of the Court, when ten  
Are promis'd, five is fair. Fie! fie! the Princess  
Shall never know it, so you dispatch me quickly,  
And bid me not come To-morrow.

*Calam.* Very good, Sir. [*Exeunt Calandrino and Calaminta.*]

*Giov.* Pray you, Friend,  
Inform the Duke I am putting into Act  
What he commanded.

*Gent.* I am proud to be employ'd, Sir. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

*Giov.* Madam, that without Warrant I presume  
To 'trench upon your Privacies, may argue  
Rudeness of Manners: But the free Access  
Your Princely Courtesy vouchsafes to all  
That come to pay their Services, gives me Hope  
To find a gracious Pardon.

*Fiorin.* If you please, not  
To make that an Offence in your Construction,  
VOL. III. H Which

Which I receive as a large Favour from you,  
There needs not this Apology.

*Giov.* You continue,  
As you were ever, the greatest Mistress of  
Fair Entertainment.

*Fiorin.* You are, Sir, the Master,  
And in the Country have learnt to out-do  
All that in Court is practis'd. But why should we  
Talk at such Distance? You are welcome, Sir.  
We have been more familiar; and since  
You will impose the Province, you should govern,  
Of Boldness on me, give me Leave to say  
You are too punctual. Sit, Sir, and discourse  
As we were us'd.

*Giov.* Your Excellence knows so well  
How to command, that I can never err  
When I obey you.

*Fiorin.* Nay, no more of this.  
You shall o'ercome; no more, I pray you, Sir.  
And what Delights, pray you be liberal  
In your Relation, hath the Country Life  
Afforded you?

*Giov.* All Pleasures, gracious Madam,  
But the Happiness to converse with your sweet Virtues.  
I had a grave Instructor, and my Hours  
Design'd to serious Studies, yielded me  
Pleasure with Profit in the Knowledge of  
What before I was ignorant in; the Signior  
*Carolo de Charomont* being skilful  
To guide me through the Labyrinth of wild Passions,  
That labour'd to imprison my free Soul  
A Slave to vicious Sloth.

*Fiorin.* You speak him well.

*Giov.* But short of his Deserts. Then for the Time  
Of Recreation I was allow'd  
(Against the Form follow'd by jealous Parents  
In *Italy*) full Liberty to partake  
His Daughter's sweet Society. She's a Virgin  
Happy in all Endowments which a Poet

Could

Could fancy in his Mistress; being herself  
 A School of Goodness, where chaste Maids may learn  
 (Without the Aids of foreign Principles)  
 By the Example of her Life and Pureness,  
 To be as she is, excellent. I but give you  
 A brief Epitome of her Virtues, which,  
 Dilated on at large, and to their Merit,  
 Would make an ample Story.

*Fiorin.* Your whole Age,  
 So spent with such a Father, and a Daughter,  
 Could not be tedious to you.

*Giov.* True, great Princess:  
 And now, since you have pleas'd to grant the Hearing  
 Of my Time's Expençe in the Country, give me Leave  
 To entreat the Favour, to be made acquainted  
 What Service, or what Objects in the Court  
 Have, in your Excellence Acceptance, prov'd  
 Most gracious to you?

*Fiorin.* I'll meet your Demand,  
 And make a plain Discovery. The Duke's Care  
 For my Estate and Person holds the first  
 And choicest Place: Then, the Respect the Courtiers  
 Pay gladly to me, not to be contemn'd.  
 But that which rais'd in me the most Delight  
 (For I'm a Friend to Valour) was to hear  
 The noble Actions truly reported  
 Of the brave Count *Sanazarro*. I profess,  
 When it hath been, and fervently, deliver'd,  
 How boldly in the Horror of a Fight,  
 Cover'd with Fire and Smoak, and, as if Nature  
 Had lent him Wings, like Lightning he hath fall'n  
 Upon the *Turkish* Gallies, I have heard it  
 With a Kind of Pleasure, which hath whisper'd to me  
 This Worthy must be cherish'd.

*Giov.* 'Twas a Bounty  
 You never can repent.

*Fiorin.* I glory in it.  
 And when he did return (but still with Conquest)  
 His Armour off, not young *Antinous*



Appear'd more courtly; all the Graces that  
Render a Man's Society dear to Ladies,  
Like Pages waiting on him, and it does  
Work strangely on me.

*Giov.* To divert your Thoughts,  
Though they are fix'd upon a noble Subject,  
I am a Suitor to you.

*Fiorin.* You will ask,  
I do presume, what I may grant, and then  
It must not be deny'd.

*Giov.* It is a Favour  
For which I hope your Excellence will thank me.

*Fiorin.* Nay, without Circumstance.

*Giov.* That you would please  
To take Occasion to move the Duke,  
That you, with his Allowance, may command  
This matchless Virgin *Lydis* (of whom  
I cannot speak too much) to wait upon you.  
She's such a one, upon the Forfeit of  
Your good Opinion of me, that will not  
Be a Blemish to your Train.

*Fiorin.* 'Tis rank! he loves her:  
But I will fit him with a Suit. [*Aside.*] I pause not,  
As if it bred or Doubt or Scruple in me  
To do what you desire; for I'll effect it,  
And make use of a fair and fit Occasion.  
Yet, in Return, I ask a Boon of you,  
And hope to find you, in your Grant to me,  
As I have been to you.

*Giov.* Command me, Madam.

*Fiorin.* 'Tis near ally'd to yours. That you would be  
A Suitor to the Duke, not to expose  
(After so many Trials of his Faith)  
The noble *Sanazarro* to all Dangers,  
As if he were a Wall, to stand the Fury  
Of a perpetual Battery: But now  
To grant him, after his long Labours, Rest  
And Liberty to live in Court; his Arms

And,

And his victorious Sword and Shield hung up  
For Monuments. \*

*Giov.* Hum. I'll embrace, fair Princess,

*Enter Cozimo.*

The soonest Opportunity. The Duke!

*Coz.* Nay, blush not; we smile on your Privacy,  
And come not to disturb you. You are Equals,  
And, without Prejudice to either's Honours,  
May make a mutual Change of Love and Courtship,  
'Till you are made one, and with Holy Rites;  
And we give Suffrage to it.

*Giov.* You are gracious.

*Coz.* To ourself in this. But now break off: Too  
Taken at once of the most curious Viands [much  
Dulls the sharp Edge of Appetite. We are now  
For other Sports, in which our Pleasure is  
That you shall keep us Company.

*Fiorin.* We attend you.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

Bernardo, Cauponi, Petruchio.

*Bern.* Is my Lord stirring?

*Caup.* No; he's fast.

*Petru.* Let us take, then,  
Our Morning Draught. Such as eat Store of Beef,  
Mutton, and Capons, may preserve their Healths  
With that thin Composition call'd Small Beer,  
As 'tis said they do in *England*. But *Italians*,  
That think when they have supp'd upon an Olive,

\* And his victorious Sword and Shield hung up  
For Monuments.

So in *Shakespear*,

Our bruised Arms hung up for Monuments.

*Richard III. Act I. Scene I.*

118 THE GREAT DUKE

A Root, or bunch of Raisins, 'tis a Feast,  
Must kill those Crudities, rising from cold Herbs,  
With hot and lusty Wines.

*Caup.* A Happiness  
Those Tramontanes ne'er tasted.

*Bern.* Have they not  
Store of Wine there?

*Caup.* Yes, and drink more in two Hours  
Then the *Dutchmen* or the *Dane* in four and twenty.

*Petru.* But what is't? *French* Trash, made of rotten  
[Grapes,  
And Dregs and Lees of *Spain*, with *Welch* Metheglin,  
A Drench to kill a Horse, but this pure Nectar  
Being proper to our Climate, is too fine  
To brook the Roughness of the Sea. The Spirit  
Of this begets in us quick Apprehensions  
And active Executions, whereas their  
Gross Feeding makes their Understanding like it.  
They can fight, and that's their all.<sup>s</sup> [*They drink.*

*Enter Sanazarro, a Servant.*

*Sanaz.* Security  
Dwells about this House, I think; the Gate's wide open,  
And not a Servant stirring. See the Horses  
Set up, and cloth'd.

*Serv.* I shall, Sir.

*Sanaz.* I'll make bold  
To press a little further.

*Bern.* Who is this,  
Count *Sanazarro*!

*Petru.* Yes, I know him. Quickly  
Remove the Flaggon.

*Sanaz.* A good Day to you, Friends!  
Nay, do not conceal your Physick; I approve it,  
And, if you please, will be a Patient with you.

<sup>s</sup> *They can fight, and that's there all.*

This tho' a Truth is very concise.

*Petru.*



*Petru.* My noble Lord.—

[*Drinks.*

*Sanaz.* A Health to yours. Well done!

I see you love yourselves. And I commend you,  
'Tis the best Wisdom.

*Petru.* May it please your Honour  
To walk a Turn in the Gallery, I'll acquaint  
My Lord with your being here. [*Exit Petruchio.*

*Sanaz.* Tell him I come  
For a Visit only. 'Tis a handsome Pile this. [*Exit Sanazarro.*

*Caup.* Why here is a brave Fellow, and a right one;  
Nor Wealth nor Greatness makes him proud.

*Bern.* There are  
Too few of them, for most of our new Courtiers  
(Whose Fathers were familiar with the Prices  
Of Oil and Corn, with when, and to where to vent 'em,  
And left their Heirs rich from their Knowledge that Way)  
Like Gourds shot up in a Night, disdain to speak  
But to Cloth of Tissue.

*Enter Carolo Charomonte in a Night Gown, Petruchio following.*

*Carolo.* Stand you prating Knaves,  
When such a Guest is under my Roof? See all  
The Rooms perfum'd. This is the Man that carries  
The Sway and Swinge of the Court; and I had rather  
Preserve him mine with honest Offices, then.—  
But I'll make no Comparisons. Bid my Daughter  
Trim herself up to the Height, I know this Courtier  
Must have a Smack at her; and, perhaps, by his Place  
Expects to wriggle further. If he does,  
I shall deceive his Hopes; for I'll not taint  
My Honour for the Dukedom. Which way went he?

*Caponi.* To the Round Gallery.

*Carolo.* I will entertain him  
As fits his Worth and Quality, but no farther. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Sanazarro alone.*

*Sanaz.* I cannot apprehend, yet I have argu'd  
All Ways I can imagine, for what Reasons  
The Great Duke does employ me hither; and,  
What does encrease the Miracle, I must render  
A strict and true Account, at my Return,  
Of *Lydia* this Lord's Daughter, and describe  
In what she's excellent, and where defective.  
'Tis a hard Task; he that will undergo  
To make a Judgment of a Woman's Beauty,  
And see through all her Plaisterings and Paintings,  
Had need of *Lynceus's* Eyes, and with more Ease  
May look like him through nine Mud-walls, then make  
A true Discovery of her. But th' Intents  
And Secrets of my Princes Heart must be  
Serv'd and not search'd into.

*Enter Carolo Charomonte.*

*Carolo.* Most noble Sir,  
Excuse my Age, subject to ease and sloth,  
That with no greater Speed I have presented  
My Service with your welcome.

*Sanaz.* 'Tis more fit  
That I should ask your Pardon, for disturbing  
Your Rest at this unseasonable Hour.  
But my Occasions carrying me so near  
Your Hospitable House, my Stay being short too;  
Your Goodness, and the Name of Friend, which you  
Are pleas'd to grace me with, gave me Assurance  
A Visit would not offend.

*Carolo.* Offend, my Lord?  
I feel myself much younger for the Favour,  
How is it with our gracious Master?

*Sanaz.* He, Sir,

Holds

Holds still his wonted Greatness, and confesses  
Himself your Debtor, for your Love and Care  
To the Prince *Giovanni*, and had sent  
Particular Thanks by me, had his Grace known  
The quick Dispatch of what I was design'd to  
Would have licenc'd me to see you.

*Carolo*. I am rich  
In his Acknowledgment.

*Sanaz*. Sir, I have heard  
Your Happiness in a Daughter.

*Carolo*. Sits the Wind there? [Aside.]

*Sanaz*. Fame gives her out for a rare Master-piece.

*Carolo*. 'Tis a plain Village Girl, Sir, but obedient;  
That's her best Beauty, Sir.

*Sanaz*. Let my Desire  
To see her, find a fair Construction from you:  
I bring no loose Thought with me.

*Carolo*. You are that Way,  
My Lord, free from Suspicion. Her own Manners  
(Without an Imposition from me)

*Enter Lydia and Petronella.*

I hope, will prompt her to it. As she is,  
She come's to make a Tender of that Service  
Which she stands bound to pay.

*Sanaz*. With your fair Leave,  
I make bold to salute you.

*Lydia*. Sir, you have it.

*Petro*. I am her Gentlewoman, will not he kiss me too?  
This is coarse, 'faith. [Aside.]

*Carolo*. How he falls off!

*Lydia*. My Lord, though Silence best becomes a Maid,  
And to be curious to know but what  
Concerns myself, and with becoming Distance,  
May argue me of Boldness, I must borrow  
So much Modesty as to enquire  
Prince *Giovanni's* Health.

*Sanaz*. He cannot want,

What



What you are pleas'd to wish him.

*Lydia.* Would 'twere so!

And then there is no Blessing that can make  
A hopeful and a noble Prince compleat,  
But should fall on him. O! he was our North-star,  
The Light and Pleasure of our Eyes.

*Sanaz.* Where am I?

I feel myself another Thing; Can Charms  
Be writ on such pure Rubies? Her Lips melt  
As soon as touch'd! not those smooth Gales that glide  
O'er happy *Arabia*, or rich *Sabæa*,  
Creating in their Passage Gums and Spices,  
Can serve for a weak Simile to express  
The Sweetness of her Breath: Such a brave Stature  
*Homer* bestowed on *Pallas*, every Limb  
Proportion'd to it.

*Carolo.* This is strange, my Lord!

*Sanaz.* I crave your Pardon, and yours, matchless Maid,  
For such I must report you.

*Petron.* There's no Notice  
Taken all this while of me.

[*Aside.*

*Sanaz.* And I must add  
If your Discourse and Reason parallel  
The Rareness of your more than human Form,  
You are a Wonder.

*Carolo.* Pray you, my Lord, make Trial:  
She can speak, I can assure you; and, that my Presence  
May not take from her Freedom, I will leave you:  
For know, my Lord, my Confidence dares trust her  
Where, and with whom, she pleases. If he be  
Taken the right Way with her, I cannot fancy  
A better Match; and for false Play I know  
The Tricks, and can discern them. *Petronella!*

*Petron.* Yes, my good Lord.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Not those smooth Gales that glide  
Over happy Arabia, &c.*

In the *New Way to pay Old Debts*, *Massinger* has this beautiful  
Simile again. See Act III. Scene I.

*Carolo.*

*Carolo*, I have Employment for you.

[*Exeunt Carolo and Petronella.*]

*Lydia*. What's your Will, Sir?

*Sanaz*. Madam, you are so large a Theme to treat of,  
And every Grace about you offers to me  
Such Copiousness of Language, that I stand  
Doubtful which first to touch at. If I err,  
As in my Choice I may, let me entreat you,  
Before I do offend, to sign my Pardon,  
Let this, the Emblem of your Innocence  
Give me Assurance.

*Lydia*. My Hand joined to yours,  
Without this Superstition, confirms it.  
Nor need I fear you will dwell long upon me,  
The Barrenness of the Subject yielding nothing  
That Rhetorick with all her Tropes and Figures  
Can amplify. Yet, since you are resolved  
To prove yourself a Courtier in my Praise,  
As I'm a Woman (and you Men affirm  
Our Sex loves to be flatter'd) I'll endure it. [*Carolo above.*]  
Now when you please begin.

*Sanaz*. Such *Leda's* Paps were, [*Turns from her.*]  
Down Pillows styl'd by *Jove*: And their pure Whiteness  
Shames the Swan's Down, or Snow. No Heat of Lust  
Swells up her Azure Veins. And yet I feel  
That this chaste Ice, but touch'd, fans Fire in me.

*Lydia*. You need not, noble Sir, be thus transported,  
Or trouble your Invention to express  
Your Thought of me: The plainest Phrase and Language  
That you can use, will be too high a strain  
For such an humble Theme.

*Sanaz*. If the great Duke  
Made this his End to try my constant Temper,  
Though I am vanquish'd, 'tis his Fault, not mine.  
For I am Flesh and Blood, and have Affections  
Like other Men. Who can behold the Temples,  
Or Holy Altars, but the Objects work  
Devotion in him? And I may as well  
Walk over burning Iron with bare Feet  
And be unscorch'd, as look upon this Beauty

Without

Without Desire, and that Desire pursu'd too,  
 'Till it be quench'd with the enjoying those  
 Delights, which to atchieve, Danger is nothing,  
 And Loyalty but a Word. [*Aside.*]

*Lydia.* I ne'er was proud;  
 Nor can find I'm guilty of a Thought  
 Deserving this Neglect and Strangeness from you.  
 Nor am I amorous.

*Sanaz.* Suppose his Greatness  
 Loves her himself, why makes he Choice of me  
 To be his Agent? It is Tyranny  
 To call one, pinch'd with Hunger, to a Feast,  
 And at that Instant cruelly deny him  
 To taste of what he sees. Allegiance  
 Tempted too far, is like the Trial of  
 A good Sword on an Anvil; as that often  
 Flies in Pieces without Service to the Owner;  
 So Trust enforc'd too far proves Treachery,  
 And is too late repented. [*Aside.*]

*Lydia.* Pray you, Sir,  
 Or license me to leave you, or deliver  
 The Reasons which invite you to command  
 My tedious waiting on you.

*Carolo.* As I live,  
 I know not what to think on't. Is't his Pride,  
 Or his Simplicity?

*Sanaz.* Whither have my Thoughts  
 Carried me from myself? In this my Dulness,  
 I've lost an Opportunity. [*He turns to her.*]

*Lydia.* 'Tis true. [*She falls off.*]  
 I was not bred in Court, nor live a Star there;  
 Nor shine in rich Embroideries and Pearl,  
 As they, that are the Mistresses of great Fortunes,  
 Are every Day adorn'd with.

*Sanaz.* Will you vouchsafe  
 Your Ear, sweet Lady?

*Lydia.* Yet I may be bold  
 For my Integrity and Fame, to rank  
 With such as are more glorious. Though I never

Did



Did Injury, yet I am sensible  
When I'm contemn'd, and scorn'd.

*Sanaz.* Will you please to hear me?

*Lydia.* O the Difference of Natures! *Giovanni*,  
A Prince in Expectation, when he liv'd here,  
Stole Courtesy from Heav'n, and would not to  
The meanest Servant in my Father's House  
Have kept such Distance.

*Sanaz.* Pray you, do not think me  
Unworthy of your Ear: It was your Beauty  
That turn'd me Statue.—I can speak, fair Lady.

*Lydia.* And I can hear. The Harshness of your Court-  
Cannot corrupt my Courtesy [ship

*Sanaz.* Will you hear me,  
If I speak of Love?

*Lydia.* Provided you be modest;  
I were uncivil, else.

*Carolo.* They are come to parley:  
I must observe this nearer. [Carolo descends.

*Sanaz.* You're a rare one,  
And such (but that my Haste commands me hence)  
I could converse with ever. Will you grace me  
With Leave to visit you again?

*Lydia.* So you,  
At your Return to Court, do me the Favour  
To make a Tender of my humble Service  
To the Prince *Giovanni*.

*Sanaz.* Ever touching  
Upon that String? And will you give me Hope  
Of future Happiness?

*Lydia.* That, as I shall find you.  
The Fort that's yielded at the first Assault,  
Is hardly worth the taking.

*Enter Carolo.*

*Carolo.* O, they are at it.

*Sanaz.* She is a Magazine of all Perfection,  
And 'tis Death to part from her, yet I must — [Aside.  
A parting Kiss, fair Maid. *Lydia.*

*Lydia.* That Custom grants you.

*Carolo.* A homely Breakfast does attend your Lord-  
Such as the Place affords. [ship.

*Sanaz.* No; I have feasted  
Already here. My Thanks, and so I leave you:  
I will see you again. 'Till this unhappy Hour  
I ne'er was lost; and what to do, or say,  
I have not yet determin'd. [Exit Sanazarro.

*Carolo.* Gone, so abruptly?  
'Tis very strange!

*Lydia.* Under your Favour, Sir,  
His coming hither was to little Purpose  
For any Thing I heard from him.

*Carolo.* Take heed, *Lydia*!  
I do advise you with a Father's Love,  
And Tenderness of your Honour; as I would not  
Have you coarse and harsh in giving Entertainment,  
So by no Means be credulous. For great Men,  
'Till they have gain'd their Ends, are Giants in  
Their Promises; but, those obtain'd, weak Pigmies  
In their Performance. And it is a Maxim  
Allow'd among them, so they may deceive,  
They may swear any Thing; for the Queen of Love  
As they hold constantly, does never punish,  
But smile at Lovers' Perjuries.—Yet be wise too,  
And when you are sued to in a noble Way,  
Be neither nice, nor scrupulous.

*Lydia.* All you speak, Sir,  
I hear as Oracles; nor will digress  
From your Directions.

*Carolo.* So shall you keep  
Your Fame untainted.

*Lydia.* As I would my Life, Sir. [Exeunt.

*The End of the Second Act.*

ACT

## ACT III. SCENE I.

Sanazarro, *Servant*.

*Sanaz.* **L**EAVE the Horses with my Grooms; but  
be you careful

With your best Diligence and Speed, to find out  
The Prince, and humbly in my Name entreat him  
I may exchange some private Conference with him  
Before the Great Duke know of my Arrival.

*Serv.* I haste, my Lord.

*Sanaz.* Here I'll attend his coming,  
And see you keep yourself, as much as may be,  
Conceal'd from all Men else.

*Serv.* To serve your Lordship,  
I wish I were invisible.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Sanaz.* I am driven  
Into a desperate Streight, and cannot steer  
A middle Course; and of the two Extremes  
Which I must make Election of, I know not  
Which is more full of Horror. Never Servant  
Stood more engag'd to a magnificent Master  
Than I to *Cozimo*. And all those Honours  
And Glories by his Grace conferr'd upon me,  
Or by my prosp'rous Services deserv'd,  
If now I should deceive his Trust, and make  
A Shipwreck of my Loyalty, are ruin'd.  
And, on the other Side, if I discover  
*Lydia's* divine Perfections, all my Hopes  
In her are sunk, never to be buoy'd up:  
For 'tis impossible, but as soon as seen,  
She must with Adoration be su'd to.  
A Hermit at his Beads, but looking on her,  
Or the cold Cinick, whom *Corinthian Lais*,  
Not mov'd with her Lust's Blandishments, call'd a Stone,  
At this Object would take Fire. Nor is the Duke

Such



Such an *Hippolitus*, but that this *Phædra*  
 But seen, must force him to forsake the Groves  
 And *Dian's* Huntmanship, proud to serve under  
*Venus's* soft Ensigns. No, there is no Way  
 For me to hope Fruition of my Ends,  
 But to conceal her Beauties — and how that  
 May be effected, is as hard a Task  
 As with a Veil to cover the Sun's Beams,  
 Or comfortable Light. Three Years the Prince  
 Liv'd in her Company, and *Contarino*,  
 The Secretary, hath possess'd the Duke  
 What a rare Piece she is. — But he's my Creature,  
 And may with Ease be frighted to deny  
 What he hath said. And, if my long Experience  
 With some strong Reasons I have thought upon,  
 Cannot o'er-reach a Youth, my Practice yields me  
 But little Profit.

*Enter Giovanni and the Servant.*

*Giov.* You are well return'd, Sir.

*Sanaz.* Leave us. When that your Grace shall know  
 the Motives

That forc'd me to invite you to this Trouble,  
 You will excuse my Manners. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Giov.* Sir, there needs not  
 This Circumstance between us. You are ever  
 My noble Friend.

*Sanaz.* You shall have further Cause  
 To assure you of my Faith and Zeal to serve you.  
 And, when I have committed to your Trust  
 (Presuming still on your retentive Silence)  
 A Secret of no less Importance than  
 My Honour, nay, my Head, it will confirm  
 What Value you hold with me.

*Giov.* Pray you, believe, Sir,  
 What you deliver to me, shall be lock'd up  
 In a strong Cabinet, of which you yourself  
 Shall keep the Key. For here I pawn my Honour.

(Which

(Which is the best Security I can give yet)  
It shall not be discover'd.

*Sanaz.* This Assurance  
Is more than I with Modesty could demand  
From such a Pay-master ; but I must be sudden,  
'And therefore to the Purpose. Can your Excellence  
In your Imagination conceive  
On what Design, or whither the Duke's Will  
Commanded me hence last Night ?

*Giov.* No, I assure you ;  
And it had been a Rudeness to enquire  
Of that I was not call'd to.

*Sanaz.* Grant me Hearing,  
And I will make you truly understand  
It only did concern you.

*Giov.* Me, my Lord ?

*Sanaz.* You, in your present State, and future Fortunes ;  
For both lie at the Stake.

*Giov.* You much amaze me.  
Pray you, resolve this Riddle.

*Sanaz.* You know the Duke,  
If he die issueless (as yet he is)  
Determines you his Heir.

*Giov.* It hath pleas'd his Highness  
Oft to profess so much.

*Sanaz.* But say, he should !  
Be won to prove a second Wife, on whom  
He may beget a Son, how in a Moment  
Will all those glorious Expectations, which  
Render you reverenc'd and remarkable,  
Be in a Moment blasted, howe'er you are  
His much-lov'd Sister's Son ?

*Giov.* I must bear it  
With Patience, and in me it is a Duty  
That I was born with ; and 'twere much unfit  
For the Receiver of a Benefit  
To offer, for his own Ends, to prescribe  
Laws to the Giver's Pleasure.

*Sanaz.* Sweetly answer'd,  
 And like your noble Self. This your rare Temper  
 So wins upon me, that I would not live  
 (If that by honest Arts I can prevent it)  
 To see your Hopes made frustrate. And but think  
 How you shall be transform'd from what you are,  
 Should this (as Heav'n avert it) ever happen,  
 It must disturb your Peace. For whereas now,  
 Being as you are receiv'd for the Heir apparent,  
 You are no sooner seen, but wonder'd at;  
 The Signiors making it a Business to  
 Enquire how you have slept; and, as you walk  
 The Streets of *Florence*, the glad Multitude  
 In Throngs press but to see you, and with Joy  
 The Father, pointing with his Finger, tells  
 His Son, This is the Prince, the hopeful Prince,  
 That must hereafter rule, and you obey him.  
 Great Ladies beg your Picture, and make Love  
 To that, despairing to enjoy the Substance.  
 And, but the last Night, when 'twas only rumor'd  
 That you were come to Court (as if you had  
 By Sea past hither from another World)  
 What general Shouts and Acclamations follow'd,  
 The Bells rang loud, the Bonfires blaz'd, and such  
 As lov'd not Wine, carousing to your Health,  
 Were drunk, and blush'd not at it. And is this  
 A Happiness to part with?

*Giov.* I allow these  
 As Flourishes of Fortune, with which Princes  
 Are often sooth'd, but never yet esteem'd 'em  
 For real Blessings.

*Sanaz.* Yet all these were paid  
 To what you may be, not to what you are;  
 For if the Great Duke but shew to his Servants  
 A Son of his own, you shall, like one obscure,  
 Pass unregarded.

*Giov.* I confess, Command  
 Is not to be contemn'd, and if my Fate  
 Appoint me to it, as I may, I'll bear it

With



With willing Shoulders. But, my Lord, as yet,  
You've told me of a Danger coming towards me,  
But have not nam'd it.

*Sanaz.* That is soon deliver'd.

Great *Cozimo*, your Uncle, as I more  
Than guess (for 'tis no frivolous Circumstance  
That does persuade my Judgment to believe it)  
Purposes to be married.

*Giov.* Married, Sir?

With whom, and on what Terms, pray you, instruct me?

*Sanaz.* With the fair *Lydia*.

*Giov.* *Lydia*?

*Sanaz.* The Daughter  
Of Signior *Charomonte*.

*Giov.* Pardon me

Though I appear incredulous; for on  
My Knowledge, he ne'er saw her.

*Sanaz.* That is granted:

But *Contarino* hath so sung her Praises,  
And giv'n her out for such a Master-piece,  
That he's transported with it, Sir.—And Love  
Steals sometimes through the Ear into the Heart  
As well as by the Eye. The Duke no sooner  
Heard her describ'd, but I was sent in Post  
To see her, and return my Judgment of her.

*Giov.* And what's your Censure?

*Sanaz.* 'Tis a pretty Creature.

*Giov.* She's very fair.

*Sanaz.* Yes, yes, I have seen worse Faces.

*Giov.* Her Limbs are neatly form'd.

*Sanaz.* She hath a Waist

Indeed siz'd to Love's Wish.

*Giov.* A delicate Hand too.

*Sanaz.* Then for a Leg and Foot.

*Giov.* And there I leave you,  
For I presum'd no farther.

*Sanaz.* As she is, Sir,  
I know she wants no gracious Part that may  
Allure the Duke; and, if he only see her,

She is his own. He will not be deny'd,  
And then you're lost. Yet, if you'll second me  
(As you have Reason, for it most concerns you)  
I can prevent all yet.

*Giov.* I would you could,  
A noble Way.

*Sanaz.* I will cry down her Beauties;  
Especially the Beauties of her Mind,  
As much as *Contarino* hath advanc'd 'em;  
And this, I hope, will breed Forgetfulness,  
And kill Affection in him.—But you must  
Join with me in my Report, if you be question'd.

*Giov.* I never told a Lye yet, and I hold it  
In some Degree blasphemous to dispraise  
What's worthy Admiration. Yet, for once,  
I will dispraise a little, and not vary  
From your Relation.

*Sanaz.* Be constant in it.

*Enter Alphonso.*

*Alph.* My Lord, the Duke hath seen your Man, and  
wonders

*Enter Cozimo, Contarino, and Attendants.*

You come not to him. See, if his Desire  
To have Conference with you hath not brought  
Him hither in his own Person.

*Coz.* They are comely Coursers,  
And promise Swiftness.

*Contar.* They are, of my Knowledge,  
Of the best Race in *Naples*.

*Coz.* You are, Nephew,  
As I hear, an excellent Horseman, and we like it.  
'Tis a fair Grace in a Prince. Pray you, make Trial  
Of their Strength and Speed, and, if you think them fit  
For your Employment, with a liberal Hand

Reward

Reward the Gentleman, that did present 'em  
From the Viceroy of *Naples*.

*Giov.* I will use  
My best Endeavour, Sir.

[*Exeunt Giovanni, Alphonso, Hippolito.*]

*Coz.* Wait on my Nephew.

Nay, stay you, *Contarino*; be within Call;  
It may be we shall use you. You have rode hard, Sir,  
And we thank you for it. Every Minute seems  
Irkfome, and tedious to us, till you have  
Made your Discovery. Say, Friend, have you seen  
This Phoenix of our Age?

*Sanaz.* I have seen a Maid, Sir;  
But, if that I have Judgment, no such Wonder  
As she was deliver'd to you.

*Coz.* This is strange!

*Sanaz.* But certain Truth. It may be, she was look'd  
With Admiration in the Country, Sir: [on  
But, if compar'd with many in your Court,  
She would appear but ordinary.

*Coz. Contarino*  
Reports her otherwise.

*Sanaz.* Such as ne'er saw Swans,  
May think Crows beautiful.

*Coz.* How is her Behaviour?

*Sanaz.* 'Tis like the Place she lives in.

*Coz.* How her Wit,  
Discourse, and Entertainment?

*Sanaz.* Very coarse;  
I would not willingly say poor, and rude:  
But, had she all the Beauties of fair Women,  
The Dullness of her Soul would fright me from her.

*Coz.* You are curious, Sir.—I know not what to think  
*Contarino!* [on't.

*Contar.* Sir.

*Coz.* Where was thy Judgment, Man,  
T' extol a Virgin, *Sanazarro* tells me  
Is nearer to Deformity?



*Sanaz.* I saw her,  
And curiously perus'd her; and I wonder  
That she, that did appear to me, that know  
What Beauty is, not worthy the observing,  
Should so transport you.

*Contar.* 'Troth, my Lord, I thought then —

*Coz.* Thought? Didst thou not affirm it?

*Contar.* I confess, Sir,  
I did believe so then; but, now I hear  
My Lord's Opinion to the contrary,  
I am of another Faith; for 'tis not fit  
That I should contradict him. I am dim, Sir;  
But he's sharp-sighted.

*Sanaz.* This is to my Wish. [*Aside.*

*Coz.* We know not what to think of this; yet would  
not

*Enter Giovanni, Hippolita, Lodovico.*

Determine rashly of it. How do you like  
My Nephew's Horsemanship?

*Hippol.* In my Judgment, Sir,  
It is exact and rare.

*Alph.* And, to my Fancy,  
He did present great *Alexander* mounted  
On his *Bucephalus*.

*Coz.* You are right Courtiers,  
And know it is your Duty to cry up  
All Actions of a Prince.

*Sanaz.* Do not betray  
Yourself, you're safe; I've done my Part.

[*Aside to Giovanni.*

*Giov.* I thank you;  
Nor will I fail.

*Coz.* What's your Opinion, Nephew,  
Of the Horses?

*Giov.* Two of them are, in my Judgment,  
The best I ever back'd: I mean the Roan, Sir,  
And the Brown Bay; but for the Chestnut-colour'd,

Though

Though he be full of Metal, hot, and fiery,  
He treads weak in his Pasterns.

*Coz.* So, come nearer ;

This Exercise hath put you into a Sweat ;  
Take this and dry it : And now I command you  
To tell me truly what's your Censure of  
*Charomonte's Daughter Lydia.*

*Giov.* I am, Sir,

A Novice in my Judgment of a Lady ;  
But, such as it is, your Grace shall have it freely.  
I would not speak ill of her, and am sorry,  
If I keep myself a Friend to Truth, I cannot  
Report her as I would, so much I owe  
Her reverend Father : But I'll give you, Sir,  
As near as I can, her Character in little.  
She's of a goodly Stature, and her Limbs  
Not disproportion'd. For her Face, it is  
Far from Deformity ; yet they flatter her  
That stile it excellent. Her Manners are  
Simple and innocent ; but her Discourse  
And Wit deserve my Pity, more than Praise.  
At the best, my Lord, she is a handsome Picture ;  
And, that said, all is spoken.

*Coz.* I believe you ;

I ne'er yet found you false.

*Giov.* Nor ever shall, Sir.——

—Forgive me, matchless *Lydia* ! too much Love,  
And jealous Fear to lose thee, do compel me  
Against my Will, my Reason, and my Knowledge,  
To be a poor Detractor of that Beauty,  
Which fluent *Ovid*, if he liv'd again,  
Would want Words to express.

[*Aside.*

*Coz.* Pray you, make Choice of  
The richest of our Furniture for these Horses ;

[*To Sanazarro.*

And take my Nephew with you ; we in this  
Will follow his Directions.

*Giov.* Could I find now  
The Princess *Fiorinda*, and persuade her

To be silent in the Suit that I mov'd to her,  
All were secure.

*Sanaz.* In that, my Lord, I'll aid you.

*Coz.* We will be private; leave us. All my Studies  
[*Exeunt all but Cozimo.*]

And serious Meditations aim no farther  
Than this young Man's Good. He was my Sister's Son,  
And she was such a Sister, when she liv'd,  
I could not prize too much; nor can I better  
Make known how dear I hold her Memory,  
Than in my cherishing the only Issue  
Which she hath left behind her. Who's that?

*Enter Fiorinda.*

*Fiorin.* Sir.

*Coz.* My fair Charge, you are welcome to us.

*Fiorin.* I have found it, Sir.

*Coz.* All Things go well in *Urbino*?

*Fiorin.* Your gracious Care to me an Orphan, frees me  
From all Suspicion, that my jealous Fears  
Can drive into my Fancy.

*Coz.* The next Summer

In our own Person, we will bring you thither,  
And seat you in your own.

*Fiorin.* When you think fit, Sir.

But, in the mean time, with your Highness' Pardon,  
I am a Suitor to you.

*Coz.* Name it, Madam,  
With Confidence to obtain it.

*Fiorin.* That you would please  
To lay a strict Command on *Charomonte*,  
To bring his Daughter *Lydia* to the Court;  
And, pray you, think, Sir, that 'tis not my Purpose  
T'employ her as a Servant, but to use her  
As a most wish'd Companion.

*Coz.* Ha! your Reason?

[*giv'n her*]

*Fiorin.* The hopeful Prince your Nephew, Sir, hath  
To me for such an Abstract of Perfection

In



In all that can be wish'd for in a Virgin,  
 As Beauty, Musick, ravishing Discourse,  
 Quickness of Apprehension, with choice Manners  
 And Learning too, not usual with Women;  
 That I am much ambitious (though I shall  
 Appear but as a Foil to set her off)  
 To be from her instructed, and supply'd  
 In what I am defective.

*Coz.* Did my Nephew  
 Seriously deliver this?

*Fiorin.* I assure your Grace,  
 With Zeal and Vehemence; and, even when  
 With his best Words he striv'd to set her forth  
 (Though the rare Subject made him eloquent)  
 He would complain, all he could say came short  
 Of her Deservings.

*Coz.* Pray you, have Patience.  
 This was strangely carried.—Ha! are we trifled with?  
 Dare they do this? Is *Cozimo's* Fury, that  
 Of late was terrible, grown contemptible?  
 Well; we will clear our Brows, and undermine  
 Their secret Works (tho' they have dig'd like Moles)  
 And crush 'em with the Tempest of my Wrath  
 When I appear most calm. He is unfit  
 To command others, that knows not to use it,  
 And with all Rigour.—Yet my stern Looks shall not  
 Discover my Intents; for I will strike  
 When I begin to frown. [*Aside.*] You are the Mistress  
 Of that you did demand.

*Fiorin.* I thank your Highness;  
 But Speed in the Performance of the Grant  
 Doubles the Favour, Sir.

*Coz.* You shall possess it sooner then you expect;  
 Only be pleas'd to be ready when my Secretary  
 Waits upon you, to take the fresh air.—My Nephew!  
 And my Bosom-friend so to cheat me? 'tis not fair!

[*Aside.*]

*Enter*

*Enter Giovanni, Sanazarra.*

*Sanaz.* Where should this Princess be? Nor in her Lodgings,

Nor in the private Walks, her own Retreat,  
Which she so much frequented?

*Giov.* By my Life,  
She's with the Duke; and I much more than fear  
Her Forwardness to prefer my Suit, hath ruin'd  
What with such Care we built up.

*Coz.* Have you furnish'd  
Those Courfers, as we will'd you?

*Sanaz.* There's no Sign  
Of Anger in his Looks. [*Afide.*

*Giov.* They are compleat, Sir.

*Coz.* 'Tis well. To your Rest. Soft Sleeps wait on  
you, Madam.

To-morrow, with the Rising of the Sun,  
Be ready to ride with us.—They with more Safety  
Had trod on fork-tongu'd Adders, than provok'd me.  
[*Exit Cozimo.*

*Fiorin.* I come not to be thank'd, Sir, for the speedy  
Performance of my Promise touching *Lydia*;  
It is effected.

*Sanaz.* We are undone.

*Fiorin.* The Duke  
No sooner heard me with my best of Language  
Describe her Excellencies, as you taught me,  
But he confirm'd it.—You look sad, as if  
You wish'd it were undone.

*Giov.* No, gracious Madam,  
I am your Servant for't.

*Fiorin.* Be you as careful  
For what I mov'd to you. Count *Sanazarro*,  
Now I perceive you honour me, in vouchsafing  
To wear so slight a Favour.

*Sanaz.* 'Tis a Grace  
I am unworthy of.

*Fiorin.*

*Fiorin.* You merit more,  
In prizing so a Trifle. Take this Diamond;  
I'll second what I have begun: For know  
Your Valour hath so won upon me, that  
'Tis not to be resisted. I have said, Sir,  
And leave you to interpret it. [*Exit Fiorinda.*]

*Sanaz.* This to me  
Is Wormwood. 'Tis apparent we are taken  
In our own Nooze.—What's to be done?

*Giov.* I know not.  
And 'tis a Punishment justly fall'n upon me  
For leaving Truth, a constant Mistress, that  
Ever protects her Servants, to become  
A Slave to Lyes and Falshood. What Excuse  
Can we make to the Duke? What Mercy hope for,  
Our Packing being laid open?

*Sanaz.* 'Tis not to  
Be question'd, but his purpos'd Journey is  
To see fair *Lydia*.

*Giov.* And to divert him  
Impossible.

*Sanaz.* There's now no looking backward.

*I know not.*

*And 'tis a Punishment justly fall'n upon me  
For leaving Truth, &c.*

*Mr. Mason, in his Elfrida, has a Passage that much resembles this.*

— As Truth directs,  
So only shall we act. This Day has shewn  
What dire Effects await its Violation.  
Strait is the Road of Truth, and plain,  
And tho' across the sacred Way  
Ten Thousand false Meanders stray,  
'Tis our's to walk direct.

Spoke by the Semichorus, Page 76.

There have been several Plays founded on the same Plot as this before us; the most distinguished of which is *Elfrida* by Mr. Mason, written on the Model of the ancient Greek Tragedy: The Concurrence of several similar Passages in that and in the *Duke of Florence*, makes me think that Mr. Mason had *Massinger* in his Eye, in the Execution of his Piece.

*Giov.*



*Giov.* And which Way to go on with Safety, not  
To be imagin'd.

*Sanaz.* Give me Leave. I have  
An Embryon in my Brain, which, I despair not,  
May be brought to Form and Fashion, provided  
You will be open-breasted.

*Giov.* 'Tis no Time now,  
Our Dangers being equal, to conceal  
A Thought from you.

*Sanaz.* What Power hold you o'er *Lydia*?  
Do you think that with some Hazard of her Life  
She would prevent your Ruin?

*Giov.* I presume so:  
If in the Undertaking it, she stray not  
From what becomes her Innocence; and to that  
'Tis far from me to press her; I myself  
Will rather suffer.

*Sanaz.* 'Tis enough; this Night  
Write to her by your Servant *Calandrino*,  
As I shall give Directions; my Man

*Enter Calandrino.*

Shall bear him Company. See, Sir, to my Wish  
He does appear, but much transform'd from what  
He was when he came hither.

*Caland.* I confess  
I am not very wise, and yet I find  
A Fool, so he be Parcel Knave, in Court  
May flourish and grow rich.

*Giov.* *Calandrino*!

*Caland.* Peace!  
I'm in Contemplation.

*Giov.* Don't you know me?

*Caland.* I tell thee, no; on Forfeit of my Place,  
I must not know myself, much less my Father,  
But by Petition: That Petition lin'd too  
With golden Birds, that sing to the Tune of Profit,  
Or I am deaf.

*Giov.*

Giov. But you've your Sense of Feeling.

[Offering to kick him,

Sanaz. Nay, pray you, forbear.

Caland. I have all that's requisite  
To the making up of a Signior. My spruce Ruff,  
My hooded Cloak, long Stocking, and pain'd Hose,  
My Case of Tooth-picks, and my Silver Fork,  
To convey an Olive neatly to my Mouth ;  
And, what is All in All, my Pockets ring  
A golden Peal. O that the Peasants in the Country  
(My quondam Fellows) but saw me as I am,  
How they would admire and worship me !

Giov. As they shall ;  
For instantly you must thither.

Caland. My Grand Signior,  
Vouchsafe a *Bezolus Manus*, and a Cringe  
Of the last Edition.

Giov. You must ride Post with Letters  
This Night to *Lydia*.

Caland. An' it please your Grace,  
Shall I use my Coach, or foot-cloth Mule ?

Sanaz. You Widgeon,  
You are to make all Speed, think not of Pomp.

Giov. Follow for your Instructions, Sirrah !

Caland. I have one Suit to you,  
My good Lord.

Sanaz. What is't ?

Caland. That you would give me  
A subtil Court-Charm, to defend me from  
Th' infectious Air of the Country.

Giov. What's the Reason ?

Caland. Why, as this Court-Air taught me knavish  
By which I am grown rich ; if that again [Wit,  
Should turn me Fool and honest — Vain Hopes, fare-  
For I must die a Beggar. [wel,

Sanaz. Go to, Sirrah !  
You'll be whip'd for this.

Giov. Leave Fooling, and attend us. [Exeunt.

*The End of the Third Act.*



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Carolo Charomonte, Lydia.*

*Carolo.* **D**AUGHTER, I have observ'd, since the Prince  
left us

(Whose Absence I mourn with you) and the Visit  
Count *Sannazarro* gave us, you have nourished  
Sad and retired Thoughts, and parted with  
That Freedom and Alacrity of Spirit  
With which you us'd to chear me.

*Lydia.* For the Count, Sir,  
All Thought of him does with his Person die;  
But, I confess ingenuously, I cannot  
So soon forget the Choice, and chaste Delights,  
The courteous Conversation of the Prince,  
And without Stain, I hope, afforded me  
When he made this House a Court.

*Carolo.* It is in us  
To keep it so without him. Want we know not,  
And all we can complain of (Heav'n be prais'd for't)  
Is too much Plenty, and we will make use of

*Enter Servants.*

All lawful Pleasures. How now Fellows, when  
Shall we have this lusty Dance?

*Caup.* In the Afternoon, Sir.  
'Tis a Dévice, I wis, of my own making,  
And such a one, as shall make your Signiorship know  
I have not been your Butler for nothing, but  
I've crotchets in my Head. We'll trip it tightly,  
And make my sad young Mistress merry again,  
Or I'll forswear the Cellar.

*Bern.* If we had  
Our fellow *Calandrino* here to dance

His



His Part, we were perfect.

*Petru.* O! he was a rare Fellow;  
But I fear the Court hath spoil'd him.

*Caup.* When I was young,  
I could have cut a Caper on a Pinnacle;  
But now I'm old and wise.—Keep your Figure fair,  
And follow but the Sample I shall set you,  
The Duke himself will send for us, and laugh at us,  
And that were Credit.

*Lydia.* Who have we here?

*Enter Calandrino.*

*Caland.* I find [tender.  
What was Brawn in the Country, in the Court grows  
The Bots on these jolting Jades, I am bruise'd to Jelly.  
A Coach for my Money! and that the Courtezans know  
Their riding so, makes them last three Years longer [well  
Then such as are hackney'd.

*Carolo.* *Calandrino*, 'tis he. [the Honour

*Caland.* Now to my Postures. Let my Hand have  
To convey a Kifs from my Lips to the Cover of  
Your Foot dear Signior.

*Carolo.* Fie, you stoop too low, Sir.

*Caland.* The Hem of your Vestment, Lady. Your Glove  
Nay, I have conn'd my Distances. [is for Princes;

*Lydia.* 'Tis most Courtly.

*Caup.* Fellow *Calandrino*!

*Caland.* Signior *de Cauponi*,  
Grand Botelier of the Mansion!

*Bern.* How is't, Man? [Claps him on the Shoulder.

*Caland.* Be not so rustick in your Salutations,  
Signior *Bernardo*, Master of the Accounts!  
Signior *Petrucchio*! May you long continue  
Your Function in the Chamber.

*Caup.* When shall we learn such Gambols in our *Villa*?

*Lydia.* Sure, he's mad.

*Carolo.* 'Tis not unlike, for most of such Mushrooms  
What News at Court? [are so.

*Caland.* Basta! They are Mysteries,

And

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And not to be reveal'd. With your Favour, Signior,  
I am in private to confer awhile  
With this Signiora. But I'll pawn my Honour,  
That neither my terse Language, nor my Habit  
Howe'er it may convince, nor my new Shrugs,  
Shall render her enamour'd.

*Carolo.* Take your Pleasure,  
A little of these apish Tricks may pass;  
Too much is tedious.

[*Exit Carolo.*

*Caland.* The Prince in this Paper  
Presents his Service.—Nay, it is not Courtly  
To see the Seal broke open. So I leave you.  
Signiors of the *Villa*, I'll descend to be  
Familiar with you.

*Caup.* Have you forgot to dance?

*Caland.* No, I am better'd.

*Petru.* Will you join with us?

*Caland.* As I like the Project.

Let me warm my Brains, first, with the richest Grape,  
And then I'm for you.

*Caup.* We will want no Wine.

[*Exeunt.*

*Lydia alone.*

*Lydia.* That this comes only from the best of Princes,  
With a Kind of Adoration does command me  
To entertain it, and the sweet Contents [*Kissing the Letter.*  
That are inscribed here by his Hand, must be  
Much more than musical to me. All the Service  
Of my Life at no Part can deserve this Favour.  
O what a Virgin Longing I feel on me  
To unrip the Seal, and read it! Yet, to break  
What he hath fast'ned, rashly, may appear  
A saucy Rudeness in me.—I must do it,  
(Nor can I else, learn his Commands, or serve 'em)  
But with such Reverence, as I would open  
Some Holy Writ, whose grave Instructions beat down  
Rebellious Sins, and teach my better Part  
How to mount upward.—So, 'tis done, and I  
[*Opens the Letter.* *Reads.*  
With Eagle's Eyes will curiously peruse it.

*Chaste*

*Chaste Lydia! The Favours are so great  
 On me by you conferr'd, that to intreat  
 The least Addition to 'em, in true Sense  
 May argue me of blusblefs Impudence.  
 But, such are my Extremes, if you deny  
 A farther Grace, I must unpittied die.  
 Haste cuts off Circumstance. As you're admired  
 For Beauty, the Report of it hath fir'd  
 The Duke my Uncle, and I fear you'll prove,  
 Not with a sacred, but unlawful Love.  
 If he see you, as you are, my hop'd-for Light  
 Is chang'd into an Everlasting Night.  
 How to prevent it, if your Goodness find,  
 You save two Lives, and me you ever bind,  
 The Honourer of your Virtues, Giovanni.*

Were I more deaf then Adders, these sweet Charms  
 Would through my Ears find Passage to my Soul,  
 And soon enchant it. To save such a Prince  
 Who would not perish? Virtue in him must suffer,  
 And Piety be forgotten. The Duke's Lust  
 Though it rag'd more then *Tarquin's*, shall not reach me.  
 All quaint Inventions of chaste Virgins aid me!  
 My Prayers are heard—I have't. The Duke ne'er saw me;  
 Or, if that fail, I am again provided.

*[This spoke as if she studied an Evasion,*  
 But for the Servants! They will take what Form  
 I please to put upon them.—*Giovanni,*  
 Be safe, thy Servant *Lydia* assures it.  
 Let Mountains of Afflictions fall on me,  
 Their Weight is easy, so I set thee free. *[Exit.*

## SCENE II.

Cozimo, Giovanni, Sanazarro, Carolo, Servants.

*Sanaz.* Are you not tir'd with Travel, Sir?

*Coz.* No, no,  
 I am Fresh and Lusty.

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K

*Carolo.*



*Carolo.* This Day shall be ever  
A Holy-day to me, that brings my Prince  
Under my humble Roof.

[Weeps.]

*Giov.* See, Sir, my good Tutor  
Sheds Tears for Joy.

*Coz.* Dry them up, *Charomonte*,  
And all forbear the Room, while we exchange  
Some private Words together.

*Giov.* O my Lord,  
How grossly have we overshot ourselves!

*Sanaz.* In what, Sir?

*Giov.* In forgetting to acquaint  
My Guardian with our Purpose, all that *Lydia*  
Can do, avails us nothing—if the Duke  
Find out the Truth from him.

*Sanaz.* 'Tis now past help,  
And we must stand the Hazard—Hope the best, Sir?

[Exeunt Giovanni and Sanazarro.]

*Carolo.* My Loyalty doubted, Sir?

*Coz.* 'Tis more. Thou hast  
Abus'd our Trust, and in a high Degree  
Committed Treason.

*Carolo.* Treason? 'Tis a Word  
My Innocence understands not. Were my Breast  
Transparent, and my Thoughts to be discern'd,  
Not one Spot shall be found to taint the Candor  
Of my Allegiance. And I must be bold  
To tell you, Sir (for he that knows no Guilt  
Can know no Fear) 'tis Tyranny to o'er-charge  
An honest Man; and such, till now, I've liv'd,  
And such, my Lord, I'll die.

*Coz.* Sir, do not flatter  
Yourself with Hope, these great and glorious Words,  
(Which every guilty Wretch, as well as you,  
That's arm'd with Impudence, can with Ease deliver,  
And with as full a Mouth) can work on us?  
Nor shall gay Flourishes of Language clear  
What is in Fact apparent.

*Carolo.* Fact? What Fact?

You

You that know only, what it is, instruct me,  
For I am ignorant.

*Coz.* This then, Sir. We gave up  
(On our Assurance of your Faith and Care)  
Our Nephew *Giovanni*, nay, our Heir  
In Expectation, to be train'd up by you  
As did become a Prince.

*Carolo.* And I discharg'd it.  
Is this the Treason?

*Coz.* Take us with you, Sir.  
And, in respect we knew his Youth was prone  
To Women, and that living in our Court  
He might make some unworthy Choice, before  
His weaker Judgment was confirm'd, we did  
Remove him from it; constantly presuming  
You, with your best Endeavours, rather would  
Have quench'd those Heats in him, then light a Torch,  
As you have done to his Looseness.

*Carolo.* I? My travail  
Is ill-requited, Sir; for, by my Soul,  
I was so curious that way, that I granted  
Access to none could tempt him, nor did ever  
One Syllable, or obscene Accent touch  
His Ear that might corrupt him.

*Coz.* No? Why, then,  
With your Allowance did you give free way  
To all familiar Privacy, between  
My Nephew and your Daughter? Or why did you  
(Had you no other Ends in't but our Service)  
Read to 'em, and together (as they had been  
Scholars of one Form) Grammar, Rhetorick,  
Philosophy, History, and interpret to 'em  
The close Temptations of lascivious Poets?  
Or wherefore (for we still had Spies upon you)  
Was she still present, when by your Advice  
He was taught the Use of his Weapon, Horsemanship,  
Wrestling, nay, Swimming, but to fan in her  
A hot Desire of him? And then, forsooth,  
His Exercises ended, cover'd with

A fair Pretence of Recreation for him,  
 When *Lydia* was instructed in those Graces  
 That add to Beauty. He brought to admire her,  
 Must hear her Sing, while to her Voice, her Hand  
 Made ravishing Musick; and this applauded, dance  
 A Light Levalto with her.<sup>s</sup>

*Carolo.* Have you ended  
 All you can charge me with?

*Coz.* Nor stop'd you there,  
 But they must unattended walk into  
 The silent Groves, and hear the amorous Birds  
 Warbling their wanton Notes; here a sure Shade  
 Of barren Sycamores, which the all-seeing Sun  
 Could not pierce through; near that, an Arbor hung  
 With spreading Eglantine; there a bubbling Spring  
 Wat'ring a Bank of Hyacinths and Lillies,  
 With all Allurements that could move to Lust.  
 And could this, *Charemonte*, (should I grant  
 They had been Equals both in Birth and Fortune)  
 Become your Gravity? Nay, 'tis clear as Air  
 That your ambitious Hopes to match your Daughter  
 Into our Family, gave connivence to it.  
 And this, though not in Act, in the Intent,  
 I call High Treason.

*Carolo.* Hear my just Defence, Sir,  
 And, though you are my Prince, it will not take from  
 Your Greatness to acknowledge with a Blush,  
 In this my Accusation you have been  
 More sway'd by Spleen, and jealous Suppositions,  
 Than certain grounds of Reason. You had a Father  
 (Blest be his Memory) that made frequent Proofs  
 Of my Loyalty and Faith, and (would I boast  
 The Dangers I have broke through in his Service)  
 I could say more. Nay, you yourself, dread Sir,  
 Whenever I was put unto the Test,  
 Found me true Gold, and not adulterate Metal;

<sup>s</sup> *A Light Levalto with her.*

What the Dance here alluded to is, I cannot tell, nor can I find an  
 Explanation of the Word in any Dictionary.

And



And am I doubted now?

*Coz.* This is from the Purpose.

*Carolo.* I will come to it, Sir, your Grace well knew,  
Before the Prince's happy Presence made  
My poor House rich, the chiefeft Blessings which  
I gloried in (though now it prove a Curse)  
Was an only Daughter. Nor did you command me,  
As a Security to your future Fears,  
To cast her off: Which had you done, how'er  
She was the Light of my Eyes, and Comfort of  
My feeble Age; so far I priz'd my Duty  
Above Affection, she now had been  
A Stranger to my Care. But she is fair!  
Is that her Fault or mine? Did ever Father  
Hold Beauty in his Issue for a Blemish?  
"Her Education and her Manners tempt too."  
If these offend, they're easily removed:  
You may, if you think fit, before my Face,  
In Recompence of all my Watchings for you,  
With burning Corrosives transform her to  
An ugly Leper; and this done to taint  
Her Sweetness, prostitute her to a Loathsome Brothel.  
This I will rather suffer, Sir, and more,  
Then live suspected by you.

*Coz.* Let not Passion

Carry you beyond your Reason.

*Carolo.* I am calm, Sir;

Yet you must give me leave to grieve, I find  
My Actions misinterpreted. Alas! Sir,  
Was *Lydia's* Desire to serve the Prince  
Call'd an Offence? Or did she practise to  
Seduce his Youth, because with her best Zeal  
And Fervour she endeavoured to attend him?  
'Tis a hard Construction—Though she be my Daughter  
I may thus far speak her. From her Infancy  
She was ever civil, her Behaviour nearer  
Simplicity than Craft; and Malice dares not  
Affirm, in one loose Gesture, or light Language,  
She gave a Sign she was in Thought unchaste.

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I'll fetch her to you, Sir, and but look on her  
With equal Eyes, you must in Justice grant  
That your Suspicion wrongs her.

*Coz.* It may be;

But I must have stronger Assurance of it  
Than passionate Words. And, not to trifle Time,  
As we came unexpected to your House,  
We will prevent all Means that may prepare her  
How t' answer that, with which we come to charge her,  
And howsoever it may be receiv'd  
As a foul Breach to hospitable Rites,  
On thy Allegiance and boasted Faith,  
Nay, forfeit of thy Head, we do confine thee  
Close Prisoner to thy Chamber, till all Doubts  
Are clear'd that do concern us.

*Carolo.* I obey, Sir,

And wish your Grace had followed my Herse  
To my Sepulchre, my Loyalty unsuspected,  
Rather then now? But I am silent, Sir.

And let that speak my Duty.

[*Exit Carolo.*]

*Coz.* If this Man

Be false, disguised Treachery ne'er put on  
A Shape so near to Truth. Within there.

*Enter Giovanni and Sanazarro, ushering in Petronella,  
Calandrino and others, setting forth a Banquet.*

*Sanaz.* Sir.

*Coz.* Bring *Lydia* forth.

*Giov.* She comes, Sir, of herself  
To present her Service to you.

*Coz.* Ha! This Personage  
Cannot invite Affection.

*Sanaz.* See you keep State,

*Petro.* I warrant you.

*Coz.* The Manners of her Mind  
Must be transcendent, if they can defend  
Her rougher Out-side. May we with your liking  
Salute you, Lady?

*Petro.*

*Petro.* Let me wipe my Mouth, Sir,  
With my Cambrick-Handkerchief, and then have at you.

*Coz.* Can this be possible?

*Sanaz.* Yes, Sir, you will find her  
Such as I gave her to you.

*Petro.* Will your Dukeship  
Sit down and eat some Sugar-plums? Here's a Castle  
Of March Pane too, and this Quince-Marmalade  
Was of my own making. All summ'd up together  
Did cost the setting on, and here is Wine too [*Drinks all off.*  
As good as e'er was tap'd. I'll be your Taster,  
For I know the Fashion—now you must do me right, Sir,  
You shall, nor will, nor choose.

*Giov.* She's very simple.

*Coz.* Simple, 'tis worse. Do you drink this often, Lady?

*Petron.* Still when I am thirsty, and eat when I am  
[hungry.

Such Junckets come not every Day. Once more to you,  
With a Heart and a half afaith.

*Coz.* Pray you, pause a little;  
If I hold your Cards, I shall pull down the Side;  
I am not good at the Game.

*Petron.* Then I'll drink for you.

*Coz.* Nay, pray you stay. I'll find you out a Pledge  
That shall supply my Place; what think you of  
This compleat Signior? You are a *Juno*, and in such State  
Must feast this *Jupiter*. What think you of him?

*Petron.* I desire no better.

*Coz.* And you will undertake this Service for me?  
You are good at the Sport.

*Caland.* Who I? A Pidler, Sir.

*Coz.* Nay, you shall sit inthron'd, and eat and drink  
As you were a Duke.

*Caland.* If your Grace will have me,  
I'll eat and drink like an Emperor.

*Coz.* Take your Place then,  
We are amaz'd.

*Giov.* This is gross: Nor can the Imposture



But be discover'd.

*Sanaz.* The Duke's too sharp fighted  
To be deluded thus.

*Caland.* Nay, pray you eat fair,  
Or deuide, and I will choose. Cannot you use  
Your Fork as I do? Gape and I will feed you.

[Feeds her.

Gape wider yet, this is Court-like.

*Petron.* To choke Daws with,  
I like it not.

*Caland.* But you like this.

[They drink.

*Petron.* Let it come, Boy.

*Coz.* What a Sight is this? We could be angry with  
How much you did bely her when you told us [you,  
She was only Simple! This is barbarous Rudeness,  
Beyond Belief.

*Giov.* I would not speak her, Sir,  
Worse than she was.

*Sanaz.* And I, my Lord, chose rather  
To deliver her better parted then she is,  
Then to take from her,

*Enter Cauponi.*

*Caup.* Ere I'll lose my Dance,  
I'll speak to the Purpose. I am, Sir, no Prologue;  
But in plain Terms must tell you, we are provided  
Of a lusty Hornpipe.

*Coz.* 'Prithee, let us have it,  
For we grow dull.

*Caup.* But, to make up the Medley,  
For it is of several Colours, we must borrow  
Your Grace's Ghost here.

*Caland.* Pray you, Sir, depose me,  
It will not do else. I am, Sir, the Engine

[Rises and resigns his Chair.

By which it moves.

*Petron.* I will dance with my Duke too,  
I will not out.

*Coz.*

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Coz. Begin then. There's more in this [Dance.  
Then yet I have discovered, Some *Oedipus*  
Resolve this Riddle.

Petron. Did I not foot it roundly? [Falls down.

Coz. As I live, stark drunk. Away with her. We'll  
[reward you,  
When you have cool'd yourselves in the Cellar.

Caup. Heaven preserve you. [Exeunt Dancers.

Coz. We pity *Charomonte's* wretched Fortune  
In a Daughter, nay, a Monster. Good old Man!  
The Place grows tedious: Our Remove shall be  
With Speed. We'll only in a Word or two  
Take leave and comfort him.

Sanaz. 'Twill rather, Sir,  
Encrease his Sorrow, that you know his Shame,  
Your Grace may do it by Letter.

Coz. Who sign'd you  
A Patent to direct us? Wait our coming  
In the Garden.

Giov. All will out.

Sanaz. I more then fear it. [Exeunt Giov. and Sanaz.

Coz. These are strange *Chimeras* to us! What to judge  
Is past our Apprehension! One Command [of it  
*Charomonte* to attend us. Can it be, [Exit Servant.  
That *Contarino* could be so befotted  
As to admire this Prodigy? Or her Father  
To dote upon it? Or does she personate,  
For some Ends unknown to us, this rude Behaviour,  
Within the Scene presented, would appear  
Ridiculous and impossible. O you are welcome.

Enter Carolo.

We now acknowledge the much Wrong we did you  
In our unjust Suspicion. We have seen  
The Wonder, Sir, your Daughter.

Carolo. And have found her  
Such as I did report her. What she wanted  
In Courtship, was, I hope, supplied in civil

And

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And modest Entertainment.

*Coz.* Pray you, tell us,  
And truly we command you, Did you never  
Observe she was given to drink?

*Carolo.* To drink, Sir?

*Coz.* Yes. Nay, more, to be drunk.

*Carolo.* I had rather see her buried.

*Coz.* Dare you trust your own Eyes, if you find her now  
More then distemper'd?

*Carolo.* I will pull them out, Sir,  
If your Grace can make this good. And if you please  
To grant me Liberty, as she is, I'll fetch her,  
And in a Moment.

*Coz.* Look you do, and fail not,  
On the Peril of your Head.

*Carolo.* Drunk?—She disdains it. [Exit Carolo.

*Coz.* Such Contrarieties were never read of.  
*Charomonte* is no Fool, nor can I think  
His Confidence built on Sand. We are abused,  
'Tis too apparent.

*Enter Carolo and Lydia.*

*Lydia.* I am indisposed, Sir,  
And that Life, you tender'd once, much indanger'd  
In forcing me from my Chamber.

*Carolo.* Here she is, Sir,  
Suddenly Sick, I grant; but, sure, not drunk,  
Speak to my Lord the Duke.

*Lydia.* All is discover'd, [Kneels.

*Coz.* Is this your only Daughter?

*Carolo.* And my Heir, Sir,  
Nor keep I any Woman in House  
(Unless for sordid Offices) but one,  
I do maintain trimm'd up in her cast Habits,  
To make her Sport. And she, indeed, loves Wine,  
And will take too much of it. And perhaps, for Mirth,  
She was presented to you.

*Coz.* It shall yield

No



No Sport to the Contrivers,—'Tis too plain now.  
Her Presence does confirm what *Contarino*  
Deliver'd of her; nor can Sickness dim  
The Splendor of her Beauties; being herself, then,  
She must exceed his Praise.

*Lydia*. Will your Grace hear me?  
I'm faint and can say little.

*Coz*. Here are Accents,  
Whose every Syllable is musical!  
Pray you let me raise you, and a-while rest here,  
False *Sanazarro*, treacherous *Giovanni*!  
But stand we talking?

*Carolo*. Here's a Storm soon raised.

*Coz*. As thou art our Subject, *Charomonte*, swear  
To act what we Command.

*Carolo*. That is an Oath  
I long since took.

*Coz*. Then, by that Oath we charge thee,  
Without Excuse, Denial or Delay  
To apprehend, and suddenly, *Sanazzaro*,  
And our ingrateful Nephew.—We have said it.  
Do it without Reply, or we pronounce thee,  
Like them, a Traytor to us. See them guarded  
In several Lodgings, and forbid Access  
To all, but when we warrant. Is our Will  
Heard, sooner then obey'd?

*Carolo*. These are strange Turns;  
But I must not dispute 'em. [Exit *Carolo*.

*Coz*. Be severe in't.  
O my abused Lenity! From what Height  
Is my Power fall'n?

*Lydia*. O me most miserable!  
That, being innocent, make others guilty:  
Most gracious Prince!—

*Coz*. Pray you rise, and then speak to me.

*Lydia*. My Knees shall first be rooted in this Earth,  
And *Myrrha* like, I'll grow up to a Tree,  
Dropping perpetual Tears of Sorrow, which,  
Harden'd by the rough Wind, and turn'd to Amber,

Unfortunate

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Unfortunate Virgins like myself shall wear,  
Before I'll make Petition to your Greatness  
But with such Reverence, my Hands held up thus,  
As I would do to Heav'n. You Princes are  
As Gods on Earth to us, and to be su'd to  
With such Humility, as his Deputies  
May challenge from their Vassals.

*Coz.* Here's that Form  
Of Language I expected; pray you, speak,  
What is your Suit?

*Lydia.* That you would look upon me  
As an humble Thing, that Millions of Degrees  
Is plac'd beneath you. For what am I? dread Sir?  
Or what can fall in the whole Course of my Life,  
That may be worth your Care, much less your Trouble?  
As the lowly Shrub is to the lofty Cedar,  
Or a Mole-hill to *Olympus*, if compar'd,  
I am to you. Sir. Or, suppose the Prince,  
(Which cannot find Belief in me) forgetting  
The Greatness of his Birth and Hopes, hath thrown  
An Eye of Favour on me, in me punish  
(That am the Cause) the Rashness of his Youth.  
Shall the Queen of the Inhabitants of the Air,  
The Eagle, that bears Thunder on her Wings,  
In her angry Mood, destroy her hopeful Young,  
For suffering a Wren to perch too near 'em?  
Such is our Disproportion.

*Coz.* With what Fervour  
She pleads against herself!

*Lydia.* For me, poor Maid,  
I know the Prince to be so far above me,  
That my Wishes cannot reach him. Yet I am  
So much his Creature, that, to fix him in  
Your wonted Grace and Favour, I'll abjure  
His Sight for ever, and betake myself  
To a religious Life (where in my Prayers  
I may remember him) and ne'er see Man more  
But my ghostly Father. Will you trust me, Sir?  
In Truth I'll keep my Word; or, if this fail,

A little more of Fear what may befall him,  
Will stop my Breath for ever.

Coz. Had you thus argu'd [Rais'es her.  
As you were yourself, and brought as Advocates  
Your Health and Beauty, to make way for you,  
No Crime of his could put on such a Shape,  
But I should look with th' Eyes of Mercy on it.  
What would I give to see this Diamond  
In her perfect Lustre, as she was before  
The Clouds of Sicknes dim'd it. Yet, take Comfort,  
And, as you would obtain Remission for  
His Treachery to me, cheer your drooping Spirits,  
And call the Blood again into your Cheeks,  
And then plead for him. And in such a Habit  
As in your highest Hopes you would put on,  
If we were to receive you for our Bride.

Lydia. I'll do my best, Sir.

Coz. And that Best will be  
A Crown of all Felicity to me. [Exeunt.

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sanazarro above.

Sanaz. **T**IS prov'd in me, the Curse of human  
Frailty,

(Adding to our Afflictions) makes us know  
What's good; and yet our violent Passions force us  
To follow what is ill. Reason assur'd me  
It was not safe to shave a Lion's Skin;  
And that to trifle with a Sovereign, was  
To play with Lightning: Yet imperious Beauty,  
Treading upon the Neck of Understanding,  
Compell'd me to put off my natural Shape  
Of loyal Duty, to disguise myself.

In



In the adulterate and cobweb Masque  
 Of disobedient Treachery. Where is now  
 My borrow'd Greatness? or the promis'd Lives  
 Of following Courtiers echoing my Will?  
 In a Moment vanish'd. Power, that stands not on  
 Its proper Base, which is peculiar only  
 To absolute Princes, falls or rises, with  
 Their Frown or Favour. The Great Duke, my Master  
 (Who almost chang'd me to his other Self)  
 No sooner takes his Beams of Comfort from me,  
 But I, as one unknown, or unregarded,  
 Unpitied suffer! Who makes Intercession  
 To his Mercy for me, now? Who does remember  
 The Service I have done him? Not a Man;  
 And such as spake no Language, but my Lord,  
 The Favourite of *Tuscany's* Grand Duke,

[Looks backwards.]

Deride my Madness.—Ha! What Noise of Horses?  
 A goodly Troop! This back-part of my Prison  
 Allows me Liberty to see and know them.

*Contarino*! Yes, 'tis he; and *Lodovico*;  
 And the Dutchess *Fiorinda*, *Urbino's* Heir,  
 A Princess I have slighted; yet I wear  
 Her Favours. And, to teach me what I am,  
 She whom I scorn'd can only meditate for me.  
 This Way she makes, yet speak to her I dare not;  
 And how to make Suit to her, is a Task  
 Of as much Difficulty.—Yes, thou blessed Pledge

[Takes off the Ring, and writes on a Pane of Glass.]  
 Of her Affection, aid me. This supplies  
 The Want of Pen and Ink, and this of Paper.  
 It must be so; and I in my Petition  
 Concise and pithy.

*Enter Contarino, leading in Fiorinda, Alphonso, Lodovico, Hieronimo, Calaminta.*

*Fiorin.* 'Tis a goodly Pile, this.

*Hieron.* But better by the Owner.

*Alph.*

*Alph.* But most rich  
In the great States it covers.

*Fiorin.* The Duke's Pleasure  
Commands us hither.

*Contar.* Which was laid on us  
To attend you to it.

*Lodov.* Signior *Charomonte*,  
To see your Excellence his Guest, will think  
Himself most happy.

*Fiorin.* Tye my Shoe.—What's that?

*[The Pane thrown down.]*

A Pane thrown from the Window, no Wind stirring?

*Calam.* And at your Feet too fall'n; there's something  
writ on't.

*Contar.* Some Courtier, belike, would have it known  
He wore a Diamond.

*Calam.* Ha! it is directed  
To the Princess *Fiorinda*.

*Fiorin.* We will read it.

#### The Inscription.

*He, whom you pleas'd to favour, is cast down;  
Past hope of rising, by the Great Duke's Frown,  
If by your gracious Means, he cannot have  
A Pardon.—And, that got, he lives your Slave.*

#### The Subscription.

*Of Men the most distressed,*

*SANAZARRO.*

Of me the most belov'd, and I will save thee,  
Or perish with thee. Sure, thy Fault must be  
Of some prodigious Shape, if that my Prayers  
And humble Intercession to the Duke

*Enter Cozimo and Carolo.*

Prevail not with him.—Here he comes; Delay  
Shall not make less my Benefit.

*Coz.*

*Coz.* What we purpose  
 Shall know no Change, and therefore move me not.  
 We were made as Properties, and what we shall  
 Determine of 'em, cannot be call'd Rigour,  
 But noble Justice. When they prov'd disloyal,  
 They were cruel to themselves. The Prince, that pardons  
 The first Affront offer'd to Majesty,  
 Invites a second, rend'ring that Power  
 Subjects should tremble at, contemptible.  
 Ingratitude is a Monster, *Carolo*,  
 To be strangl'd in the Birth, not to be cherish'd.  
 Madam, you're happily met with.

*Fiorin.* Sir, I am  
 An humble Suitor to you; and the rather  
 Am confident of a Grant, in that your Grace,  
 When I made Choice to be at your Devotion,  
 Vow'd to deny me nothing.

*Coz.* To this Minute  
 We have confirm'd it. What's your Boon?

*Fiorin.* It is, Sir,  
 That you, in being gracious to your Servant,  
 The ne'er sufficiently prais'd *Sanazarro*,  
 (That now under your heavy Displeasure suffers)  
 Would be good unto yourself. His Services,  
 So many, and so great, (your Storm of Fury  
 Calm'd by your better Judgment) must inform you,  
 Some little Slip (for sure it is no more)  
 From his loyal Duty, with your Justice cannot  
 Make foul his fair Deservings. Great Sir, therefore,  
 Look backward on his former Worth, and, turning  
 Your Eye from his Offence (what 'tis I know not)  
 And, I am confident, you will receive him  
 Once more into your Favour.

*Coz.* You say well,  
 You're ignorant in the Nature of his Fault,  
 Which when you understand (as we'll instruct you)  
 Your Pity will appear a Charity  
 (It being confer'd on an unthankful Man)  
 To be repented. He's a Traytor, Madam,

To



To you, to us, to Gratitude ; and in that  
All Crimes are comprehended.

*Fiorin.* If his Offence  
Aim'd at me only, whatsoe'er it is,  
'Tis freely pardon'd.

*Coz.* This Compassion in you  
Must make the Colour of his Guilt more ugly.  
The Honours we have hourly heap'd upon him,  
The Titles, the Rewards, to th' Envy of  
The old Nobility, as the common People,  
We now forbear to touch at, and will only  
Insist on his gross Wrongs to you. You were pleas'd,  
Forgetting both yourself and proper Greatness,  
To favour him, nay, to court him to embrace  
A Happiness, which on his Knees with Joy  
He should have su'd for. Who repin'd not at  
The Grace you did him ? Yet in Recompence  
Of your large Bounties, the disloyal Wretch  
Makes you a Stale ; and what he might be by you  
Scorn'd and derided, gives himself up wholly  
To the Service of another. If you can  
Bear this with Patience, we must say you have not  
The Bitterness of Spleen, or ireful Passions  
Familiar to Women. Pause upon it,  
And when you seriously have weigh'd his Carriage,  
Move us again, if your Reason will allow it,  
His Treachery known. And then, if you continue  
An Advocate for him, we, perhaps, because  
We would deny you nothing, may awake  
Our sleeping Mercy. *Carolo!*

*Carolo.* My Lord.

[*They whisper.*]

*Fiorin.* To endure a Rival, that were equal to me,  
Cannot but speak my Poverty of Spirit ;  
But an Inferior, more : Yet true Love must not  
Know, or Degrees, or Distances. *Lydia* may be  
As far above me in her Form, as she  
Is in her Birth beneath me ; and what I  
In *Sanazarro* lik'd, he loves in her.  
But, if I free him now, the Benefit

Being done so timely, and confirming too  
 My Strength and Power, my Soul's best Faculties being  
 Bent wholly to preserve him must supply me  
 With all I am defective in, and bind him  
 My Creature ever. It must needs be so,  
 Nor will I give it o'er thus.

*Coz.* Does our Nephew  
 Bear his Restraint so constantly, as you  
 Deliver it to us?

*Carolo.* In my Judgment, Sir,  
 He suffers more for his Offence to you,  
 Than in his Fear of what can follow it.  
 For he is so collected and prepar'd  
 To welcome that you shall determine of him,  
 As if his Doubts and Fears were equal to him.  
 And sure he's not acquainted with much Guilt,  
 That more laments the telling one Untruth,  
 Under your Pardon still (for 'twas a Fault, Sir)  
 Than others, that pretend to Conscience, do  
 Their crying secret Sins.

*Coz.* No more; this Gloss  
 Defends not the Corruption of the Text,  
 Urge it no more. [*Carolo and the others whisper.*]

*Fiorin.* I once more must make bold, Sir,  
 To trench upon your Patience. I have  
 Consider'd my Wrongs duly: Yet that cannot  
 Divert my Intercession for a Man  
 Your Grace, like me, once favour'd. I am still  
 A Suppliant to you, that you would vouchsafe  
 The Hearing his Defence, and that I may  
 With your Allowance see, and comfort him.  
 Then, having heard all that he can allege  
 In his Excuse, for being false to you,  
 Censure him as you please.

*Coz.* You will o'ercome;  
 There's no contending with you. Pray you, enjoy  
 What you desire, and tell him, he shall have  
 A speedy Trial, in which we'll forbear  
 To sit a Judge, because our Purpose is  
 To rise up his Accuser.

*Fiorin.*

*Fiorin.* All Increase  
Of Happiness wait on *Cozimo*.

[*Exeunt Fiorinda and Calaminta.*]

*Alph.* Was it no more ?

*Carolo.* My Honour's pawn'd for it.

*Contar.* I'll second you.

*Lodov.* Since it is for the Service and the Safety  
O' th' hopeful Prince, fall what can fall, I'll run  
The desp'rate Hazard.

*Hieron.* He's no Friend to Virtue  
That does decline it.

*They all kneel.*

*Coz.* Ha ! what sue you for ?  
Shall we be ever troubled ? Do not tempt  
That Anger may consume you.

*Carolo.* Let it, Sir :

The Loss is less, though Innocents we perish,  
Than that your Sister's Son should fall unheard  
Under your Fury. Shall we fear t' entreat  
That Grace for him, that are your faithful Servants,  
Which you vouchsafe the Count, like us a Subject ?

*Coz.* Did not we vow, till Sickness had forsook  
Thy Daughter *Lydia*, and she appear'd  
In her perfect Health and Beauty to plead for him,  
We were deaf to all Persuasion ?

*Carolo.* And that Hope, Sir,  
Hath wrought a Miracle. She is recover'd,  
And, if you please to warrant her, will bring  
The penitent Prince before you.

*Coz.* To enjoy  
Such Happiness, what would we not dispense with ?

*Alph. Ludov. Hieron.* We all kneel for the Prince.

*Contar.* Nor can it stand  
With your Mercy, that are gracious to Strangers,  
To be cruel to your own.

*Coz.* But art thou certain  
I shall behold her at the best ?

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*Carolo.*



*Carolo.* If ever  
She was handsome, as it fits not me to say so,  
She is now much better'd.

*Coz.* Rise; thou art but dead  
If this prove otherwise. *Lydia*, appear,  
And feast an Appetite almost pin'd to Death  
With longing Expectation to behold  
Thy Excellencies: Thou, as Beauty's Queen,  
Shalt censure the Detractors. Let my Nephew  
Be led in Triumph under her Command;  
We'll have it so; and *Sanazarro* tremble  
To think whom he hath slander'd. We'll retire  
Ourselves a little, and prepare to meet  
A Blessing, which Imagination tells us  
We are not worthy of, and then come forth;  
But with such Reverence, as if I were  
(Myself the Priest, the Sacrifice my Heart)  
To offer at the Altar of that Goodness  
That must or kill or save me. [Exit Cozimo,

*Carolo.* Are not these  
Strange Gambols in the Duke?

*Alph.* Great Princes have,  
Like meaner Men, their Weakness.

*Lodov.* And may use it  
Without Controul or Check.

*Contar.* 'Tis fit they should;  
Their Privilege were less, else, than their Subjects.

*Hieron.* Let them have their Humours; there's no  
crossing 'em.

## S C E N E II.

*Fiorinda, Sanazarro, Calaminta.*

*Sanaz.* And can it be your Bounties should fall down  
In Showers on my Ingratitude? Or the Wrongs  
Your Greatness should revenge, teach you to pity?  
What Retribution can I make? what Service  
Pay to your Goodness, that, in some Proportion,

May

May to the World express, I would be thankful ?  
Since my Engagements are so great, that all  
My best Endeavours to appear your Creature  
Can but proclaim my Wants, and what I owe  
To your Magnificence.

*Fiorin.* All Debts are discharg'd  
In this Acknowledgment : Yet, since you please  
I shall impose some Terms of Satisfaction  
For that which you profess yourself oblig'd for,  
They shall be gentle ones, and such as will not,  
I hope, afflict you.

*Sanaz.* Make me understand,  
Great Princess, what they are, and my Obedience  
Shall, with all cheerful Willingness, subscribe  
To what you shall command.

*Fiorin.* I will bind you to  
Make good your Promise. First, I then injoin you  
To love a Lady, that a Noble Way  
Truly affects you, and that you would take  
To your Protection and Care the Dukedom  
Of *Urbino*, which no more is mine, but yours.  
And that, when you have full Possession of  
My Person, as my Fortunes, you would use me  
Not as a Princess, but instruct me in  
The Duties of an humble Wife, for such  
(The Privilege of my Birth no more remember'd)  
I will be to you. This consented to,  
All Injuries forgotten, on your Lips  
I thus sign your *Quietus*.

*Sanaz.* I am wretched,  
In having but one Life to be imploy'd  
As you please to dispose it : And, believe it,  
If it be not already forfeited  
To the Fury of my Prince, as 'tis your Gift,  
With all the Faculties of my Soul, I'll study,  
In what I may, to serve you.

*Fiorin.* I am happy.

*Enter Giovanni and Lydia.*

In this Assurance.—What

Sweet Lady's this?

*Sanaz.* 'Tis *Lydia* Madam, she——

*Fiorin.* I understand you.

Nay, blush not; by my Life she is a rare one!

And, if I were your Judge, I would not blame you,

To like and love her.—But, Sir, you are mine now.

And I presume so on your Constancy,

That I dare not be jealous.

*Sanaz.* All Thoughts of her

Are in your Goodness buried.

*Lydia.* Pray you, Sir,

Be comforted; your Innocence should not know

What 'tis to fear, and if you but look on

The Guards that you have in yourself, you cannot.

The Duke's your Uncle, Sir, and though a little

Incens'd against you, when he sees your Sorrow

He must be reconcil'd. What rugged *Tartar*,

Or *Canibal*, though bath'd in Human Gore,

But, looking on your Sweetness, would forget

His cruel Nature, and let fall his Weapon,

Though then aim'd at your Throat?

*Giov.* O *Lydia*,

Of Maids the Honour, and your Sexes Glory!

It is not Fear to die, but to lose you

That brings this Fever on me. I will now

Discover to you, that which, till this Minute,

I durst not trust the Air with. Ere you knew

What Power the Magick of your Beauty had,

I was enchanted by it, lik'd, and lov'd it,

My Fondness still encreasing with my Years.

And, flatter'd by false Hopes, I did attend

Some blessed Opportunity to move

The Duke, with his Consent to make you mine.

But now, such is my Star-cross'd Destiny,

When he beholds you as you are, he cannot

Deny



Deny himself the Happiness to enjoy you.  
 And I as well in Reason may entreat him  
 To give away his Crown, as to part from  
 A Jewel of more Value, such you are:  
 Yet, howsoever, when you are his Dutcheſs,  
 And I am turn'd into forgotten Duſt,  
 Pray you, love my Memory.—I ſhould ſay more,  
 But I'm cut off.

*Enter Cozimo, Carolo, Contarino, and others.*

*Sanaz.* The Duke? That Countenance, once,  
 When it was cloth'd in Smiles, ſhew'd like an Angel's,  
 But, now 'tis folded up in Clouds of Fury,  
 'Tis terrible to look on. [*The Duke admiring Lydia.*]

*Lydia.* Sir:

*Coz.* A while

Silence your muſical Tongue, and let me feaſt  
 My Eyes with the moſt raviſhing Object that  
 They ever gaz'd on. There's no Miniature  
 In her fair Face, but is a copious Theme  
 Which would (diſcourſ'd at large of) make a Volume.  
 What clear arch'd Brows? What ſparkling Eyes? The  
 Contending with the Roſes in her Cheeks, [*Lillies*  
 Who ſhall moſt ſet them off? What ruby Lips?  
 Or unto what can I compare her Neck,  
 But to a Rock of Chryſtal? Every Limb  
 Proportion'd to Love's Wiſh, and in their Neatneſs  
 Add Luſtre to the Riches of her Habit,  
 Not borrow from it.

*Lydia.* You are pleas'd to ſhew, Sir,  
 The Fluency of your Language, in advancing  
 A Subject much unworthy.

*Coz.* How unworthy?

By all the Vows which Lovers offer at  
 The *Cyprian* Goddeſs' Altars, Eloquence  
 Itſelf preſuming, as you are, to ſpeak you, [*then?*  
 Would be ſtruck dumb.—And what have you deſerv'd,  
 (Wretches, you kneel to late) that have endeavour'd

To spout the Poison of your black Detraction  
On this immaculate Whiteness? Was it Malice  
To her Perfections? Or——

*Fiorin.* Your Highness promis'd  
A gracious Hearing to the Count.

*Lydia.* And Prince too;  
Do not make void so just a Grant.

*Coz.* We will not;  
Yet, since their Accusation must be urg'd,  
And strongly, ere their weak Defence have Hearing,  
[Seats the Ladies.

We seat you here, as Judges, to determine  
Of your gross Wrongs and ours. And now, rememb'ring  
Whose Deputies you are, be neither sway'd,  
Or with particular Spleen, or foolish Pity;  
For neither can become you.

*Carolo.* There's some hope, yet,  
Since they have such gentle Judges.

*Coz.* Rise, and stand forth, then,  
And hear with horror to your guilty Souls  
What we will prove against you. Could this Princess  
(Thou Enemy to thyself!) stoop her high Flight  
Of tow'ring Greatness to invite thy Lowness  
To look up to it, and with nimble Wings  
Of Gratitude, couldst thou forbear to meet it?  
Were her Favours boundless in a noble Way,  
And warranted by our Allowance, yet  
In thy Acceptation there appear'd no Sign  
Of a modest Thankfulness?

*Fiorin.* Pray you, forbear  
To press that farther; 'tis a Fault we have  
Already heard, and pardon'd.

*Coz.* We will then  
Pass over it, and briefly touch at that  
Which does concern ourself; in which both being  
Equal Offenders, what we shall speak, points  
Indifferently at either. How we rais'd thee,  
Forgetful *Sanazarro* of our Grace,  
To a full Possession of Power and Honours,

It being too well known, we'll not remember.  
 And what thou wert (rash Youth) in Expectation  
 (And from which headlong thou hast thrown thyself)  
 Not *Florence*, but all *Tuscany* can witness  
 With Admiration. To assure thy Hopes,  
 We did keep constant to a widowed Bed,  
 And did deny ourself those lawful Pleasures,  
 Our absolute Power and Height of Blood allow'd us.  
 Made both, the Keys that open'd our Heart's Secrets,  
 And what you spake, believ'd as Oracles.  
 But you, in Recompence of this, to him  
 That gave you all, to whom you ow'd your Being,  
 With treach'rous Lies endeavour'd to conceal  
 This Jewel from our Knowledge, which ourself  
 Could only lay just Claim too.

*Giov.* 'Tis most true, Sir.

*Sanaz.* We both confess a guilty Cause.

*Coz.* Look on her;

Is this a Beauty fit to be embrac'd  
 By any Subject's Arms? Can any Tire  
 Become that Forehead, but a Diadem?  
 Or, should we grant your being false to us  
 Could be excus'd, your Treachery to her  
 In seeking to deprive her of that Greatness  
 (Her matchless Form consider'd) she was born too,  
 Must ne'er find Pardon? We have spoken, Ladies,  
 Like a rough Orator, that brings more Truth  
 Than Rhetorick to make good his Accusation,  
 And now expect your Sentence.

[*The Ladies descend from the State.*]

*Lydia.* In your Birth, Sir,  
 You were mark'd out the Judge of Life and Death,  
 And we, that are your Subjects to attend  
 With trembling Fear your Doom.

*Fiorin.* We do resign  
 This Chair as only proper to yourself

*Giov.* And, since in Justice we are lost, we fly  
 Unto your saving Mercy. [*All kneeling.*]

*Sanaz.* Which sets off



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A Prince much more then Rigour.

*Carolo.* And becomes him

When 'tis express'd to such as fell by Weakness  
(That being a twin-born Brother to Affection)  
Better then Wreaths of Conquest.

*Hieron. Lodov. Contar. Alph.* We all speak  
Their Language, mighty Sir.

*Coz.* You know our Temper,  
And therefore with more Boldness venture on it ;  
And, would not our Consent to your Demands  
Deprive us of a Happiness hereafter  
Ever to be despair'd of, we, perhaps,  
Might hearken nearer to you, and could wish  
With some Qualification or Excuse  
You might make less the Mountains of your Crimes,  
And so invite our Clemency to feast with you.  
But you that knew with what Impatience  
Of Grief we parted from the fair *Clarinda*,  
Our Dutchess (let her Memory still be sacred !)  
And with what Imprecations on ourself  
We vow'd, not hoping e'er to see her equal,  
Ne'er to make trial of a second Choice,  
If Nature fram'd not one that did excel her,  
(As this Maid's Beauty prompts us that she does)  
And yet, with Oaths then mix'd with Tears, upon  
Her Monument we swore our Eye should never  
Again be tempted, 'tis true, and those Vows  
Are register'd above, something here tells me:  
*Carolo*, thou heardst us swear.

*Carolo.* And swear so deeply,  
That if all Women's Beauties were in this  
(As she's not to be nam'd with the dead Dutchess)  
Nay, all their Virtues bound up in one Story  
(Of which mine is scarce an Epitome)  
If you should take her as a Wife, the Weight  
Of your Perjuries would sink you. If I durst,  
I had told you this before.

*Coz.* 'Tis strong Truth, *Carolo* :  
And yet, what was Necessity in us

Cannot

Cannot free them from Treason.

*Carolo.* There's your Error.

The Prince, in Care to have you keep your Vows  
Made unto Heav'n, vouchsafed to love my Daughter.

*Lydia.* He told me so, indeed, Sir.

*Fiorin.* And the Count  
Aver'd as much to me.

*Coz.* You all conspire  
To force our Mercy from us.

*Carolo.* Which giv'n up  
To after-times, preserves you unforsworn,  
An Honour, which will live upon your Tomb,  
When your Greatness is forgotten.

*Coz.* Though we know  
All this is Practice, and that both are false,  
Such Reverence we will pay to dead *Clarinda*,  
And to our serious Oaths, that we are pleas'd  
With our own Hand to blind our Eyes, and not  
Know what we understand. Here, *Giovanni*,  
We pardon thee, and take from us in this,  
More then our Dukedom: love her. As I part  
With her, all Thoughts of Women fly fast from us.  
*Sanazarro*, we forgive you: In your Service  
To this Princess merit it. Yet, let not others  
That are in Trust and Grace, as you have been,  
By the Example of our Lenity,  
Presume upon their Sovereign's Clemency. [*A Shout.*]

*Enter Calandrino, Petronella.*

*All.* Long live great *Cozimo*!

*Caland.* Sure the Duke is  
In the giving Vein they are so loud. Come on, Spouse,  
We have heard all, and we will have our Boon too.

*Coz.* What is't?

*Caland.* That your Grace, in Remembrance of  
My Share in a Dance, and that I play'd your Part  
When you should have drunk hard, would get this Sig-  
To give this Damsel to me in the Church, [nior's grant  
For

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For we are contracted.—In it you shall do  
Your Dukedom Pleasure.

*Coz.* How?

*Caland.* Why the whole Race  
Of such as can act naturally Fools Parts,  
Are quite worn out, and they that do survive,  
Do only zanie us; and we will bring you,  
If we die not without Issue, of both Sexes  
Such chopping Mirth-makers, as shall preserve  
Perpetual Cause of Sport, both to your Grace  
And your Posterity, that sad Melancholly  
Shall never approach you.

*Coz.* We are pleas'd in it,  
And will pay her Portion. May the Passage prove  
Of what's presented, worthy of your Love,  
And Favour, as was aim'd; and we have all  
That can in compass of our Wishes fall.

The E N D.



etXx5\*etXx5etXx5\*etXx5\*etXx5\*etXx5etXx5

THE  
UNNATURAL COMBAT.  
A  
T R A G E D Y.

As it was presented by the King's Majesty's Servants,  
at the *Globe*. 1639.

WRITTEN  
By PHILIP MASSINGER.

G5W20\*G5W20\*G5W20\*G5W20\*G5W20G5W20\*G5W20

THE  
UNNATURAL COMBAT.

A  
TRAGEDY.

As it was presented by the King's Majesty's servants,  
at the Globe, 1639.

WRITTEN  
BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

To my much Honoured Friend,  
**ANTHONY SENTLIGER,**  
 Of Oakham in KENT, Esq;

S I R,

*HAT* the Patronage of Trifles, in this Kind, bath long since render'd Dedications, and Incriptions obsolete, and out of Fashion, I perfectly understand, and cannot but ingenuously confess, that I walking in the same Path; may be truly argued by you of Weakness, or wilful Error: But the Reasons and Defences, for the Tender of my Service this Way to you, are so just, that I cannot (in my Thankfulness for so many Favours received) but be ambitious to publish them. Your noble Father, Sir Warham Sendliger (whose remarkable Virtues must be ever remembred) being, while he lived, a Master, for his Pleasure, in Poetry, feared not to hold converse with divers, whose necessitous Fortunes made it their Profession, among which, by the Clemency of his Judgment, I was not in the last Place admitted. You (the Heir of his Honour and Estate) inherited his good Inclinations to Men of my poor Quality, of which I cannot give any ampler Testimony, than by my free and glad Profession of it to the World. Besides, (and it was not the least Encouragement to me) many of Eminence, and the best of such, who disdained not to take Notice of me, have not thought themselves disparaged, I dare not say honoured, to be celebrated the Patrons of my humble Studies. In the first File of which, I am confident, you shall have no Cause to blush, to find your Name written. I present you with this old Tragedy, without Prologue or Epilogue, it being composed in a Time (and that too, peradventure, as knowing as this) when such by Ornaments, were not advanced above the Fabrick of the whole Work. Accept it I beseech you, as it is, and continue your Favour to the Author.

Your Servant,  
**PHILIP MASSINGER.**  
 Dramatis



## Dramatis Personæ.

BEAUFORT Senior, Governor of *Marseilles*.

BEAUFORT Junior, his Son.

MALEFORT Senior, Admiral of *Marseilles*.

MALEFORT Junior, his Son.

CHAMONT,

MONTAIGN, } Assistants to the Governor.

LANOUR,

MONTREVILE, a pretended Friend to *Malefort* Senior.

BELGARD, a poor Captain.

Three Sea Captains of the Navy of *Malefort* Junior.

Servants.

Soldiers.

THEOCRINE, Daughter to *Malefort* Senior.

Two Waiting-Women.

Usher.

Bawd.

Page.

Two Wenches.

The SCENE MARSEILLES.

THE



THE  
UNNATURAL COMBAT.  
A  
TRAGEDY.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Montrevile, Theocrine, Usher, Page, Waiting Women.*

Montrevile.

OW to be modest, Madam, when you are  
N A Suitor for your Father, would appear  
Coarser than Boldness ; you awhile must part  
With soft Silence, and the Blushings of a Vir-  
gin.

Though I must grant, did not this Cause command it,  
They are rich Jewels you have ever worn  
To all Men's Admiration, in this Age.

If by our own forc'd Importunity,  
Or others purchas'd Intercession, or  
Corrupting Bribes, we can make our Approaches  
To Justice, guarded, from us by stern Power,  
We bless the Means and Industry.

*Usher.* Here's Musick

In this Bag shall wake her, tho' she had drunk Opium,  
Or eaten Mandrakes. Let Commanders talk  
Of Cannons to make Breaches, give but Fire

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To this Petard, it shall blow open, Madam,  
Th' Iron Doors of a Judge, and make you Entrance;  
When they (let them do what they can) with all  
Their Mines, their Culverins, and Basilisco's,  
Shall cool their Feet without, this being the Picklock  
That never fails.

*Mont.* 'Tis true, Gold can do much,  
But Beauty more. Were I the Governor,  
Though the Admiral, your Father, stood convicted  
Of what he's only doubted, half a Dozen  
Of sweet close Kisses from these Cherry Lips,  
With some short active Conference in private,  
Should sign his general Pardon.

*Theoc.* These light Words, Sir,  
Do ill become the Weight of my sad Fortune;  
And I much wonder you, that do profess  
Yourself to be my Father's bosom Friend,  
Can raise Mirth from his Misery.

*Mont.* You mistake me;  
I share in his Calamity, and only  
Deliver my Thoughts freely, what I should do  
For such a rare Petitioner; and if  
You'll follow the Directions I prescribe  
With my best Judgment, I'll mark out the Way  
For his Enlargement.

*Theoc.* With all real Joy  
I shall put what you counsel into Act,  
Provided it be honest.

*Mont.* Honesty  
In a fair She Client (trust to my Experience)  
Seldom or never prospers; the World's wicked:  
We are Men, not Saints, sweet Lady; you must practice  
The Manners of the Time, if you intend  
To have Favour from it. Do not deceive yourself  
By building too much on the false Foundations  
Of Chastity and Virtue. Bid your Waiters  
Stand farther off, and I'll come nearer to you.

*1 Wom.* Some wicked Counsel, on my Life.

*2 Wom.* Ne'er doubt it,  
If it proceed from him.

*Usher,*



*Page.* I wonder that  
My Lord so much affects him.

*Usher.* Thou art a Child; and dost not understand  
on what strong Basis this Friendship's rais'd, between  
this *Montrevile* and our Lord Monsieur *Malefort*, but  
I'll teach thee: From thy Years they have been joint  
Purchasers, in Furs; and Water-Works, and truck'd  
together.

*Page.* In Fire and Water-works?

*Usher.* Commodities, Boy,  
Which you may know hereafter.

*Page.* And deal in 'em  
When the Trade has given you over, as appears  
By the Increase of your high Forehead.

*Usher.* Here's a Crack!  
I think they suck this Knowledge in their Milk.

*Page.* I had an ignorant Nurse else. I have ty'd, Sir,  
My Lady's Garter, and can guess.

*Usher.* Peace, Infant; [Theocrina falls off.  
Tales out o' School, take heed, you will be breech'd else]

1 *Wom.* My Lady's Colour changes.

2 *Wom.* She falls off too.

*Theoc.* You are a naughty Man, indeed you are;  
And I will sooner perish with my Father,  
Than at this Price redeem him.

*Mont.* Take your own Way,  
Your modest legal Way; 'tis not your Veil,  
Nor Mourning Habit, nor these Creatures taught  
To howl, and cry, when you begin to whimper;  
Nor following my Lord's Coach in the Dirt,  
Nor that which you rely upon, a Bribe,  
Will do it, when there's something he likes better,  
These Courses in an old Crone of Threescore,  
That had seven Years together tir'd the Court  
With tedious Petitions and Clamours,  
For the Recovery of a strangling Husband,  
To pay, forsooth, the Duties of one to her;  
But for a Lady of your tempting Beauties,  
Your Youth, and ravishing Features, to hope only

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In such a Suit as this is, to gain Favour  
Without Exchange of Courtesy, you conceive me,

*Enter Beaufort jun. and Belgard.*

Were Madness at the Height. Here's brave young  
*Beaufort,*

The Meteor of *Marseilles*; one that holds  
The Governor his Father's Will and Power  
In more Awe than his own. Come, come, advance,  
Present your Bag cram'd with Crowns of the Sun,  
Do you think he cares for Money? He loves Pleasure.  
Burn your Petition; burn it: He doats on you,  
Upon my Knowledge: To his Cabinet, do.  
And he will point you out a certain Course,  
Be the Cause right or wrong, to have your Father  
Releas'd with much Facility. [*Exit Montrevile.*]

*Theoc.* Do you hear?

Take a Pander with you.

*Beauf. jun.* I tell thee there is neither  
Employment yet, nor Money.

*Belg.* I have commanded  
And spent my own Means in my Country's Service;  
In Hopes to raise a Fortune.

*Beauf. jun.* Many have hop'd so,  
But Hopes prove seldom Certainties with Soldiers.

*Belg.* If no Preferment, let me but receive  
My Pay that is behind, to set me up  
A Tavern, or a Vaulting House; while Men love  
Or Drunkenness, or Lechery, they'll ne'er fail me:  
Shall I have that?

*Beauf. jun.* As our Prizes are brought in.  
Till then you must be patient.

*Belg.* In the mean Time,  
How shall I do for Cloaths?

*Beauf. jun.* As most Captains do,  
Philosopher like, carry all you have about you.

*Belg.* But how shall I do to satisfy *Calon*, Monsieur?  
There lies the Doubt.

*Beauf.*

*Beauf. jun.* That's easily decided ;  
My Father's Table's free for any Man  
That hath borne Arms.

*Belg.* And there's good Store of Meat ?

*Beauf. jun.* Never fear that.

*Belg.* I'll seek no other Ordinary then,  
But be his daily Guest without Invitement :  
And if my Stomach hold, I'll feed so heartily  
As he shall pay me suddenly to be quit of me.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis she.

*Belg.* And further —

*Beauf. jun.* Away, you are troublesome,  
Designs of more Weight.

*Belg.* Ha ! fair *Theocrine* !

Nay, if a Velvet Petticoat move in the Front,  
Buff Jerkins must to the Rear : I know my Manners ;  
This is indeed great Business, mine a Gewgaw.  
I may dance Attendance, this must be dispatch'd,  
And suddenly, or all will go to Wreck.

Charge her home in the Flank, my Lord : Nay, I am  
gone, Sir. [Exit Belgard.

*Beauf. jun.* Nay, pray you, Madam, rise, or I'll kneel  
with you. [man.

*Page.* I would bring you on your Knees, were I a Wo-

*Beauf. jun.* What is it can deserve so poor a Name,  
As a Suit to me ? This more than mortal Form  
Was fashion'd to command, and not intreat :  
Your Will but known is serv'd.

*Theoc.* Great Sir ! my Father,  
My brave deserving Father ; but that Sorrow  
Forbids the Use of Speech.

*Beauf. jun.* I understand you,  
Without the Aids of those Interpreters  
That fall from your fair Eyes : I know you labour  
The Liberty of your Father ; at the least,  
An equal Hearing to acquit himself :  
And, 'tis not to endear my Service to you,  
Tho' I must add, and pray you with Patience hear it,  
'Tis hard to be effected, in Respect



The State's incens'd against him : All presuming  
 The World of Outrages his impious Son,  
 Turn'd worse than Pirate in his Cruelties  
 Express'd to this poor Country, could not be  
 With such Ease put in Execution, if  
 Your Father (of late our great Admiral)  
 Held not or Correspondence, or conniv'd  
 At his Proceedings.

*Theoc.* And must he then suffer,  
 His Cause unheard ?

*Beauf. jun.* As yet it is resolv'd so,  
 In their Determination. But suppose,  
 For I would nourish Hope, not kill it in you,  
 I should divert the Torrent of their Purpose,  
 And render them that are implacable,  
 Impartial Judges, and not sway'd with Speen ;  
 Will you, I dare not say in Recompence,  
 For that includes a Debt you cannot owe me,  
 But in your liberal Bounty, in my Suit  
 To you, be gracious ?

*Theoc.* You entreat of me, Sir,  
 What I should offer to you, with Confession  
 That you much undervalue your own Worth,  
 Should you receive me. Since there come with you  
 Not lustful Fires, but fair and lawful Flames,  
 But I must be excus'd, 'tis now no Time  
 For me to think of Hymenæal Joys.  
 Can he (and pray you, Sir, consider it)  
 That gave me Life, and Faculties to Love,  
 Be, as he is now ready to be devour'd  
 By ravenous Wolves, and at that Instant, I  
 But entertain a Thought of those Delights,  
 In which perhaps my Ardour meets with yours ?  
 Duty and Piety forbid it, Sir.

*Beauf. jun.* But this effected, and your Father free,  
 What is your Answer ?

*Theoc.* Every Minute to me  
 Will be a tedious Age till our Embraces  
 Are warrantable to the World.

*Beauf.*

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*Beauf. jun.* I urge no more:  
Confirm it with a Kifs.

*Theoc.* I doubly seal it.

*Usher.* This would do better a-bed, the Business ended;  
They 'ere the loving'st Couple——

*Enter Beaufort, sen. the Governor. Montaigne,  
Chamont, Lanour.*

*Beauf. jun.* Here comes my Father  
With the Council of War: Deliver your Petition,  
And leave the rest to me.

*Beauf. sen.* I am sorry, Lady,  
Your Father's Guilt compels your Innocence  
To ask what I in Justice must deny.

*Beauf. jun.* For my Sake, Sir, pray you receive,  
and read it.

*Beauf. sen.* Thou foolish Boy, I can deny thee nothing.

*Beauf. jun.* Thus far we are happy. Madam, quit the  
You shall hear how we succeed. [Place,

*Theoc.* Goodness reward you.

[*Exeunt Theocrine, Usher, Page, Women.*

*Mont.* It is apparent, and we stay too long  
To censure *Malefort* as he deserves.

*Cham.* There is no Colour of Reason that makes for  
Had he discharg'd the Trust committed to him, [him:  
With that Experience and Fidelity  
He practis'd heretofore, it could not be  
Our Navy should be block'd up, and in our Sight  
Our Goods made Prize, our Sailors sold for Slaves,  
By his prodigious Issue.

*Lan.* I much grieve,  
After so many brave and high Atchievements,  
He should in one Ill forfeit all the Good  
He ever did his Country.

*Beauf. sen.* Well, 'tis granted.

*Beauf. jun.* I humbly thank you, Sir.

*Beauf. sen.* He shall have Hearing,

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His Irons too struck off, bring him before us,  
But seek no farther Favour.

*Beauf. jun.* Sir, I dare not.

[*Exit Beauf. jun.*]

*Bauf. sen.* Monsieur *Chamont*, *Montaigne*, *Lanour*,  
Assistants

By a Commission from the most Christian King  
In punishing, or freeing *Malefort*,  
Our late great Admiral: Tho' I know you need not  
Instructions from me, how to dispose of  
Yourselfes in this Man's Trial (that exacts  
Your clearest Judgments) give me Leave with Favour  
To offer my Opinion: We are to hear him,  
A little looking back on his fair Actions,  
Loyal, and true Demeanour; not as now  
By the general Voice, already he's condemn'd.  
But if we find, as most believe, he hath held  
Intelligence with his accursed Son,  
Fall'n off from all Allegiance, and turn'd  
(But for what Cause we know not) the most bloody  
And fatal Enemy, this Country ever  
Repented to have brought forth; all Compassion  
Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd,  
We sit engag'd to censure him with all  
Extremity and Rigour.

*Cham.* Your Lordship shews us  
A Path which we will tread in.

*Lan.* He that leaves  
To follow, as you lead, will lose himself.

*Monta.* I'll not be singular.

*Enter Beaufort jun.* *Montreville*, *Malefort sen.* *Bel-*  
*gard, Officers.*

*Beauf. sen.* He comes, but with  
A strange distracted Look.

*Malef. sen.* Live I once more  
To see these Hands and Arms free, these, that often  
In the most dreadful Horror of a Fight,  
Have been as Sea-marks to teach such as were

Seconds



Seconds in my Attempts, to steer between  
 The Rocks of too much daring, and pale Fear,  
 To reach the Port of Victory? When my Sword,  
 Advanc'd thus, to my Enemies appear'd  
 A hairy Comet, threat'ning Death and Ruin  
 To such as durst behold it. These the Legs,  
 That when our Ships were grappl'd, carried me  
 With such swift Motion from Deck to Deck,  
 As they that saw it, with Amazement cry'd,  
 He does not run, but flies.

*Monta.* He still retains  
 The Greatness of his Spirit.

*Malef. sen.* Now cramped with Irons,  
 Hunger and Cold, they hardly do support me.  
 But I forget myself. O my good Lords,  
 That sit there as Judges to determine  
 The Life and Death of *Malefort*, where are now  
 Those Shouts, those chearful Looks, those loud Applauses  
 With which, when I return'd loaden with Spoil,  
 You entertain'd your Admiral? All's forgotten,  
 And I stand here to give Account for that  
 Of which I am as free and innocent  
 As he that never saw the Eye of him  
 For whom I stand suspected.

*Beauf. sen.* Monsieur *Malefort*,  
 Let not your Passion so far transport you,  
 As to believe from any private Malice,  
 Or Envy to your Person, you are question'd;  
 Nor do the Suppositions want Weight,  
 That do invite us to a strong Assurance.—  
 Your Son.—

*Malef. sen.* My Shame.

*Beauf. sen.* Pray you hear with Patience.—Never  
 Without Assistance or sure Aids from you,  
 Could, with the Pirates of *Algiers* and *Tunis*,  
 E'en those that you had almost twice defeated,  
 Acquire such Credit, as with them to be  
 Made Absolute Commander? (pray you observe me)  
 If there had not some Contract pass'd between you,  
 That

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That when Occasion serv'd you would join with 'em  
To the Ruin of *Marseilles*?

*Monta.* More, what urg'd  
Your Son to turn Apostate?

*Cham.* Had he from  
The State, or Governor, the least Neglect  
Which Envy could interpret for a Wrong?

*Lan.* Or, if you slept not in your Charge, how could  
So many Ships as do infest our Coast  
And have in our own Harbour shut our Navy,  
Come in unfought with?

*Beauf. jun.* They put him hardly to it.

*Malef. sen.* My Lords, with as much Brevity as I can,  
I'll answer each particular Objection  
With which you charge me. The main Ground, on which  
You raise the Building of your Accusation,  
Hath Reference to my Son: Should I now curse him,  
Or wish, in th' Agony of my troubled Soul,  
Light'ning had found him in his Mother's Womb,  
You'll say, 'tis from the Purpose; and I therefore  
Betake him to the Devil, and so leave him.  
Did never loyal Father but myself  
Beget a treacherous Issue? Was't in me  
With as much Ease to fashion up his Mind,  
As in his Generation to form  
The Organs of his Body, must it follow,  
Because that he is impious, I am false?  
I would not boast my Actions, yet 'tis lawfull  
To upbraid my Benefits to unthankful Men.  
Who sunk the *Turkish* Gallies in the Streights,  
But *Malefort*? Who rescu'd the *French* Merchants,  
When they were boarded, and stowed under Hatches  
By the Pirates of *Algiers*, when every Minute  
They did expect to be chain'd to the Oar,  
But your now doubted Admiral? Then you fill'd  
The Air with shouts of Joy, and did proclaim  
When Hope had left them, and Grim-look'd Despair  
Hover'd with sail-stretch'd Wings over their Heads,  
To me, as to the *Neptune* of the Sea,

They

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They ow'd the Restitution of their Goods,  
 Their Lives, their Liberties. O can it then  
 Be probable, my Lords, that he that never  
 Became the Master of a Pirate's Ship,  
 But at the Main-yard hung the Captain up,  
 And caused the Rest to be thrown over-board,  
 Should after all these Proofs of deadly Hate,  
 So oft expressed against 'em, entertain  
 A Thought of Quarter with 'em, but much less  
 (To the Perpetual Ruin of my Glories)  
 To join with them to lift a wicked Arm  
 Against my Mother Country, this *Marseilles*,  
 Which with my Prodigal Expence of Blood  
 I have so oft protected.

*Beauf. sen.* What you have done  
 Is granted and applauded; but yet know  
 This glorious Relation of your Actions  
 Must not so blind our Judgments, as to suffer  
 This most unnatural Crime you stand accus'd of,  
 To pass unquestion'd.

*Cham.* No, you must produce  
 Reasons of more Validity and Weight,  
 To plead in your Defence, or we shall hardly  
 Conclude you Innocent.

*Monta.* The large Volume of  
 Your former worthy Deeds, with your Experience,  
 Both what, and when to do, but makes against you.

*Lan.* For had your Care and Courage been the same  
 As heretofore, the Dangers we are plung'd in  
 Had been with Ease prevented.

*Malef. sen.* What have I  
 Omitted in the Power of Flesh and Blood,  
 Even in the Birth to strangle the Designs  
 Of this Hell-bred Wolf my Son? Alas! my Lords,  
 I am no God, nor like him could foresee  
 His cruel Thoughts, and cursed Purposes;  
 Nor would the Sun at my Command forbear  
 To make his Progress to the other World,  
 Affording to us one continued Light,

Nor



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Nor could my Breath disperse those foggy Mists  
Covered with which, and Darkness of the Night,  
Their Navy undiscern'd, without Resistance  
Beset our Harbour. Make not that my Fault,  
Which you in Justice must ascribe to Fortune.  
But if that nor my former Acts, nor what  
I have deliver'd, can prevail with you  
To make good my Integrity and Truth;  
Rip up this Bosom, and pluck out the Heart  
That hath been ever Loyal. [*A Trumpet within.*

*Beauf. sen.* How! a Trumpet! [*Montrevile goes off.*  
Enquire the Cause.

*Malef. sen.* Thou Searcher of Men's Hearts,  
And sure Defender of the Innocent,  
(My other crying Sins—awhile not look'd on)  
If I in this am Guilty, strike me Dead,  
Or by some unexpected Means confirm,  
I am accus'd unjustly.

*Enter Montrevile and a Sea Captain.*

*Beauf. sen.* Speak the Motives  
That brings thee hither.

*Capt.* From our Admiral thus :  
He does salute you fairly, and desires  
It may be understood no publick Hate,  
Hath brought him to *Marseilles* ; nor seeks he  
The Ruin of his Country, but aims only  
To wreak a private Wrong; and if from you  
He may have Leave and Liberty to decide it  
In a single Combat, he'll give up good Pledges :  
If he fall in the Trial of his Right,  
We shall weigh Anchor and no more molest  
This Town with hostile Arms.

*Beauf. sen.* Speak to the Man,  
(If in this Presence he appear to you)  
To whom you bring this Challenge.

*Capt.* 'Tis to you.

*Beauf. sen.* His Father!

*Mont.*

*Mont.* Can it be!

*Beauf. jun.* Strange and Prodigious. [Thunder,

*Malef. sen.* Thou seest I stand unmov'd; were thy Voice  
It should not shake me; say what would the Viper?

*Capt.* The Reverence a Father's Name may Challenge,  
And Duty of a Son, no more remember'd  
He does defy thee to the Death.

*Malef. sen.* Go on.

*Capt.* And with his Sword well prove it on thy Head,  
Thou art a Murderer, an Atheist,  
And that all Attributes of Men turn'd Furies  
Cannot express thee; this he will make good  
If thou dar'st give him Meeting.

*Malef. sen.* Dare I live,  
Dare I, when Mountains of my Sin o'erwhelm me,  
At my last Gasp ask for Mercy? How I bless  
Thy coming, Captain, never Man to me  
Arriv'd so opportunely; and thy Message,  
However it may seem to threaten Death,  
Does yield to me a second Life in curing  
My wounded Honour. Stand I yet suspected  
As a Confederate with this Enemy,  
Whom of all Men, against all Ties of Nature  
He marks out for Destruction? You are Just  
Immortal Powers, and in this Merciful,  
And it takes from my Sorrow, and my Shame  
For being the Father to so bad a Son,  
In that you are pleased to offer up the Monster  
To my Correction. Blush and Repent  
As you are bound my Honourable Lords  
Your ill Opinions of me. Not great *Brutus*  
The Father of the *Roman* Liberty,  
With more assured Constancy beheld  
His traitor Sons, for labouring to call home  
The banish'd *Tarquins*, scourg'd with Rods to Death,  
Then I will shew, when I take back the Life  
This Prodigy of Mankind received from me.

*Beauf. sen.* We are sorry Monsieur *Malefort* for our  
And are much taken with your Resolution; [Error;  
But

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But the Disparity of Years and Strength,  
Between you, and your Son duly considered  
We would not so expose you.

*Malef. sen.* Then you kill me  
Under pretence to save me. O my Lords  
As you love Honour, and a wrong'd Man's Fame,  
Deny me not this fair and noble Means  
To make me right again to all the World.  
Should any other but myself be chosen  
To punish this Apostate Son with Death,  
You rob a wretched Father of a Justice  
That to all after Times will be Recorded.  
I wish his Strength were Centuple, his Skill equal  
To my Experience, that in his Fall  
He may not shame my Victory. I feel  
The Powers and Spirits of Twenty strong Men in me.  
Were he with Wild Fire circl'd, I undaunted  
Would make Way to him. As you do affect, Sir,  
My Daughter *Theocrine*, as you are  
My true and ancient Friend, as thou art Valiant,  
And as all love a Soldier, second me

[*They all sue to the Governor.*]

In this my just Petition. In your Looks  
I see a grant my Lord.

*Beauf. sen.* You shall o'erbear me,  
And since you are so confident in your Cause,  
Prepare you for the Combat.

*Malef. sen.* With more Joy  
Then yet I ever tasted; by the next Sun,  
The disobedient Rebell shall hear from me  
And so return in Safety, my good Lords,  
To all my Service. I will Die or Purchase  
Rest to *Marseilles*, nor can I make doubt,  
But his Impiety is a potent Charm,  
To Edge my Sword and add Strength to my Arm.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The End of the First Act.*





ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Three Sea Captains.*

2 Capt. **H**E did accept the Challenge then?

1. Capt. Nay more,  
Was overjoy'd in it; and as it had been  
A fair Invitement to a solemn Feast,  
And not a Combat to conclude with Death,  
He chearfully embraced it.

3. Capt. Are the Articles  
Sign'd too on both Parts?

1 Capt. At the Father's Suit,  
With much Unwillingness the Governor  
Consented to 'em.

2 Capt. You are inward with  
Our Admiral; could you yet never learn  
What the Nature of the Quarrel is, that renders  
The Son, more then incens'd, implacable  
Against the Father?

1 Capt. Never; yet I have  
As far as Manners would give Warrant to it,  
With my best Curiousness of Care observ'd him.  
I have sat with him in his Cabbin a Day together,<sup>\*</sup>  
Yet not a Syllable exchang'd between us.  
Sigh he did often, as if inward Grief  
And Melancholy at that Instant would  
Choke up his vital Spirits, and now and then  
A Tear or two, as in Derision of  
The Toughness of his Rugged Temper would  
Fall on his hallow Cheeks, which but once felt,  
A sudden Flash of Fury did dry up,  
And laying then his Hand upon his Sword,

<sup>\*</sup> *I have sat with him in his Cabbin, &c.*

This beautiful Passage expressing concealed Resentment, deserves  
to be remarked by every Reader of Taste and Judgment.

He

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He would Murmur, but yet so as I oft heard him,  
 " We shall meet, cruel Father, yes, we shall,  
 " When I'll exact for every Womanish Drop  
 " Of Sorrow from these Eyes, a strict Aecount  
 " Of much more from thy Heart."

2 *Capt.* 'Tis wond'rous Strange.

3 *Capt.* And past my Apprehension.

1 *Capt.* Yet what makes

The Miracle greater, when from the Main-Top  
 A Sail's descry'd, all Thoughts that do concern  
 Himself laid by, no Lion pinch'd with Hunger,  
 Rouzes himself more fiercely from his Den,  
 Than he comes on the Deck, and there how wisely  
 He gives Directions, and how stout he is  
 In his Executions, we to Admiration,  
 Have been Eye-witnesses; yet he never minds  
 The Booty when 'tis made ours, but as if  
 The Danger, in the Purchase of the Prey  
 Delighted him much more then the Reward,  
 His Will made known, he does retire himself  
 To his private Contemplation, no Joy  
 Express'd by him for Victory.

*Enter Malefort Junior.*

2 *Capt.* Here he comes  
 But with more chearful Looks then ever yet  
 I saw him wear.

*Malef. jun.* It was long since resolv'd on  
 Nor must I stagger now: May the Cause  
 That forces me to this unnatural Act,  
 Be buried in Everlasting Silence,  
 And I find Rest in Death, or my Revenge;  
 To either I stand equal. Pray you, Gentlemen,  
 Be Charitable in your Censures of me,  
 And do not entertain a false Belief  
 That I am Mad, for undertaking that  
 Which must be, when Effect'd, still repented.  
 It adds to my Calamity that I have

Discourse

Discourse and Reason, and but too well know  
 I can nor live, nor end a wretched Life,  
 But both Ways I am impious. Do not therefore  
 Ascribe the Perturbation of my Soul  
 To a servile Fear of Death : I oft have view'd  
 All Kinds of his inevitable Darts,  
 Nor are they terrible. Were I condemn'd to leap  
 From the cloud-cover'd Brows of a steep Rock  
 Into the Deep ; or, *Curtius* like, to fill up,  
 For my Country's Safety, and an After-Name,  
 A bottomless Abyfs, or charge through Fire,  
 It could not so much shake me, as th' Encounter  
 Of this Day's single Enemy.

*i Capt.* If you please, Sir,  
 You may shun it, or defer it.

*Malef. jun.* Not for the World :  
 Yet two Things I entreat you ; the first is,  
 You'll not enquire the Difference between  
 Myself and him, which as a Father once  
 I honour'd, now my deadliest Enemy.  
 The last is, if I fall, to bear my Body  
 Far from this Place, and where you please interr it.  
 I should say more, but by his sudden coming  
 I am cut off.

*Enter Beaufort jun. and Montrevile leading in Malefort  
 sen. Belgard following with others.*

*Beauf. jun.* Let me, Sir, have the Honour  
 To be your Second.

*Mont.* With your Pardon, Sir,  
 I must put in for that, since our tried Friendship  
 Hath lasted from our Infancy.

*Belg.* I have serv'd  
 Under your Command, and you have seen me fight,  
 And handsomely, though I say it ; and if now  
 At this downright Game, I may but hold your Cards,  
 I'll not pull down the Side.



*Malef. sen.* I rest much bound  
 To your so noble Offers, and I hope  
 Shall find your Pardon, though I now refuse 'em,  
 For which I'll yield strong Reasons, but as briefly  
 As the Time will give me Leave. For me to borrow  
 (That am suppos'd the Weaker) any Aid  
 From the Assistance of my Second's Sword,  
 Might write me down in the black List of those  
 That have nor Fire, nor Spirit of their own;  
 But dare, and do, as they derive their Courage  
 From his Example, on whose Help and Valour  
 They wholly do depend. Let this suffice  
 In my Excuse for that. Now, if you please  
 On both Parts to retire to yonder Mount,  
 Where you, as in a *Roman* Theatre,  
 May see the bloody Difference determin'd,  
 Your Favours meet my Wishes.

*Malef. jun.* 'Tis approv'd of  
 By me, and I command you lead the Way,  
 And leave me to my Fortune.

*Beauf. jun.* I would gladly  
 Be a Spectator (since I am deny'd  
 To be an Actor) of each Blow, and Thrust,  
 And punctually observe 'em.

*Malef. jun.* You shall have  
 All you desire; for in a Word or two  
 I must make bold to entertain the Time,  
 If he give Suffrage to it.

*Malef. sen.* Yes, I will;  
 I'll hear thee, and then kill thee: Nay, farewell.

*Malef. jun.* Embrace with Love on both Sides, and  
 Leave deadly Hate and Fury. [with us

*Malef. sen.* From this Place  
 You ne'er shall see both living.

*They embrace on both Sides, and take Leave  
 severally of the Father and Son.*

*Belg.* What's past Help, is  
 Beyond Prevention.

*Malef.*

*Malef. sen.* Now we are alone, Sir,  
And thou hast Liberty to unload the Burthen  
Which thou groan'st under. Speak thy Griefs.

*Malef. jun.* I shall, Sir;  
But in a perplex'd Form and Method, which  
You only can interpret; would you had not  
A guilty Knowledge in your Bosom of  
The Language which you force me to deliver,  
So I were nothing. As you are my Father,  
I bend my Knee, and uncompell'd profess  
My Life, and all that's mine, to be your Gift;  
And that in a Son's Duty I stand bound  
To lay this Head beneath your Feet, and run  
All desp'rate Hazards for your Ease and Safety.  
But this confest on my Part, I rise up,  
And not as with a Father, (all Respect,  
Love, Fear, and Reverence cast off,) but as  
A wicked Man I thus expostulate with you.  
Why have you done that which I dare not speak?  
And in the Action chang'd the humble Shape  
Of my Obedience, to rebellious Rage  
And insolent Pride? and with shut Eyes constrain'd me  
To run my Bark of Honour on a Shelf  
I must not see, nor if I saw it, shun it?  
In my Wrongs Nature suffers, and looks backward,  
And Mankind trembles to see me pursue  
What Beasts would fly from. For when I advance  
This Sword, as I must do against your Head,  
Piety will weep, and filial Duty mourn,  
To see their Altars which you built up in me,  
In a Moment raz'd and ruin'd. That you could  
(From my griev'd Soul I wish it) but produce  
To qualify, not excuse your Deed of Horror,  
One seeming Reason that I might fix here,  
And move no farther.

*Malef. sen.* Have I so far lost  
A Father's Power, that I must give Account  
Of my Actions to my Son? or must I plead  
As a fearful Prisoner at the Bar, while he

That owes his Being to me fits a Judge  
 To censure that, which only by myself  
 Ought to be question'd? Mountains sooner fall <sup>2</sup>  
 Beneath their Vallies, and the lofty Pine  
 Pay Homage to the Bramble, or what else is  
 Preposterous in Nature, ere my Tongue  
 In one short Syllable yields Satisfaction  
 To any Doubt of thine; nay, though it were  
 A Certainty disdaining Argument.  
 Since, tho' my Deeds wore Hell's black Livery,  
 To thee they should appear triumphal Robes,  
 Set off with glorious Honour, thou being bound  
 To see with my Eyes, and to hold that Reason,  
 That takes or Birth or Fashion from my Will.

*Malef. jun.* This Sword divides that slavish Knot.

*Malef. sen.* It cannot:

It cannot, Wretch; and if thou but remember [it.  
 From whom thou hadst this Spirit, thou dar'st not hope  
 Who train'd thee up in Arms but I? Who taught thee  
 Men were Men only when they durst look down  
 With Scorn on Death and Danger, and contemn'd  
 All Opposition, till plum'd Victory <sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ——— Mountains sooner fall  
 Beneath their Vallies, &c.

I have before observed, that *Massinger* makes frequent Use of  
 Scripture Expressions; how beautiful they are when happily intro-  
 duced, and the Majesty they throw over Works of this Nature would  
 be needless to remark, being obvious to all. — For the above Allu-  
 sions, see *Isaiah*, Chap. xl. ver. 3, 4.

<sup>3</sup> ——— Till plum'd Victory  
 Had made her constant Stand upon their Helmets.

This noble Image seems to have been copied by *Milton*, who de-  
 scribing *Satan*, says.

—His Stature reach'd the Skies, and on his Crest  
 Sat Horror plum'd!

And in another Place, thus:

—At his Right Hand, Victory  
 Sat, Eagle-wing'd.

The whole Speech of *Massinger's* here noticed is truly sublime,  
 and above all Commendation.

Had



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Had made her constant Stand upon their Helmets?  
Under my Shield thou hast fought as securely  
As the young Eglet, cover'd with the Wings  
Of her fierce Dam, learns how and where to prey.

All that is manly in thee, I call mine;  
But what is weak and womanish, thine own.  
And what I gave, since thou art proud, ungrateful,  
Presuming to contend with him, to whom  
Submission is due, I will take from thee.

Look therefore for Extremities, and expect not  
I will correct thee as a Son, but kill thee

As a Serpent swoln with Poison; who surviving  
A little longer, with infectious Breath,  
Would render all Things near him, like itself,  
Contagious. Nay, now my Anger's up,  
Ten Thousand Virgins kneeling at my Feet,  
And with one general Cry howling for Mercy,  
Shall not redeem thee.

*Malef. jun.* Thou incensed Power,  
A while forbear thy Thunder: Let me have  
No Aid in my Revenge, if from the Grave  
My Mother —

*Malef. sen.* Thou shalt never name her more.

*Above Beaufort jun. Montrevile, Belgard, the three  
Sea Captains.*

*Beauf. jun.* They are at it.

*2 Capt.* That Thrust was put strongly home.

*Mont.* But with more Strength avoided.

*Belg.* Well come in;

He has drawn Blood of him yet: Well done, old Cock.

*1 Capt.* That was a strange Miss.

*Beauf. jun.* That a certain Hit.

*Belg.* He's fall'n, the Day is ours.

[*Young Malefort slain.*]

*2 Capt.* The Admiral's slain.

*Mont.* The Father is victorious!

N 3

*Belg.*

*Belg.* Let us haste  
To gratulate his Conquest.

*1 Capt.* We to mourn  
The Fortune of the Son.

*Beauf. jun.* With utmost Speed  
Acquaint the Governor with the good Success,  
That he may entertain, to his full Merit,  
The Father of his Country's Peace and Safety.

*Malef. sen.* Were a new Life hid in each mangled  
Limb,

I would search, and find it. And howe'er to some  
I may seem cruel, thus to tyrannize  
Upon this senseless Flesh, I glory in it.  
That I have Power to be unnatural,  
Is my Security; die all my Fears,  
And waking Jealousies, which have so long  
Been my Tormentors; there's now no Suspicion;  
A Fact, which I alone am conscious of,  
Can never be discover'd, or the Cause  
That call'd this Duel on. I being above  
All Perturbations, nor is it in  
The Power of Fate, again to make me wretched.

*Enter Beaufort jun. Montrevilè, Belgard, the three  
Sea Captains.*

*Beauf. jun.* All Honour to the Conqueror. Who  
My Friend of Treachery now? [dare's tax

*Belg.* I am very glad, Sir,  
You have sped so well. But I must tell you thus much,  
To put you in Mind that a low Ebb must follow  
Your high swollen Tide of Happiness. You have purchas'd  
This Honour at a high Price.

*Malef.* 'Tis, *Belgard*,  
Above all Estimation, and a little  
To be exalted with it cannot favour  
Of Arrogance: That to this Arm and Sword  
*Marseilles* owes the Freedom of her Fears,

Or

Or that my Loyalty, not long since eclips'd,  
Shines now more bright than ever, are not Things  
To be lamented. Though indeed they may  
Appear too dearly bought, my falling Glories  
Being made up again, and cemented  
With a Son's Blood. 'Tis true, he was my Son,  
While he was worthy ; but when he shook off  
His Duty to me, (which my fond Indulgence  
Upon Submission, might perhaps have pardon'd)  
And grew his Country's Enemy, I look'd on him  
As a Stranger to my Family, and a Traytor  
Justly proscib'd, and he to be rewarded  
That could bring in his Head. I know in this  
That I am censur'd Rugged, and Austere,  
That will vouchsafe not one sad Sigh or Tear  
Upon his slaughter'd Body. But I rest  
Well satisfy'd in myself, being assur'd  
That extraordinary Virtues, when they soar  
Too high a Pitch for common Sights to judge of,  
Losing their proper Splendor, are condemn'd  
For most remarkable Vices.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis too true, Sir,  
In the Opinion of the Multitude :  
But for myself, that would be held your Friend,  
And hope to know you by a nearer Name,  
They are as they deserve, receiv'd.

*Malef.* My Daughter  
Shall thank you for the Favour.

*Beauf. jun.* I can wish  
No Happiness beyond it.

*Capt.* Shall we have Leave  
To bear the Corps of our dead Admiral,  
As he enjoin'd us, from this Coast ?

*Malef.* Provided  
The Articles agreed on, be observ'd,  
And you depart hence with it, making Oath  
Never hereafter but as Friends to touch  
Upon this Shore.

*Capt.* We'll faithfully perform it.



*Malef.* Then as you please dispose of it. 'Tis an Object  
That I could wish remov'd. His Sins die with him :  
So far he has my Charity.

*1 Capt.* He shall have  
A Soldier's Funeral.

[*The Sea Captains bear the  
Body off with sad Musick.*]

*Malef.* Farewel.

*Beauf. jun.* These Rites  
Paid to the Dead, the Conqueror that survives  
Must reap the Harvest of his bloody Labour.  
Sound all loud Instruments of Joy and Triumph,  
And with all Circumstance, and Ceremony,  
Wait on the Patron of our Liberty,  
Which he at all Parts merits.

*Malef.* I am honour'd  
Beyond my Hopes.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis short of your Deserts.  
Lead on : Oh, Sir, you must : You are too modest.

[*Exeunt with loud Musick.*]

## SCENE II.

*Theocrine, Page, Woman.*

*Theoc.* Talk not of Comfort. I am both Ways wretch-  
And so distracted with my Doubts and Fears, [ed,  
I know not where to fix my Hopes. My Loss  
Is certain in a Father, or a Brother,  
Or both ; such is the Cruelty of my Fate,  
And not to be avoided.

*1 Wom.* You must bear it  
With Patience, Madam.

*2 Wom.* And what's not in you  
To be prevented, should not cause a Sorrow  
Which cannot help it.

*Page.* Fear not my brave Lord  
Your noble Father ; Fighting is to him  
Familiar as Eating. He can teach  
Our modern Duellists how to cleave a Button,

And

And in a new Way, never yet found out  
By old *Caranza*. \*

1 *Wom.* May he be victorious,  
And punish Disobedience in his Son,  
Whose Death, in Reason, should at no Part move you,  
He being but half your Brother, and the Nearness,  
Which that might challenge from you, forfeited  
By his impious Purpose to kill him, from whom  
He receiv'd Life. [A Shout within.]

2 *Wom.* A general Shout.

1 *Wom.* Of Joy.

*Page.* Look up, dear Lady; sad News never came  
Usher'd with loud Applause.

*Theoc.* I stand prepar'd  
To endure the Shock of it.

*Enter Usher.*

*Usher.* I am out of Breath  
With running to deliver first.

*Theoc.* What?

*Usher.* We are all made.  
My Lord has won the Day; your Brother's slain;  
The Pirates gone; and by the Governor,  
And States, and all the Men of War he is  
Brought home in Triumph.—Nay, no Musing, pay me  
For my good News hereafter.

*Theoc.* Heaven is just!

*Usher.* Give Thanks at Leisure; make all Haste to  
meet him.

I could wish I were a Horse, that I might bear you  
To him upon my Back.

*Page.* Thou art an Ass,  
And this is a sweet Burthen.

*Usher.* Peace, you Crack-rope. [Exeunt.]

\* By old *Caranza*.

See the 5th Note on the *Guardian*, Vol. IV. Page 44.

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

*Loud Musick.* Montrevile, Belgard, Beaufort *Senior*,  
Beaufort *Junior*; Malefort, *followed by* Montaigne,  
Chamont, Lanour.

*Beauf. sen.* All Honours we can give you, and Re-  
Tho' all that's rich, or precious in *Marseilles* [wards,  
Were laid down at your Feet, can hold no Weight  
With your Deservings. Let me glory in  
Your Action as if it were mine own;  
And have the Honour, with the Arms of Love,  
To embrace the great Performer of a Deed  
Transcending all this Country ere could boast of.

*Mont.* Imagine, noble Sir, in what we may  
Express our Thankfulness, and rest assur'd  
It shall be freely granted.

*Cham.* He's an Enemy  
To Goodness and to Virtue, that dares think  
There's any other Thing within our Power to give,  
Which you in Justice may not boldly challenge.

*Lan.* And as your own, for we will ever be  
At your Devotion.

*Malef.* Much honour'd Sir,  
And you my noble Lords, I can say only,  
The Greatness of your Favours overwhelm me,  
And like too large a Sail, for the small Bark  
Of my poor Merits, sinks me. That I stand  
Upright in your Opinions, is an Honour  
Exceeding my Deserts, I having done  
Nothing but what in Duty I stood bound to:  
And to expect a Recompence were base,  
Good Deeds being ever in themselves rewarded.  
Yet since your liberal Bounties tell me that  
I may, with your Allowance be a Suitor,  
To you, my Lord, I am an humble one,  
And must ask that, which known, I fear you will  
Censure me over-bold.

*Beauf.*



*Beauf. sen.* It must be something  
Of a strange Nature, if it find from me  
Denial or Delay.

*Malef.* Thus then, my Lord,  
Since you encourage me : You are happy in  
A worthy Son, and all the Comfort that  
Fortune has left me is one Daughter ; now  
If it may not appear too much Presumption,  
To seek to match my Lowness with your Height,  
I should desire (and if I may obtain it,  
I write *Nil ultra* to my largest Hopes)  
She may in your Opinion be thought worthy  
To be receiv'd into your Family,  
And married to your Son : Their Years are equal,  
And their Desires I think too ; she is not  
Ignoble, nor my State contemptible,  
And if you think me worthy your Alliance,  
'Tis all I do aspire to.

*Beauf. jun.* You demand  
That which with all the Service of my Life  
I should have labour'd to obtain from you.  
O Sir, why are you slow to meet so fair  
And noble an Offer ? Can *France* shew a Virgin  
That may be parallell'd with her ? Is she not  
The Phoenix of the Time ? the fairest Star  
In the bright Sphere of Women ?

*Beauf. sen.* Be not rap'd so :  
Tho' I dislike not what is motion'd, yet  
In what so near concerns me, it is fit  
I should proceed with Judgment.

*Enter Usher, Theocrine, Page, Women.*

*Beauf. jun.* Here she comes :  
Look on her with impartial Eyes, and then  
Let Envy, if it can, name one grac'd Feature  
In which she is defective.

*Malef.*

*Malef.* Welcome, Girl :

My Joy, my Comfort, my Delight, my All,<sup>s</sup>  
 Why dost thou come to greet my Victory  
 In such a Sable Habit? This shew'd well  
 When thy Father was a Prisoner, and suspected ;  
 But now his Faith and Loyalty are admir'd,  
 Rather than doubted, in your outward Garments  
 You are to express the Joy you feel within;  
 Nor should you with more Curiousness and Care  
 Pace to the Temple to be made a Bride,  
 Than now, when all Mens Eyes are fixt upon you ;  
 You should appear to entertain the Honour,  
 From me descending to you, and in which  
 You have an equal Share.

*Theoc.* Heaven has my Thanks  
 With all Humility paid for your fair Fortune,  
 And so far Duty binds me ; yet a little  
 To mourn a Brother's Loss, however wicked,  
 The Tenderness familiar to our Sex,  
 May, if you please, excuse.

*Malef.* Thou art deceiv'd.  
 He living was a Blemish to thy Beauties,  
 But in his Death gives Ornament and Lustre  
 To thy Perfections, but that they are  
 So exquisitely rare, that they admit not  
 The least Addition. Ha ! here's yet a Print  
 Of a sad Tear on thy Cheek ; How it takes from  
 Our present Happiness ! with a Father's Lips,  
 A loving Father's Lips, I'll kiss it off,  
 The Cause no more remember'd.

*Theoc.* You forget, Sir,  
 The Presence we are in.

*Malef.* 'Tis well consider'd ;  
 And yet who is the Owner of a Treasure,

<sup>s</sup> *My Joy, my Comfort, my Delight, my All.*

And thus in the *Duke of Milan*,

My Pride, my Glory, in a Word my All.

See the Note on the same, Act I. Scene 3.

Above all Value, but without Offence,  
 May glory in the glad Possession of it.  
 Nor let it in you Excellence beget Wonder,  
 Or any here that looking on the Daughter,  
 I feast myself in the Imagination  
 Of those sweet Pleasures, and allow'd Delights,  
 I tasted from the Mother, who still lives  
 In this her perfect Model; for she had  
 Such smooth and high arch'd Brows, such sparkling Eyes,  
 Whose every Glance stor'd *Cupid's* emptied Quiver;  
 Such ruby Lips, and such a lovely Brown,  
 Disdaining all adulterate Aids of Art,  
 Kept a perpetual Spring upon her Face,  
 As Death himself lamented, being forc'd  
 To blast it with his Paleness; and if now,  
 Her Brightness dim'd Sorrow, take and please you,  
 Think, think, young Lord, when she appears herself  
 (This Veil remov'd) in her own natural Pureness,  
 How far she will transport you.

*Beauf. jun.* Did she need it,  
 The Praise which you (and well deserv'd) give to her,  
 Must of Necessity raise new Desires  
 In one indebted more to Years; to me  
 Your Words are but as Oil pour'd on a Fire,  
 That flames already at the Height.

*Malef.* No more;  
 I do believe you, and let me from you  
 Find so much Credit. When I make her yours,  
 I do possess you of a Gift, which I  
 With much Unwillingness part from. My good Lords,  
 Forbear your further Trouble; give me Leave,  
 For on the sudden I am indispos'd,  
 To retire to my own House, and Rest. To-morrow,  
 As you command me, I will be your Guest,  
 And having deck'd my Daughter like herself,  
 You shall have farther Conference.

*Beauf. sen.* You are Master  
 Of your own Will; but fail not, I'll expect you.

*Malef.*



*Malef.* Nay, I will be excus'd; I must part with you.

[*To young Beaufort and the rest.*]

My dearest *Theocrine*, give me thy Hand,  
I will support thee.

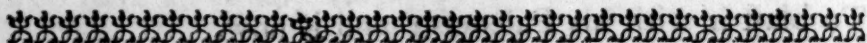
*Theoc.* You gripe it too hard, Sir.

*Malef.* Indeed I do, but have no farther End in it  
But Love and Tenderness, such as I may challenge,  
And you must grant. Thou art a sweet one; yes,  
And to be cherish'd.

*Theoc.* May I still deserve it.

[*They go off several Ways.*]

*The End of the Second Act.*



### ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Beaufort Senior, Servant.*

*Beauf. sen.* HAVE you been careful?

*Serv.* With my best Endeavours.  
Let them bring Stomachs, there's no Want of Meat, Sir.  
Portly and curious Viands are prepar'd,  
To please all Kinds of Appetites.

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis well.  
I love a Table furnish'd with full Plenty,  
And Store of Friends to eat it: but with this Caution,  
I would not have my House a common Inn,  
For some Men that come rather to devour me,  
Than to present their Service. At this Time too,  
It being a serious and solemn Meeting,  
I must not have my Board pester'd with Shadows,  
That under other Mens Protection break in  
Without Invitement.

*Serv.* With your Favour, then,  
You must double your Guard, my Lord, for on my  
Knowledge,

There

There are some so sharp set, not to be kept out  
 By a File of Musketeers. And 'tis less Danger,  
 I'll undertake, to stand at Push of Pike  
 With an Enemy in a Breach, that undermin'd too,  
 And the Cannon playing on it, than to stop  
 One Harpy, your perpetual Guest, from Entrance,  
 When the Dresser, the Cook's Drum, thunders come on,  
 The Service will be lost else.

*Beauf. sen.* What is he?

*Serv.* As tall a Trencher-man, that is most certain,  
 As e'er demolish'd Pye-Fortification  
 As soon as batter'd; and if the Rim of his Belly  
 Were not made up of a much tougher Stuff  
 Than his Buff Jerkin, there were no Defence  
 Against the Charge of his Guts: You needs must know  
 He's Eminent for his Eating. [him,

*Beauf. sen.* O! *Belgard!*

*Serv.* The same, one of the Admiral's cast Captains,  
 Who swears, there being no War, nor hope of any,  
 The only drilling is to Eat devoutly,  
 And to be ever Drinking (that's allow'd of)  
 But they know not where to get it, there's the Spite on't.

*Beauf. sen.* The more their Misery, yet if you can  
 For this Day put him off.—

*Serv.* It is beyond the Invention of Man.

*Beauf. sen.* No:—Say this only, [Whispers to him.  
 And as from me; you apprehend me?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir.

*Beauf. sen.* But it must be done gravely.

*Serv.* Never doubt me, Sir.

[Musick

*Beauf. sen.* We'll dine in the great Room, but let the  
 And Banquet be prepar'd here. [Exit *Beauf. sen.*

*Serv.* This will make him  
 Lose his Dinner at the least, and that will vex him.  
 As for the Sweet Meats, when they are trod under Foot,  
 Let him take his Share with the Pages and Lacqueys  
 Or scramble in the Rushes.

*Enter*

*Enter Belgard.*

*Belg.* 'Tis near Twelve,  
I keep a Watch within me never misses.  
—Save thee, Master Steward.

*Serv.* You are most welcome, Sir.

*Belg.* Has thy Lord slept well To-night? I come to enquire.

I had a foolish Dream, that, against my Will,  
Carried me from my Lodging, to learn only  
How he is dispos'd.

*Serv.* He's in most perfect Health, Sir.

*Belg.* Let me but see him feed heartily at Dinner,  
And I'll believe so too, for from that ever  
I make a certain Judgment.

*Serv.* It holds surely  
In your own Constitution.

*Belg.* And in all Mens  
'Tis the best Symptom: Let us lose no Time,  
Delay is dangerous.

*Serv.* Troth, Sir, if I might,  
Without Offence, deliver what my Lord has  
Committed to my Trust, I shall receive it  
As a special Favour.

*Belg.* We'll see't, and discourse,  
As the Proverb says, for Health Sake after Dinner,  
Or rather after Supper, willingly then  
I'll walk a Mile to hear thee.

*Serv.* Nay, good Sir,  
I will be brief and pithy.

*Belg.* Pr'ythee be so.

*Serv.* He bid me say, of all his Guests, that he  
Stands most affected to you, for the Freedom  
And Plainness of your Manners. He ne'er observ'd you  
To twirl a Dish about you did not like of,  
All being pleasing to you; or to take  
A Say of Venison, or stale Fowl, by your Nose,  
(Which is a Solecism at another's Table)

But



But by strong eating of 'em did confirm  
 They never were delicious to your Palate,  
 But when they were mortify'd, as the *Hugonot* says,  
 And so your Part grows greater ; nor do you  
 Find Fault with the Sauce, keen Hunger being the best,  
 Which ever, to your much Praise, you bring with you ;  
 Nor will you with impertinent Relations,  
 Which is a Master-piece, when Meat's before you,  
 Forget your Teeth, to use your nimble Tongue,  
 But do the Feat you come for.

*Belg.* Be advis'd,  
 And end your Jeering ; for if you proceed  
 You'll feel, as I can eat I can be angry,  
 And Beating may ensue.

*Serv.* I'll take your Counsel,  
 And roundly come to the Point : My Lord much won-  
 That you, that are a Courtier as a Soldier, [ders  
 In all Things else, and every Day can vary  
 Your Actions and Discourse, continue constant  
 To this one Suit ?

*Belg.* To one ! 'tis well I have one,  
 Unpaw'd, in these Days ; every cast Commander  
 Is not blest with the Fortune, I assure you.  
 But why this Question ? Does this offend him ?

*Serv.* Not much ; but he believes it is the Reason  
 You ne'er presume to sit above the Salt,<sup>6</sup>  
 And therefore this Day (our great Admiral  
 With other States being invited Guests)  
 He does intreat you to appear among 'em,  
 In some fresh Habit.

*Belg.* This Staff shall not serve

<sup>6</sup> *You ne'er presume to sit above the Salt.*

This refers to the Manner in which our Ancestors were usually seated at their Meals. The Tables being long, the Salt was commonly placed about the Middle, and served as a Kind of Boundary to the different Quality of the Guests invited. Those of Distinction were ranked above ; the Space below was assigned to the Dependents, or inferior Relations of the Master of the House. See Mr. *Whalley's* Edition of *Ben Johnson*, Vol. I. Page 327, &c.

To beat the Dog off; these are Soldier's Garments,  
And so by Consequence grow contemptible.

*Serv.* It has stung him.

*Belg.* I would I were acquainted with the Players,  
In Charity they might furnish me; but there is  
No Faith in Brokers; and for believing Taylors,  
They are only to be read of, but not seen,  
And sure they are confin'd to their own Hells,  
And there they live invisible. [*Aside.*] Well, I must not  
Be fobb'd off thus. Pray you report my Service  
To the Lord Governor. I will obey him,  
And though my Wardrobe's poor, rather than lose  
His Company at this Feast, I will put on  
The richest Suit I have, and fill the Chair  
That makes me worthy of ——— [*Exit Belgard.*

*Serv.* We are shut of him.

He will be seen no more here. How my Fellows  
Will bless me for his Absence! he had starv'd 'em  
Had he stay'd a little longer; would he could,  
For his own Sake, shift a Shirt, and that's the utmost  
Of his Ambition: Adieu, good Captain — [*Exit.*

*Enter Beaufort Senior, and Beaufort Junior.*

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis a strange Fondness.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis beyond Example.

His Resolution to part with his Estate,  
To make her Dower the weightier is nothing;  
But to observe how curious he is  
In his own Person to add Ornament  
To his Daughter's ravishing Features, is the Wonder.  
I sent a Page of mine in the Way of Courtship  
This Morning to her, to present my Service,  
From whom I understand all: There he found him  
Sollicitous in what Shape she should appear:  
This gown was rich, but the Fashion stale; the other  
Was quaint, and neat, but the Stuff not rich enough;  
Then does he curse the Taylor, and in Rage  
Falls on her Shoemaker, for wanting Art.

To

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To express in every Circumstance, the Form  
Of her most delicate Foot ; then sits in Council  
With much Deliberation to find out  
What Tire would best adorn her ; and one chosen,  
Varying in his Opinion, he tears off,  
And stamps it under Foot ; then tries a second,  
A third, and fourth ; and satisfy'd at length  
With much ado in that, he grows again  
Perplex'd and troubled where to place her Jewels  
To be most mark'd, and whether she should wear  
This Diamond on her Forehead, or between  
Her milk-white Paps, disputing on it both Ways ;  
Then taking in this Hand a Rope of Pearl,  
(The best of *France*) he seriously considers  
Whither he should dispose it, on her Arm,  
Or on her Neck ; with twenty other Trifles,  
Too tedious to deliver.

*Beauf. sen.* I have known him from  
His first Youth, but never yet observ'd,  
In all the Passages of his Life, and Fortunes ;  
Virtues so mix'd with Vices : Valiant the World speaks  
But with that Bloody ; liberal in his Gifts too ; [him,  
But to maintain his prodigal Expence,  
A fierce Extortioner ; an impotent Lover  
Of Women for a Flash, but, his Fires quench'd,]  
Hating as deadly. The Truth is, I am not  
Ambitious of this Match ; nor will I cross  
You in your Affections.

*Beauf. jun.* I have ever found you  
(And 'tis my Happiness) a loving Father.

[*Loud Musick,*

And careful of my Good :——By the loud Musick,  
As you gave Order for his Entertainment,  
He's come into the House. Two long Hours since,  
The Colonels, Commissioners and Captains,  
To pay him all the Rites his Worth can challenge,  
Went to wait on him hither.



*Enter* Malefort, Montaign, Chamont, Lanour, Montrevile, Theocrine, *Usher*, *Page*, *Women*.

*Beauf. sen.* You are most welcome,  
And what I speak to you, does from my Heart  
Disperse itself to all.

*Malef.* You meet, my Lord, your Trouble.

*Beauf. sen.* Rather, Sir, Increase of Honour,  
When you are pleas'd to grace my House.

*Beauf. jun.* The Favour is doubled on my Part,  
most worthy Sir,  
Since your fair Daughter, my incomparable Mistress,  
Deigns us her Presence.

*Malef.* View her well, brave *Beaufort*,  
But yet at Distance; you hereafter may  
Make your Approaches nearer, when the Priest  
Hath made it lawful; and were not she mine,  
I durst aloud proclaim it. *Hymen* never  
Put on his Saffron colour'd Robe to change  
A barren Virgin Name with more good Omens  
Than at her Nuptials. Look on her again,  
Then tell me if she now appear the same,  
That she was Yesterday.

*Beauf. sen.* Being herself,  
She cannot but be excellent. These rich  
And curious Dressings, which in others might  
Cover Deformities, from her take Lustre,  
Nor can add to her.

*Malef.* You conceive her right,  
And in your Admiration of her Sweetness,  
You only can deserve her. Blush not, Girl;  
Thou art above his Praise, or mine; nor can  
Obsequious Flattery, though she should use  
Her thousand oil'd Tongues to advance thy Worth,  
Give aught (for that's impossible) but take from  
Thy more than Human Graces; and even then,  
When she hath spent herself with her best Strength,  
The Wrong she has done thee shall be so apparent,

That

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That, losing her own servile Shape and Name,  
She will be thought Detraction. But I  
Forget myself; and something whispers to me,  
I have said too much.

*Monta.* I know not what to think on't,  
But there's some Mystery in it, which I fear  
Will be too soon discover'd.

[*Aside.*

*Malef.* I much wrong  
Your Patience, noble Sir, by too much hugging  
My proper Issue, and like the foolish Crow  
Believe my black Brood Swans.

*Beauf. sen.* There needs not, Sir,  
The least Excuse for this; nay, I must have  
Your Arm, you being the Master of the Feast,  
And this the Mistress.

*Theoc.* I am any Thing  
That you shall please to make me.

*Beauf. jun.* Nay, 'tis yours,  
Without more Compliment.

[*Loud Musick.*

*Mont.* Your Will's a Law, Sir.

[*Exeunt Beaufort sen. Malefort, Theocrine, Beau-  
fort jun. Montaign, Chamont, Lanour, Montrev.*

*Usher.* Would I had been born a Lord.

*1 Wom.* Or I a Lady.

*Page.* It may be you were both begot in Court,  
Though bred up in the City; for your Mothers,  
As I have heard, lov'd the Lobby, and there nightly  
Are seen strange Apparitions, and who knows  
But that some noble Fawn, heated with Wine,  
And cloy'd with Partridge, had a Kind of Longing  
To trade in Sprats? This needs no Exposition,  
But can you yield a Reason for your Wishes?

*Usher.* Why, had I been born a Lord, I had been  
no Servant.

*1 Wom.* And whereas now Necessity makes us Waiters,  
We had been attended on.

*2 Wom.* And might have slept then  
As long as we please, and fed when we had Stomachs,

O 3

And

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And worn new Cloaths, nor liv'd as now in Hope  
Of a cast Gown, or Petticoat.

*Page.* You are Fools,  
And ignorant of your Happiness. Ere I was  
Sworn to the Pantofle, I have heard my Tutor  
Prove it by Logick, that a Servant's Life  
Was better than his Master's ; and by that  
I learn from him, if that my Memory fail not,  
I'll make it good.

*Usher.* Proceed, my little Wit,  
*In decimo sexto.*

*Page.* Thus then : From the King  
To the Beggar, by Gradation, all are Servants ;  
And you must grant, the Slavery is less  
To study to please one, than many.

*Usher.* True.

*Page.* Well then ; and first to you, Sir : You complain  
You serve one Lord, but your Lord serves a Thousand,  
Besides his Passions (that are his worst Masters)  
You must humour him, and he is bound to sooth  
Every grim Sir above him<sup>7</sup> : If he frown,  
For the least Neglect you fear to lose your Place ;  
But if, and with all slavish Observation,  
From the Minion's self, to the Groom of his Close-stool,  
He hourly seeks not Favour, he is sure  
To be eas'd of his Office, tho' perhaps he bought it.  
Nay, more ; that high Disposer of all such  
That are subordinate to him, serves and fears  
The Fury of the many-headed Monster,  
The giddy Multitude. And as a Horse  
Is still a Horse, for all his golden Trappings,  
So your Men of purchas'd Titles, at their best, are  
But Serving-Men in rich Liveries.

*Usher.* Most rare Infant,  
Where learn'd'st thou this Morality ?

<sup>7</sup> Every grim Sir above him.

Mr. D:afley reads *trim*, which tho' it seems to be a just Alteration,  
I have followed the Text of the old Copies.



*Page.* Why, thou dull Pate,  
As I told thee, of my Tutor.

*2 Wom.* Now for us, Boy.

*Page.* I am cut off.—The Governor.

*Enter Beaufort Senior, Beaufort Junior, Servants setting forth a Banquet.*

*Beauf. sen.* Quick, quick, Sirs.  
See all Things perfect.

*Serv.* Let the Blame be ours else.

*Beauf. sen.* And as I said, when we are at the Banquet,  
And high in our Cups, for 'tis no Feast without it,  
Especially among Soldiers; *Theocrine*  
Being retir'd, as that's no Place for her,  
Take you Occasion to rise from the Table,  
And lose no Opportunity.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis my Purpose,  
And if I can win her to give her Heart,  
I have a Holy Man in Readiness  
To join our Hands; for the Admiral, her Father,  
Repents him of his Grant to me, and  
So far transported with a strange Opinion  
Of her fair Features, that, should we defer it,  
I think ere long he will believe, and strongly,  
The Dauphin is not worthy of her. I  
Am much amaz'd with't.

*Beauf. sen.* Nay, Dispatch there, Fellows.  
[*Exeunt Beauf. sen. Beauf. jun.*]

*Serv.* We are ready when you please. Sweet Forms,  
your Pardon.  
It has been such a busy Time I could not  
Tender that ceremonious Respect  
Which you deserve; but now the great Work ended,  
I will attend the less, and with all Care  
Observe, and serve you.

*Page.* This is a penn'd Speech,

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And serves as a perpetual Preface to  
A Dinner made of Fragments.

*Usher.* We wait on you.

[*Loud Musick.*

S C E N E II.

*Beaufort Senior*, *Malefort*, *Montaign*, *Chamont*, *Lanour*,  
*Beaufort Junior*, *Montrevile*, *Servants*.

*Beauf. sen.* You are not merry, Sir.

*Malef.* Yes, my good Lord,

You have given us ample Means to drown all Cares—  
And yet I nourish strange Thoughts, which I would  
Most willingly destroy. [*Aside.*

*Beauf. sen.* Pray you take your Place.

*Beauf. jun.* And drink a Health; and let it be, if  
you please,

To the Worthiest of Women.—Now observe him.

*Malef.* Give me the Bowl; since you do me the Ho-  
I will begin it. [*nour,*

*Cham.* May we know her Name, Sir?

*Malef.* You shall; I will not chuse a foreign Queen's,  
Nor yet our own, for that would relish of  
Tame Flattery; nor do their Height of Title,  
Or absolute Power, confirm their Worth and Goodness,  
These being Heav'n's Gifts, and frequently confer'd  
On such as are beneath 'em; nor will I  
Name the King's Mistress, howsoever she  
In his Esteem may carry it; but if I,  
As Wine gives Liberty, may use my Freedom;  
Not sway'd this Way, or that with Confidence,  
(And I will make it good on any Equal)  
If it must be to her, whose outward Form  
Is better'd by the Beauty of her Mind,  
She lives not that with Justice can pretend  
An Interest to this so sacred Health,  
But my fair Daughter. He that only doubts it,  
I do pronounce a Villain: This to her then. [*Drinks.*

*Mont.* What may we think of this? [*Loud Musick.*

*Beauf.*

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*Beauf. sen.* It matters not.

*Lan.* For my Part, I will sooth him, rather than  
Draw on a Quarrel, *Chamont.*

*Mont.* 'Tis the safest Course; and one I mean to follow.

*Beauf. jun.* It has gone round, Sir.

[*Exit Beaufort jun.*]

*Malef.* Now you have done her Right; if there be any  
Worthy to second this, propose it boldly,  
I am your Pledge.

*Beauf. sen.* Let's Pause here, if you please,  
And entertain the Time with something else.  
Musick there, in some lofty Strain; the Song too  
That I gave Order for; the new one, call'd  
*The Soldier's Delight.*

*The Song ended, Enter Belgard in Armour, a Case of  
Carbines by his Side.*

*Belg.* Who stops me now?  
Or who dares only say that I appear not  
In the most rich and glorious Habit that  
Renders a Man compleat? What Court so set off  
With State and ceremonious Pomp, but thus  
Accoutred I may enter? Or what Feast,  
Tho' all the Elements at once were ransack'd  
To store it with Variety transcending  
The Curiousness and Cost on *Trajan's* Birth-day,  
Where Princes only and confederate Kings  
Did sit as Guests, serv'd and attended on  
By the Senators of *Rome*, sat with a Soldier  
In this his natural and proper Shape,  
Might not, and boldly, fill a Seat; and by  
His Presence make the great Soleminity  
More honour'd and remarkable?

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis acknowledg'd,  
And this a Grace done to me unexpected.

*Mont.* But why in Armour?

*Malef.* What's the Mystery?  
Pray you, reveal that.

*Belg.*



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*Belg.* Soldiers out of Action,  
 That very rare, but like unbidden Guests  
 Bring their Stools with 'em, for their own Defence,  
 At Court should feed in Gauntlets, they may have  
 Their Fingers cut else : There your Carpet Knights,  
 That never charg'd beyond a Mistress' Lips,  
 Are still most keen, and valiant. But to you,  
 Whom it does most concern, my Lord, I will  
 Address my Speech, and with a Soldier's Freedom  
 In my Reproof, return the bitter Scoff  
 You threw upon my Poverty : You contemn'd  
 My coarser Outside, and from that concluded,  
 (As by your Groom you made me understand)  
 I was unworthy to sit at your Table  
 Among these Tissues and Embroideries,  
 Unless I chang'd my Habit. I have done it,  
 And shew myself in that which I have worn  
 In the Heat and Fervor of a bloody Fight ;  
 And then it was in Fashion, not as now  
 Ridiculous and despis'd : This hath past through  
 A Wood of Pikes, and every one aim'd at it,  
 Yet scorn'd to take Impression from their Fury :  
 With this, as still you see it fresh and new, [bles,  
 I have charg'd thro' Fire that would have sing'd your Sa-  
 Black Fox, and Ermins, and chang'd the proud Colour  
 Of Scarlet, though of the right Tyrian Dye :  
 But now, as if the Trappings made the Man,  
 Such only are admir'd that come adorn'd  
 With what's no Part of them. This is mine own,  
 My richest Suit, a Suit I must not part from,  
 But not regarded now ; and yet remember  
 'Tis we that bring you in the Means of Feasts,  
 Banquets and Revels, which, when you possess,  
 With barbarous Ingratitude you deny us  
 To be made Sharers in the Harvest, which  
 Our Sweat and Industry reap'd, and sow'd for you.  
 The Silks you wear, we with our Blood spin for you ;  
 This massy Plate, that with the ponderous Weight  
 Does make your Cupboards crack, we (unaffrighted  
 With

With Tempests, or the long and tedious Way,  
 Or dreadful Monsters of the Deep, that wait  
 With open Jaws still ready to devour us)  
 Fetch from the other World. Let it not then  
 In after Ages to your Shame be spoken,  
 That you with no relenting Eyes look on  
 Our Wants that feed your Plenty ; or consume  
 In prodigal and wanton Gifts on Drones  
 The Kingdom's Treasure, yet detain from us  
 The Debt that with the Hazard of our Lives,  
 We have made you stand engag'd for ; or force us,  
 Against all civil Government, in Armour  
 To require that, which with all Willingness  
 Should be tender'd, ere demanded.

*Beauf. sen.* I commend

This wholesome Sharpness in you, and prefer it  
 Before obsequious Tameness ; it shews lovely :  
 Nor shall the Rain of your good Counsel fall  
 Upon the barren Sands, but spring up Fruit,  
 Such as you long have wish'd for. And the rest  
 Of your Profession, like you, discontented  
 For want of Means, shall in their present Payment  
 Be bound to praise your Boldness : And hereafter  
 I will take Order you shall have no Cause,  
 For want of Change to put your Armour on  
 But in the Face of an Enemy ; not as now  
 Among your Friends. To that which is due to you,  
 To furnish you like yourself, of mine own Bounty  
 I'll add five hundred Crowns.

*Cham.* I to my Power  
 Will follow the Example.

*Mont.* Take this, Captain ;  
 'Tis all my present Store ; but, when you please,  
 Command me farther.

*Lan.* I could wish it more.

*Belg.* This is the luckiest Jest ever came from me.  
 Let a Soldier use no other Scribe to draw  
 The Form of his Petition. This will speed  
 When your thrice humble Supplications,

With

With Prayers for Increase of Health and Honours  
 To their grave Lordships, shall, as soon as read,  
 Be pocketed up, the Cause no more remember'd.  
 When this dumb Rhetorick — Well, I have a Life,  
 Which I in Thankfulness for your great Favours,  
 My noble Lords, when you please to command it,  
 Must never think mine own. Broker, be happy,  
 These golden Birds fly to thee. [Exit Belgard.

*Beauf. sen.* You are dull, Sir,  
 And seem not to be taken with the Passage  
 You saw presented.

*Malef.* Passage? I observ'd none,  
 My Thoughts were elsewhere busied.—Ha! she is  
 In Danger to be lost; to be lost for ever,  
 If speedily I come not to her Rescue,  
 For so my Genius tells me.

[Aside,

*Mont.* What Chimeras  
 Work on your Phantasy?

*Malef.* Phantasies? They are Truths,  
 Where is my *Theocriné*? You have plotted  
 To rob me of my Daughter: Bring me to her,  
 Or I'll call down the Saints to witness for me,  
 You are inhospitable.

*Beauf. sen.* You amaze me.  
 Your Daughter's safe, and now exchanging Courtship  
 With my Son her Servant. Why do you hear this  
 With such distracted Looks, since to that End  
 You brought her hither?

*Malef.* 'Tis confess'd I did.  
 But now pray you pardon me; and, if you please,  
 Ere she deliver up her Virgin Fort,  
 I would observe what is the Art he uses  
 In planting his Artillery against it.  
 She is my only Care, nor must she yield  
 But upon noble Terms.

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis so determin'd.

*Malef.* Yet I am jealous.

*Mont.* Overmuch, I fear.  
 What Passions are these?

*Beauf.*



*Beauf. sen.* Come, I will bring you  
Where you, with these, if they so please, may see  
The Love Scene acted.

*Mont.* There is something more  
Than fatherly Love in this.

*Monta.* We wait upon you.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Beaufort jun. and Theocrine.*

*Beauf. jun.* Since then you meet my Flames with  
equal Ardour,  
As you profess, it is your Bounty, Mistress,  
Nor must I call it Debt; yet 'tis your Glory,  
That your Excess supplies my Want, and makes me,  
Strong in my Weakness, which could never be,  
But in your good Opinion.

*Theoc.* You teach me, Sir,  
What I should say; since from your Sun of Favour,  
I, like dim *Phœbe*, in herself obscure,  
Borrow that Light I have.

*Beauf. jun.* Which you return  
With large Increase (since that you will o'ercome,  
And I dare not contend) were you but pleas'd  
To make what's yet divided one.

*Theoc.* I have  
Already in my Wishes, Modesty  
Forbids me to speak more.

*Beauf. jun.* But what Assurance  
(But still without Offence) may I demand  
That may secure me that your Heart and Tongue  
Join to make up this Harmony.

*Theoc.* Choose any,  
Suiting your Love, distinguished from Lust,  
To ask, and mine to grant.

*Enter*

*Enter (as unseen) Beaufort sen. Malefort, Montrevile,  
and the rest.*

*Beauf. sen.* Yonder they are.

*Malef.* At Distance too! 'tis yet well.

*Beauf. jun.* I may take then  
This Hand, and with a Thousand burning Kisses,  
Swear 'tis the Anchor to my Hopes?

*Theoc.* You may, Sir.

*Malef.* This is somewhat too much.

*Beauf. jun.* And this done, view myself  
In these true Mirrors.

*Theoc.* Ever true to you, Sir.  
And may they lose th' Ability of Sight,  
When they seek other Object.

*Malef.* This is more  
Than I can give Consent to.

*Beauf. jun.* And a Kiss  
Thus printed on your Lips will not distaste you?

*Malef.* Her Lips!

*Montr.* Why, where should he kiss? are you distracted?

*Beauf. jun.* Then, when this Holy Man hath made it  
lawful — *[brings in a Priest.*

*Malef.* A Priest so ready too? I must break in.

*Beauf. jun.* And what's spoke here is register'd above.  
I must engross those Favours to myself  
Which are not to be nam'd.

*Theoc.* All I can give,  
But what they are I know not.

*Beauf. jun.* I'll instruct you.

*Malef.* O how my Blood boils!

*Mont.* Pray you, contain yourself:  
Methinks this Courtship's modest.

*Beauf. jun.* Then being mine,  
And wholly mine, the River of your Love  
To Kinsmen and Allies; nay, to your Father,  
(Howe'er out of his Tenderness he admires you)  
Must in the Ocean of your Affection

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To me be swallow'd up, and want a Name  
Compar'd with what you owe me.

*Theoc.* 'Tis most fit, Sir.

The stronger Bond that binds me to you, must  
Dissolve the weaker.

*Malef.* I am ruin'd, if  
I come not fairly off.

*Beauf. sen.* There's nothing wanting  
But your Consent.

*Malef.* Some strange Invention aid me.  
This! yes, it must be so.

[*Aside.*

*Montr.* Why do you stagger,  
When what you seem'd so much to wish is offer'd?  
Both Parties being agreed to.

*Beauf. sen.* I'll not court  
A Grant from you, nor do I wrong your Daughter,  
Though I say my Son deserves her.

*Malef.* 'Tis far from  
My humble Thoughts to undervalue him  
I cannot prize too high. For howsoever  
From my own fond Indulgence I have sung  
Her Praises with too prodigal a Tongue,  
That Tendernefs laid by, I stand confirm'd  
All that I fancied excellent in her  
Ballanc'd, with what is really his own,  
Holds Weight in no Proportion.

*Montr.* New Turnings!

*Beauf. sen.* Whither tends this?

*Malef.* Had you observ'd, my Lord,  
With what a sweet Gradation he woo'd,  
As I did punctually, you cannot blame her,  
Though she did listen with a greedy Care  
To his fair modest Offers: But so great  
A good as then flow'd to her, should have been  
With more deliberation entertain'd,  
And not with such haste swallow'd; she shall first  
Consider seriously what the Blessing is,  
And in what ample Manner to give thanks for't,  
And then receive it. And though I shall think

Short



Short Minutes years till it be perfected,  
 I will defer that which I most desire,  
 And so must she, till longing Expectation,  
 That heightens Pleasure, makes her truly know  
 Her Happiness, and with what out-stretch'd Arms  
 She must embrace it.

*Beauf. jun.* This is curiousness  
 Beyond Example.

*Malef.* Let it then begin  
 From me; in what's mine own I'll use my Will,  
 And yield no further Reason. I lay claim to  
 The Liberty of a Subject. Fall not off,  
 But be obedient, or by the Hair  
 I'll drag thee Home. Censure me as you please,  
 I'll take my own Way.—O the inward Fires  
 That, wanting vent, consume me! [*Exit with Theocrine.*]

*Montr.* 'Tis most certain  
 He's Mad, or worse.

*Beauf.* How, worse?

*Montr.* Nay, there I leave you,  
 My Thoughts are free.

*Beauf. jun.* This I foresaw.

*Beauf. sen.* Take Comfort,  
 He shall walk in Clouds, but I'll discover him:  
 And he shall find and feel, if he excuse not,  
 And with strong Reasons this gross Injury,  
 I can make use of my Authority. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

*The End of the Third Act.*

A C T



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Malefort *solus*.

**W**HAT Flames are these my wild Desires fan in me?  
 The Torch that feeds them, was not lighted at  
 Thy Altars, *Cupid*: Vindicate thyself,  
 And do not own it: And confirm it rather,  
 That this infernal Brand that turns me Cinders,  
 Was by the Snake-hair'd Sisters thrown into  
 My guilty Bosom. O that I was ever  
 Accurs'd in having Issue! my Son's Blood,  
 (That like the poison'd Shirt of *Hercules*  
 Grows to each part about me) which my Hate  
 Forc'd from him with much willingness, may admit  
 Some weak Defence; but my most Impious Love  
 To my fair Daughter *Theocrine*, none.  
 Since my Affection (rather wicked Lust)  
 That does pursue her, is a greater Crime  
 Than any Detestation, with which  
 I should afflict her Innocence. With what Cunning  
 I have betray'd myself, and did not feel  
 The scorching Heat that now with Fury rages.  
 Why was I tender of her? Cover'd with  
 That fond Disguise, this Mischief stole upon me.  
 I thought it no Offence to kiss her often,  
 Or twine mine Arms about her softer Neck,  
 And by false Shadows of a Father's Kindness  
 I long deceiv'd myself: But now the Effect  
 Is too apparent. How I strove to be  
 In her Opinion held the worthiest Man  
 In Courtship, Form and Feature! Envyng him  
 That was preferr'd before me, and yet then  
 My Wishes to myself were not discover'd.  
 But still my Fires increas'd, and with Delight

I would call her Mistress, wilfully forgetting  
 The Name of Daughter, choosing rather she  
 Should stile me Servant, then with Reverence Father,  
 Yet mocking. I ne'er cherish'd obscene Hopes,  
 But in my troubled Slumbers often thought  
 She was too near to me, and then sleeping blush'd  
 At my Imagination which pass'd  
 My Eyes being open, not condemning it,  
 I was Ravish'd with the Pleasure of the Dream.  
 Yet spight of these Temptations I have Reason  
 That pleads against 'em, and commands me to  
 Extinguish these abominable Fires,  
 And I will do it; I will send her back  
 To him that Loves her Lawfully. Within there.

*Enter Theocrine.*

*Theo.* Sir, did you call?

*Malef.* I look no sooner on her,  
 But all my boasted Power of Reason leaves me, [wait me?  
 And Passion again usurps her Empire, does none else

*Theo.* I am wretch'd, Sir, should any owe more Duty.

*Malef.* This is worse then Disobedience, leave me.

*Theo.* On my Knees, Sir, as I have ever squar'd my  
 [Will by yours.

And lik'd, and loath'd with your Eyes I beseech you  
 To teach me what the Nature of my Fault is,  
 That hath incens'd you, (sure 'tis one of Weakness  
 And not of Malice) which your gentler Temper  
 On my Submission I hope will Pardon;  
 Which granted by your Piety, if that I  
 Out of the least Neglect of mine hereafter,  
 Make you remember it, may I sink ever  
 Under your dread Command.

*Malef.* O my Stars! who can but dote on this Humility  
 That Sweetens, lovely in her Tears? The Fetters  
 That seem'd to lessen in their Weight; but now  
 By this grow Heavier on me.

*Theoc.* Dear, Sir.—

*Malef.*



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*Malef.* Peace, I must not hear thee.

*Theoc.* Nor look on me.

*Malef.* No, thy Looks and Words are Charms.

*Theoc.* May they have Power then

To calm the Tempest of your Wrath. Alas, Sir,

Did I but know in what I give Offence

In my Repentance I would shew my Sorrow,

For what is past, and in my Care hereafter

Kill the Occasion or cease to be ;

Since Life without your Favour is to me

A Load I would cast off.

*Malef.* O that my Heart

Were rent in sunder, that I might expire,

The Cause in my Death buried : Yet I know not

With such prevailing Oratory 'tis beg'd from me

That to deny thee would convince me to

Have suck'd the Milk of Tigers, rise, and I

But in a perplex'd, and mysterious Method,

Will make Relation : That which all the World

Admires and cries up in thee for Perfections,

Are to unhappy me foul Blemishes,

And mulcts in Nature. If thou hadst been born

Deform'd and Crook'd in the Features of

Thy Body, as the Manners of thy Mind,

Moor Lip'd, flat Nos'd, dim Ey'd, and beetle Brow'd

With a dwarf's Stature to a giant Waste,

Sower Breath'd, with Claws for Fingers on thy Hands,

Splay Footed, gouty Leg'd, and over all

A loathsome Leprosy had spread itself,

And made thee shun'd of Human Fellowships :

I had been blest.

9 *If thou hadst been born.*

Thus in King *John*, the Mother speaking of her Son, says,

If thou, that bid'st me be content, were grim,

Ugly, and stand'rous to thy Mother's Womb,

Full of unpleasing Blots, and sightless Stains,

Lame, Foolish, Crooked, Swart, Prodigious,

Patch'd with foul Moles, and eye offending Marks :

I would not care, I then would be content :

For then I should not love thee.

Act. III.

P 2

*Theoc.*

*Theoc.* Why would you wish a Monster,  
For such a one or worse you have describ'd,  
To call you Father.

*Malef.* Rather then as now,  
Tho' I had drown'd thee for it in the Sea  
Appearing as thou dost a new Pandora,  
With *Juno's* fair Cow Eyes,<sup>10</sup> *Minerva's* Brow,  
*Aurora's* blushing Cheeks, *Hebe's* fresh Youth,  
*Venus's* soft Paps, with *Thetis's* silver Feet.

*Theoc.* Sir, you have lik'd and lov'd them, and oft forc'd  
(With your Hyperboles of Praise pour'd on them)  
My Modesty to a defensive Red,  
Strow'd over that Paleness, which you then were pleased  
To stile the purest White.

*Malef.* And in that Cup  
I drank the Poison I now feel dispersed  
Through every Vein and Artery, wherefore art thou  
So cruel to me? This thy outward Shape  
Brought a fierce War against me, not to be  
By Flesh and Blood resisted: But to leave me  
No hope of Freedom from the Magazine  
Of thy Mind's Forces, treacherously thou drew'st up  
Auxiliary Helps to strengthen that  
Which was already in itself too potent.  
Thy Beauty gave the first Charge, but thy Duty  
Seconded with thy Care, and watchful Studies  
To please, and serve my Will in all that might  
Raise up Content in me, like Thunder brake through  
All Opposition, and my Ranks of Reason  
Disbanded, my victorious Passions fell  
To bloody Execution, and compell'd me  
With willing Hands to tie on my own Chains,  
And with a Kind of flatt'ring Joy to glory

<sup>10</sup> With *Juno's* fair Cow Eyes, &c.

These Lines of *Massinger* are an immediate Translation from a pretty Greek Epigram, the Author of which compares his Mistress's Eyes to *Juno's*, her Paps to *Venus*, &c.

Ὀμματα ἔχεις Ἡρῆς, Μελίτη, τὰς χεῖρας Ἀθηνῆς,  
Τὰς μαστὰς Πάφης, τὰ σφύρα τῆς Θέτιδος, &c.

In my Captivity.

*Theoc.* I, in this you speak, Sir,  
Am Ignorance itself.

*Malef.* And so continue,  
For Knowledge of the Arms thou bear'st against me  
Would make thee curse thyself, but yield no Aids  
For thee to help me, and 'twere Cruelty  
In me to wound that spotless Innocency  
How 'ere it make me guilty. In a Word <sup>11</sup>  
The Plurify of Goodness is thy Ill,  
Thy Virtues Vices, and thy humble Lowness  
Far worse than stubborn Sullenness and Pride,  
Thy Looks that ravish all Beholders else  
As killing as the Basilisks: Thy Tears  
Express'd in Sorrow for the much I suffer,  
A glorious Infultation, and no sign  
Of pity in thee; and to hear thee speak  
In thy Defence, though but in silent Action,  
Would make the Hurt already deeply fester'd  
Incurable; and therefore as thou wouldst not  
By thy Presence raise fresh Furies to torment me,  
I do conjure thee by a Father's Power,  
(And 'tis my Curse I dare not think it lawful  
To sue unto thee in a nearer Name)  
Without Reply to leave me.

*Theoc.* My Obedience  
Never learn'd yet to question your Commands,  
But willingly to serve 'em; yet I must  
Since that your Will forbids the Knowledge of  
My Fault, lament my Fortune. [Exit.

*Malef.* O that  
I have Reason to discern the better Way  
And yet pursue the worse. When I look on her

<sup>12</sup> ————— In a Word  
The Plurify of Goodness, &c.

Plurify of Goodness—Not the Distemper that would have been  
Nonsense, but a Word coined from the *Latin*. Thy Plurify of Good-  
ness, *i. e.* Thy Goodness more than common—Thy extraordinary  
Share of it, which tempted me to think this Vice was thy Ill.



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I burn with Heat, and in her Absence freeze  
 With the cold Blasts of Jealousy, that another  
 Should e'er taste those Delights that are deny'd me,  
 And which of their Afflictions bring less Torture,  
 I hardly can distinguish; is there then  
 No Mean? No, so my Understanding tells me,  
 And that by my cross Fates it is determin'd  
 That I am both Ways wretched.

*Enter Usher and Montrevile,*

*Usher.* Yonder he walks, Sir,  
 In much Vexation: He hath sent my Lady  
 His Daughter weeping in; but what the Cause is  
 Rests yet in Supposition.

*Montr.* I guess at it,  
 But must be further satisfy'd; I will sift him  
 In private, therefore quit the Room.

*Usher.* I am gone, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Malef.* Ha! who disturbs me? *Montrevile?* Your  
 Pardon.

[*Speak it*

*Montr.* Would you could grant one to yourself. (I  
 With the Assurance of a Friend) and yet  
 Before it be too late, make Reparation  
 Of the gross Wrong your Indiscretion offer'd  
 To the Governor and his Son; nay, to yourself,  
 For there begins my Sorrow.

*Malef.* Would I had  
 No greater Cause to mourn than their Displeasure.  
 For I dare justify ——

*Montr.* We must not do all that we dare.  
 We're private Friend. I observ'd your Alterations  
 With a stricter Eye perhaps than others;  
 And to lose no Time in Repetition,  
 Your strange Demeanour to your sweet Daughter ——

*Malef.* Would you could find some other Theme to  
 treat of.

*Montr.* None but this; and this I'll dwell on,  
 How ridiculous and subject to Construction.——

*Malef.*

*Malef.* No more !

*Montr.* You made yourself, amazes me, and if  
The frequent Trials interchang'd between us  
Of Love and Friendship, be to their Desert  
Esteem'd by you, as they hold Weight with me,  
No inward Trouble should be of a Shape  
So horrid to yourself, but that to me  
You stand bound to discover it, and unlock  
Your secret Thoughts ; tho' the most innocent were  
Loud crying Sins.

*Malef.* And so perhaps they are ;  
And therefore be not curious to learn that  
Which known must make you hate me.

*Montr.* Think not so.  
I am yours in Right and Wrong ; nor shall you find  
A verbal Friendship in me, but an active ;  
And here I vow, I shall no sooner know  
What the Disease is, but if you give Leave  
I will apply a Remedy. Is it Madness ?  
I am familiarly acquainted with a deep-read Man  
That can with Charms and Herbs  
Restore you to your Reason ; or suppose  
You are bewitch'd, he with more potent Spells  
And magical Rites shall cure you. Is't Heav'ns Anger ?  
With Penitence and Sacrifice appease it ;  
Beyond this, there is nothing that I can  
Imagine dreadful. In your Fame and Fortunes  
You are secure ; your impious Son remov'd too,  
That render'd you suspected to the State,  
And your fair Daughter ——

*Malef.* Oh ! press me no farther.

*Montr.* Are you wrung there ? Why, what of her ?  
Hath she  
Made Shipwreck of her Honour, or conspir'd  
Against your Life ? or seal'd a Contract with  
The Devil of Hell, for the Recovery of  
Her young Inamorato ?

*Malef.* None of these ;  
And yet what must increase the Wonder in you,

Being innocent in herself, she hath wounded me,  
 But where enquire not. Yet, I know not how  
 I am persuaded from my Confidence  
 Of your vow'd Love to me, to trust you with  
 My dearest Secret, pray you chide me for it,  
 But with a Kind of Pity, not insulting  
 On my Calamity.

*Montr.* Forward,

*Malef.* This same Daughter ——

*Montr.* What is her Fault?

*Malef.* She is too fair to me.

*Montr.* Ha! how is this?

*Malef.* And I have look'd upon her  
 More than a Father should, and languish to  
 Enjoy her as a Husband.

*Montr.* Heaven forbid it.

*Malef.* And this is all the Comfort you can give me?  
 Where are your promis'd Aids, your Charms, your Herbs?  
 Your deep-read Scholar, Spells, and magic Rites?  
 Can all these disenchant me? No, I must be  
 My own Physician, and upon myself  
 Practice a desperate Cure.

*Montr.* Do not contemn me.  
 Enjoin me what you please with any Hazard,  
 I'll undertake it. What Means have you practic'd  
 To quench this hellish Fire?

*Malef.* All I could think on,  
 But to no Purpose; and yet sometimes Absence  
 Does yield a Kind of Intermission to  
 The Fury of the Fit.

*Montr.* See her no more then.

*Malef.* 'Tis my last Refuge, and 'twas my Intent  
 And still 'tis, to desire your Help.

*Montr.* Command it.

*Malef.* Thus then, you have a Fort of which you are  
 The absolute Lord, whither I pray you bear her:  
 And that the Sight of her may not again  
 Nourish those Flames, which I feel something lessen'd,  
 By all the Ties of Friendship I conjure you,

And



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And by a solemn Oath you must confirm it,  
That tho' my now calm'd Passions should rage higher  
Than ever heretofore, and so compel me  
Once more to wish to see her ; tho' I use  
Persuasions mix'd with Threatnings ; nay, add to it ;  
That I, this failing, should with Hands held up thus  
Kneel at your Feet, and bathe them with my Tears,  
Prayers or Curses, Vows or Imprecations,  
Only to look upon her, though at Distance,  
You still must be obdurate,

*Montr.* If it be  
Your Pleasure, Sir, that I shall be unmov'd,  
I will endeavour.

*Malef.* You must swear to be  
Inexorable, as you would prevent  
The greatest Mischief to your Friend, that Fate  
Could throw upon him.

*Montr.* Well, I will obey you.  
But how the Governor will be answer'd, yet,  
And 'tis material, is not consider'd.

*Malef.* Leave that to me. I'll presently give Order  
How you shall surprize her ; be not frighted with  
Her Exclamations.

*Montr.* Be you constant to  
Your Resolution, I will not fail  
In what concerns my Part.

*Malef.* Be ever blessed for't.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Beaufort jun. Chamont, Lanour,*

*Cham.* Not to be spoke with, say you ?

*Beauf. jun.* No.

*Lan.* Nor you

Admitted to have Conference with her ?

*Beauf. jun.* Neither.

His Doors are fast lock'd up, and Solitude  
Dwells round about 'em, no Access allow'd  
To Friend or Enemy, but —

*Cham.*

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*Cham.* Nay, be not mov'd, Sir ;  
Let his Passion work, and like a hot rein'd Horſe <sup>12</sup>  
'Twill quickly tire itſelf.

*Beauf. jun.* Or in his Death  
Which for her Sake 'till now I have forborne,  
I will revenge the Injury he hath done  
To my true lawful Love.

*Lan.* How does your Father,  
The Governor, reliſh it ?

*Beauf. jun.* Troth, he never had  
Affection to the Match ; yet in his Pity  
To me, he's gone in Perſon to his Houſe,  
Nor will he be deny'd ; and if he find not  
Strong and fair Reaſons, *Malefort* will hear from him  
In a Kind he does not look for.

*Cham.* In the mean Time,  
Pray you put on cheerful Looks.

*Beauf. jun.* Mine ſuit my Fortune.

*Enter Montaign.*

*Lan.* O here's *Montaign*.

*Monta.* I never could have met you  
More opportunely. I'll not ſtale the Jeſt  
By my Relation ; but if you will look on  
The Malecontent *Belgard*, newly rigg'd up  
With the Train that follows him, 'twill be an Object  
'Worthy of your noting.

*Beauf. jun.* Look you the Comedy,  
Make good the Prologue, or the Scorn will dwell  
Upon yourſelf.

*Monta.* I'll hazard that, obſerve now.

<sup>12</sup> ——— And like a hot rein'd Horſe,  
'Twill quickly tire itſelf.

This is directly copied from *Shakeſpear*, who ſays,

———— Anger is like  
A full hot Horſe. who being allow'd his Way,  
Self-mettle tires him.

Henry VIIIth. Act I. Scene 2.

*Enter*

*Enter Belgard in a gallant Habit; stays at the Door with his Sword drawn; several Voices within.*

*Wenchies.* Nay, Captain! glorious Captain!

*Belg.* Fall back, Rascals;

Do you make an Owl of me? this Day I will  
Receive no more Petitions.

Here are Bills of all Occasions, and all Sizes!

If this be the Pleasure of a rich Suit, would I were

Again in my Buff Jerkin, or my Armour,

Then I walk'd securely by my Creditors Noses,

And not a Dog mark'd me; every Officer shun'd me,

And not one louzy Prison would receive me:

But now, as the Ballad says, I am turn'd Gallant,

There does not live that Thing I owe a Soufe to

But does torment me. A faithful Cobler told me,

With his Awl in his Hand, I was behind-hand with him

For setting me upright, and bade me look to myself.

A Sempstrefs too, that traded but in Socks,

Swore she would set a Serjeant on my Back

For a borrow'd Shirt: My Pay, and the Benevolence

The Governor and the States bestow'd upon me,

The City Cormorants, my Money-Mongers,

Have swallow'd down already; they were Sums,

I grant, but that I should be such a Fool

Against my Oath, being a cashier'd Captain,

To pay Debts, though grown up to one and twenty,

Deserves more Reprehension, in my Judgment,

Than a Shop-keeper, or a Lawyer that lends Money,

In a long dead Vacation.

*Monta.* How do you like

His Meditation?

*Cham.* Peace! let him proceed.

*Belg.* I cannot now go on the Score for Shame,

And where I shall begin to pawn: Ay, marry,

That is consider'd timely; I paid for

This Train of yours, Dame *Esfridge*, fourteen Crowns,

And yet it is so light, 'twill hardly pass

For



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For a Tavern Reck'ning, unless it be  
 To save the Charge of Painting, nail'd on a Post  
 For the Sign of the Feathers. Pox upon the Fashion,  
 That a Captain cannot think himself a Captain,  
 If he wear not this like a Fore-Horse; yet it is not  
 Staple Commodity; these are perfum'd too  
 Of the *Roman* Wash, and yet a stale Red Herring  
 Would fill the Belly better, and hurt the Head less:  
 And this is *Venice* Gold, would I had it again  
 In *French* Crowns in my Pocket. O you Commanders  
 That, like me, have no dead Pays, nor can couzen  
 The Commissary at a Muster, let me stand  
 For an Example to you, as you would  
 Enjoy your Privileges: *videlicet*,  
 To pay your Debts, and take your Lechery gratis;  
 To have your Issue warm'd by others Fires;  
 To be often drunk, and swear, yet pay no Forfeit  
 To the Poor, but when you share with one another,  
 With all your other choice Immunities:  
 Only of this I seriously advise you,  
 Let Courtiers trip like Courtiers,  
 And your Lords of Dirt and Dunghills mete  
 Their Woods and Acres, in Velvets, Sattins, Tissues,  
 But keep you constant to Cloth and Shamois.

*Monta.* Have you heard of such a penitent Homily?

*Belg.* I am studying now  
 Where I shall hide myself till the Rumour of  
 My Wealth and Bravery vanish: Let me see,  
 There is a kind of a Vaulting House not far off,  
 Where I us'd to spend my Afternoons, among  
 Suburb She-Gamesters; and yet, now I think on't,  
 I have crack'd a Ring or two there, which they made  
 Others to folder. No——

*Enter a Bawd and two Wenches, with two Children.*

*1 Wench.* O! have we spy'd you!

*Bawd.* Upon him without Ceremony, now's the Time  
 While he is in the paying Vein,

*2 Wench,*

2 *Wench*. Save you, brave Captain.

*Beauf jun.* 'Slight! how he stares!

They are worse than She-Wolves to him. [you.

*Belg.* Shame me not in the Streets. I was coming to

1 *Wench*. O Sir, you may in Publick pay for the Fid-  
You had in Private. [ling

2 *Wench*. We hear you are full of Crowns, Sir.

1 *Wench*. And therefore knowing you are open-handed,  
Before all be destroy'd, I'll put you in Mind, Sir,  
Of your young Heir here.

2 *Wench*. Here's a second, Sir,  
That looks for a Child's Portion.

*Bawd.* There are Reckonings  
For Muskadine and Eggs too, must be thought on.

1 *Wench*. We have not been hasty, Sir.

*Bawd.* But stay'd your Leisure;  
But now you are ripe, and loaden with Fruit.  
2 *Wench*. 'Tis fit you should be pull'd; here's a Boy,  
Pray you kiss him, 'tis your own, Sir. [Sir,

1 *Wench*. Nay, buss this first,  
It hath just your Eyes, and such a promising Nose,  
That if the Sign deceive me not, in Time  
'Twill prove a notable Striker, like his Father.

*Belg.* And yet you laid it to another.

1 *Wench*. True,  
While you were poor, and it was Policy,  
But she that has Variety of Fathers,  
And makes not Choice of him that can maintain it,  
Ne'er studied *Aristotle's* Problems.

*Lan.* A smart Quean.

*Belg.* Why, Brachs, will you worry me?

2 *Wench*. No, but ease you  
Of your golden Burthen; the heavy Carriage may  
Bring you to a Sweating Sicknes.

*Belg.* Very likely,  
I foam all o'er already.

1 *Wench*. Will you come off, Sir?

*Belg.* Would I had ne'er come on: Hear me with Pa-  
Or I will anger you. Go to, you know me [tience,  
And

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And do not vex me farther : By my Sins  
And your Diseases, which are certain Truths,  
Whate'er you think, I am not Master, at  
This Instant, of a Livre.

2 *Wench*. What, and in  
Such a glorious Suit ?

*Belg*. The liker, wretched Things,  
To have no Money.

*Bawd*. You may pawn your Cloaths, Sir.

1 *Wench*. Will you see your Issue starve ?

2 *Wench*. Or the Mothers beg ?

*Belg*. Why, you unconscionable Strumpets, would you  
have me

Transform my Hat to Double Clouts and Biggins ?

My Corset to a Cradle ? or my Belt

To Swaddlebands ? or turn my Cloak to Blankets ?

Or to sell my Sword and Spurs for Soap and Candles ?

Have you no Mercy ? What a chargeable Devil

We carry in our Breeches !

*Beauf. jun*. Now 'tis Time  
To fetch him off.

*Enter Beaufort sen.*

*Monta*. Your Father does it for us.

*Bawd*. The Governor !

*Beauf. sen*. What are these ?

1 *Wench*. And it like your Lordship,  
Very poor Spinsters.

*Bawd*. I am his Nurse and Landress.

*Belg*. You have nurs'd and lander'd me, Hell take  
Vanish. [you for it.

*Cham*. Do, do, and talk with him hereafter.

1 *Wench*. 'Tis our best Course.

2 *Wench*. We'll find a Time to fit him.

[*Exit Bawd and Whores.*

*Beauf. sen*. Why in this Heat, *Belgard* ?

*Belg*. You are the Cause of 't.

*Beauf. sen*. Who, I ?

*Belg*.



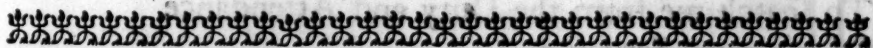
*Belg.* Yes, your pied Livery, and your Gold  
Draw these Vexations on me, pray you strip me  
And let me be as I was : I will not lose  
The Pleasures and the Freedom which I had  
In my certain Poverty ; for all the Wealth  
Fair *France* is proud of ?

*Beauf. sen.* We at better leisure  
Will learn the Cause of this.

*Beauf. jun.* What Answer, Sir,  
From the Admiral ?

*Beauf. sen.* None, his Daughter is remov'd  
To the Fort of *Montrevile*, and he himself  
In Person fled, but where is not discover'd ;  
I could tell you Wonders, but the Time denies me  
Fit Liberty. In a Word, let it suffice  
The Power of our great Master is condemn'd,  
The sacred Laws of God and Man prophan'd,  
And if I sit down with this Injury,  
I am unworthy of my Place, and thou  
Of my Acknowledgment : Draw up all the Troops,  
As I go, I will instruct you to what purpose.  
Such as have Power to punish, and yet spare  
From Fear or from Connivance, others ill  
Though not in Act assist them in their Will.

*The End of the Fourth Act.*



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Montrevile, Theocrine, Servants.*

*Montr.* **B**IND them, and gag their Mouths sure, I alone  
Will be your Convoy.

*1 Wom.* Madam,

*2 Wom.* Dearest Lady,

*Page.* Let me fight, for my Mistress.

*Serv.*

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*Serv.* 'Tis in vain,  
Little Cockerell of the Kind.

*Montr.* Away with them,  
And do as I command you,

[*Exeunt Servants, Page, Women.*]

*Theoc. Montrevile*

You are my Father's Friend, nay, more a Soldier,  
And if a right one, as I hope to find you,  
Though in a lawful War you had surpriz'd  
A City, that bow'd humbly to your Pleasure,  
In Honour you stand bound to guard a Virgin  
From Violence; but in a free Estate  
Of which you are a Limb, to do a Wrong  
Which noble Enemies never consent to  
Is such an Insolence.

*Montr.* How her Heart beats!  
Much like a Partridge in a Sparhawk's Foot,  
That with a panting Silence does lament  
The Fate she cannot fly from! Sweet, take Comfort,  
You are safe, and nothing is intended to you  
But Love and Service.

*Theoc.* They came never cloth'd  
In Force and Outrage. Upon what Assurance  
(Rememb'ring only that my Father lives  
Who will not tamely suffer the Disgrace.)  
Have you presum'd to hurry me from his House,  
And as I were not worth the waiting on,  
To snatch me from the Duty and Attendance  
Of my poor Servants.

*Montr.* Let not that afflict you,  
You shall not want Observance, I will be  
Your Page, your Woman, Parasite or Fool,  
Or any other Property, provided  
You answer my Affection.

*Theoc.* In what Kind?

*Montr.* As you had done young *Beaufort's*.

*Theoc.* How?

*Montr.* So, Lady,  
Or, if the Name of Wife appear a Yoke

Too

Too heavy for your tender Neck, so I  
Enjoy you as a private Friend or Mistress,  
'Twill be sufficient.

*Theoc.* Blessed Angels guard me  
What frontless Impudence is this? What Devil  
Hath to thy certain Ruin tempted thee  
To offer me this Motion? By my Hopes  
Of after Joys, Submission, nor Repentance  
Shall expiate this foul Intent.

*Montr.* Intent?  
'Tis more, I'll make it Act.

*Theoc.* Ribald, thou dar'st not,  
And if (and with a Feaver to thy Soul)  
Thou but consider that I have a Father  
And such a Father, as when this arrives at  
His Knowledge, as it shall, the Terror of  
His Vengeance, which as sure as Fate must follow,  
Will make thee curse the Hour in which Lust taught thee  
To nourish these base Hopes, and 'tis my Wonder  
Thou dar'st forget how tender he is of me  
And that each Shadow of Wrong done to me,  
Will raise in him a Tempest not to be  
But with thy Heart-blood calm'd: This when I see him—

*Montr.* As thou shalt never.

*Theoc.* Wilt thou Murther me?

*Montr.* No, no, 'tis otherwise determin'd, Fool.  
The Master which in Passion kills his Slave  
That may be useful to him, does himself  
The Injury: Know thou most wretched Creature,  
That Father thou presum'st upon, that Father,  
That when I sought thee in a noble Way,  
Deny'd thee to me, fancying in his Hope  
A higher Match from his excess of Dotage,  
Hath in his Bowels kindled such a Flame  
Of Impious most unnatural Lust,  
That now he fears his furious Desires,  
May force him to do that, he shakes to think on.

*Theoc.* O me most Wretched.

*Montr.* Never hope again

VOL. III.

Q

To



To blast him with those Eyes, their Golden Beams  
 Are unto him Arrows of Death and Hell,  
 But unto me Divine Artillery.  
 And therefore since what I so long in vain  
 Pursued is offer'd to me, and by him  
 Given up to my Possession : Do not flatter  
 Thyself with an Imaginary Hope,  
 But that I'll take Occasion by the Forelock,  
 And make use of my Fortune ; as we walk  
 I'll tell thee more.

*Theoc.* I will not stir.

*Montr.* I'll force thee :

*Theoc.* Help, help.

*Montr.* In vain.

*Theoc.* In me my Brother's Blood  
 Is punish'd at the Height.

*Montr.* The Coach there.

*Theoc.* Dear, Sir,

*Montr.* Tears, Curses, Prayers, are alike to me ;  
 I can, and must enjoy my present Pleasure,  
 And shall take Time to mourn for it at Leisure. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Malefort solus.*

*Malef.* I have play'd the Fool, the gross Fool to believe  
 The Bosom of a Friend will hold a Secret ;  
 Mine own could not contain ; and my Industry  
 In taking Liberty from my innocent Daughter,  
 Out of false Hopes of Freedom to myself,  
 Is in the little Help it yields me, punish'd.  
 She's absent, but I have her Figure here,  
 And every Grace and Rarity about her,  
 Are by the Pencil of my Memory  
 In living Colours painted on my Heart.  
 My Fires too a short Interim closed up,  
 Break out with greater Fury. Why was I  
 Since 'twas my Fate, and not to be declin'd

In

In this so tender-conscienc'd? Say I had  
 Injoy'd what I desir'd, what had it been  
 But Incest? and there's something here that tells me  
 I stand accomptable for greater Sins,  
 I never check'd at: Neither had the Crime  
 Wanted a President. I have read in Story  
 Those first great Hero's that for their brave Deeds  
 Were in the Worlds first Infancy stil'd Gods,  
 Freely enjoy'd what I deny'd myself.  
 Old *Saturn* in the golden Age embraced  
 His Sister *Ops* and in the same Degree  
 The Thunderer *Juno*, *Neptune*, *Thetis*, and  
 By their Example after the first Deluge  
 Deucalion *Pirrhæ*. Universal Nature  
 As every Day 'tis evident, allows it  
 To Creatures of all Kinds. The gallant Horse  
 Covers the Mare to which he was the Sire;  
 The Bird with fertile Seed gives new encrease  
 To her that hatch'd him. Why should envious Man then  
 Brand that close Act which adds Proximity  
 To what's most near him, with the abhorred Title  
 Of Incest? Or our later Laws forbid  
 What by the first was granted? Let old Men  
 That are not capable of these Delights  
 And solemn superstitious Fools prescribe  
 Rules to themselves, I will not curb my Freedom,  
 But constantly go on, with this Assurance,  
 I but walk in a Path which greater Men  
 Have trod before me. Ha! this is the Fort,  
 Open the Gate. Within there.

*Enter two Soldiers with Muskets.*

1 *Sold.* With your Pardon  
 We must forbid your Entrance.

*Malef.* Do you know me?

2 *Sold.* Perfectly my Lord.

*Malef.* I am this Captain's Friend.

1 *Sold.* It may be so, but till we know his Pleasure

Q 2

You

You must excuse us.

2 *Sold.* We'll acquaint him with  
Your waiting here.

*Malef.* Waiting Slave, he was ever  
By me Commanded.

1 *Sold.* As we are by him.

*Malef.* So punctual, pray you then in my Name intreat  
His Presence.

2 *Sold.* That we shall do.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

*Malef.* I must use  
Some strange Persuasions to work him to  
Deliver her, and to forget her Vows,  
And horrid Oaths I in my Madness made him.  
Take to the Contrary, and may I get her  
Once more in my Possession, I will bear her  
Into some close Cave or Desert, where we'll end  
Our Lusts and Lives together.

*Enter Montrevile and Soldiers.*

*Montr.* Fail not, on  
The Forfeit of your Lives to execute  
What I commanded.

*Malef.* *Montrevile*, how is't Friend?

*Montr.* I am glad to see you wear such chearful Looks,  
The World's well altered.

*Malef.* Yes, I thank my Stars.  
But me thinks thou art troubled.

*Montr.* Some light cross,  
But of no Moment.

*Malef.* So I hope, beware  
Of sad and impious Thoughts, you know how far  
They wrought on me.

*Montr.* No such come near me, Sir.  
I have like you no Daughter, and much wish  
You never had been curs'd with one.

*Malef.* Who I?  
Thou art deceiv'd, I am most happy in her.

*Mont.*



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*Montr.* I am glad to hear it.

*Malef.* My incestuous Fires  
Towards her are quite burnt out; I love her now  
As a Father, and no further.

*Montr.* Fix there then  
Your constant Peace, and do not try a second  
Temptation from her.

*Malef.* Yes, Friend, though she were  
By Millions of Degrees more excellent  
In her Perfections: Nay, tho' she could borrow  
A Form Angelical to take my Frailty,  
It would not do; and therefore, *Montrevile*,  
(My chief Delight next her) I come to tell thee  
The Governor and I are reconcil'd,  
And I confirm'd, and with all possible Speed  
To make large Satisfaction to young *Beaufort*,  
And her whom I have so much wrong'd, and for  
Thy Trouble in her Custody, of which  
I'll now discharge thee, there is nothing in  
My Nerves or Fortunes, but shall ever be  
At thy Devotion.

*Montr.* You promise faintly,  
Nor doubt I the Performance; yet I would not  
Hereafter be reported to have been  
The principal Occasion of your falling  
Into a Relapse; or but suppose out of  
The Easiness of my Nature, and Assurance  
You are firm, and can hold out, I could consent:  
You needs must know there are so many Lets  
That make against it, that it is my Wonder  
You offer me the Motion, having bound me  
With Oaths and Imprecations on no Terms,  
Reasons, or Arguments, you could propose,  
I ever should admit you to her Sight,  
Much less restore her to you.

*Malef.* Are we Soldiers, and stand on Oaths?

*Montr.* 'Tis beyond my Knowledge  
In what we are more worthy, than in keeping  
Our Words, much more our Vows.

Q 3

*Malef.*

*Malef.* Heaven pardon all.

How many Thousands in our Heat of Wine,  
Quarrels and Play, and in our younger Days  
(In Private, I may say) between ourselves  
In Points of Love, have we to answer for,  
Should we be scrupulous that Way.

*Montr.* You say well,  
And very aptly call to Memory  
Two Oaths against all Ties and Rites of Friendship  
Broken by you to me.

*Malef.* No more of that.

*Montr.* Yes, 'tis material, and to the Purpose:  
The first (and think upon't) was, when I brought you  
As a Visitant to my Mistress, then, the Mother  
Of this same Daughter, whom, with dreadful Words,  
Too hideous to remember, you swore deeply  
For my Sake never to attempt; yet then,  
Then, when you had a sweet Wife of your own,  
I know not with what Arts, Philtres, and Charms,  
(Unless in Wealth and Fame you were above me)  
You won her from me, and her Grant obtain'd,  
A Marriage with the Second waited on,  
The Burial of the First (that to the World  
Brought your dead Son this I sat tamely down by,  
Wanting, indeed, Occasion and Power  
To be at the Height revenged.

*Malef.* Yet this you seem'd  
Freely to pardon,

*Montr.* As perhaps I did.  
Your Daughter *Theocrine* growing ripe,  
(Her Mother too deceas'd) and fit for Marriage,  
I was a Suitor for her, had your Word  
Upon your Honour, and our Friendship made  
Authenticall, and ratified with an Oath,  
She should be mine: But Vows with you being like  
To your Religion, a Nose of Wax  
To be turn'd every Way, that very Day  
The Governor's Son but making his Approaches  
Of Courtship to her, the Wind of your Ambition

For

For her Advancement, scatter'd the thin Sand  
In which you wrote your full Consent to me,  
And drew you to his Party. What hath pass'd since  
You bear a Register in your own Bosom,  
That can at large inform you.

*Malef. Montrevile,*

I do confess all that you charge me with  
To be strong Truth, and that I bring a Cause  
Most miserably guilty, and acknowledge  
That tho' your Goodness made me mine own Judge,  
I should not shew the least Compassion  
Or Mercy to myself. O, let not yet  
My Foulness taint your Pureness, or my Falshood  
Divert the Torrent of your loyal Faith.  
My Ills, if not return'd by you, will add  
Lustre to your much Good, and to o'ercome  
With noble Suff'rance will express your Strength,  
And triumph o'er my Weakness. If you please too,  
My black Deeds being only known to you,  
And in surrend'ring up my Daughter buried:  
You not alone make me your Slave (for I  
At no Part do deserve the Name of Friend)  
But in your own Breast raise a Monument  
Of Pity to a Wretch on whom with Justice  
You may express all Cruelty.

*Montr. You much move me.*

*Malef. O that I could but hope it, to revenge  
An Injury is proper to the Wishes  
Of feeble Women, that want Strength to act it:  
But to have Power to punish, and yet pardon,  
Peculiar to Princes, see these Knees,  
That have been ever stiff to bend to Heaven,  
To you are supple. Is there ought beyond this  
That may speak my Submission? Or can Pride  
(Though I well know it is a Stranger to you)  
Desire a Feast of more Humility  
To kill her growing Appetite?*

*Montr. I requir'd not*

*To be sought in this poor Way; yet 'tis so far*



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A Kind of Satisfaction, that I will  
Dispense a little with those serious Oaths  
You made me take : Your Daughter shall come to you,  
I will not say as you deliver'd her,  
But as she is, you may dispose of her\*  
As you shall think most requisite. [*Exit Montrevile.*

*Malef.* His last Words

Are Riddles to me. Here the Lion's Force  
Would have prov'd useless, and against my Nature  
Compell'd me from the Crocodile, to borrow [*ward,*  
Her counterfeit Tears : There's now no turning back-  
May I but quench these Fires that rage within me,  
And fall what can fall, I am arm'd to bear it.

[*The Soldiers thrust forth Theocrine; her Garments  
loose, her Hair dishevell'd.*

2 *Sold.* You must be packing.

*Theoc.* Hath he robb'd me of

Mine Honour, and denies me now a Room  
To hide my Shame?

2 *Sold.* My Lord the Admiral  
Attends your Ladyship.

1 *Sold.* Close the Port, and leave 'em.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

*Malef.* Ha! who is this? how alter'd! how deform'd!  
It cannot be. And yet this Creature has  
A Kind of a Resemblance to my Daughter,  
My *Theocrine*! but as different  
From that she was, as Bodies dead are in  
Their best Perfections, from what they were  
When they had Life and Motion.

*Theoc.* 'Tis most true, Sir;  
I am dead indeed to all but Misery.  
O come not near me, Sir, I am infectious;  
To look on me at Distance is as dangerous  
As from a Pinnacle's Cloud-kissing Spire,  
With giddy Eyes to view the steep Descent;  
But to acknowledge me, a certain Ruin.  
O, Sir!

*Malef.* Speak, *Theocrine*; force me not

To

To farther Question; my Fears already  
Have choak'd my vital Spirits.

*Theoc.* Pray you turn away  
Your Face, and hear me, and with my last Breath  
Give me Leave to accuse you. What Offence  
From my first Infancy did I commit  
That for a Punishment you should give up  
My Virgin Chastity to the treacherous Guard  
Of Goatish *Montrevile*?

*Malef.* What hath he done?

*Theoc.* Abus'd me, Sir, by Violence; and this told,  
I cannot live to speak more: May the Cause  
In you find Pardon, but the speeding Curse  
Of a ravish'd Maid fall heavy, heavy on him:  
*Beaufort*, my lawful Love, farewell for ever. [*She dies.*

*Malef.* Take not thy Flight so soon, immaculate Spi-  
'Tis fled already. How the Innocent, [rit.  
As in a gentle Slumber, pass away!  
But to cut off the knotty Thread of Life,  
In guilty Men, must force stern *Atropos*  
To use her sharp Knife often. I would help  
The Edge of her's with the sharp Point of mine,  
But that I dare not die, 'till I have rent  
This Dog's Heart Piecemeal. O, that I had Wings  
To scale these Walls, or that my Hands were Cannons  
To bore their flinty Sides, that I might bring  
The Villain in the Reach of my good Sword,  
The *Turkish* Empire offer'd for his Ransom  
Should not redeem his Life. O that my Voice  
Were loud as Thunder, and with horrid Sounds  
Might force a dreadful Passage to his Ears,  
And through them reach his Soul, libidinous Monster,  
Foul Ravisher, as thou durst do a Deed  
Which forc'd the Sun to hide his glorious Face  
Behind a sable Masque of Clouds, appear,  
And as a Man defend it, or like me  
Shew some Compunction for it.

[*Montrevile above, the Curtain suddenly drawn.*

*Montr.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Malef.*

*Malef.* Is this an Object to raise Mirth?

*Montr.* Yes, yes.

*Malef.* My Daughter's dead.

*Montr.* Thou hadst best follow her;

Or if thou art the Thing thou art reported,  
Thou should'st have led the Way. Do tear thy Hair,  
Like a Village Nurse, and mourn while I laugh at thee,  
Be but a just Examiner of thyself,  
And in an equal Balance poize the Nothing,  
Or little Mischief I have done, compar'd  
With the pond'rous Weight of thine, and how canst thou  
Accuse or argue with me? Mine was a Rape,  
And she being in a Kind contracted to me,  
The Fact may challenge some Qualification:  
But thy Intent made Nature's Self run backward,  
And done, had caus'd an Earthquake.

*Enter Soldiers above.*

*1 Sold.* Captain.

*Montr.* Ha!

*2 Sold.* Our Outworks are surpriz'd, the Centinel slain,  
The Corps de Guard defeated too.

*Montr.* By whom?

*1 Sold.* The sudden Storm and Darkness of the Night  
Forbids the Knowledge; make up speedily,  
Or all is lost.

*Montr.* In the Devil's Name, whence comes this?

*[They descend.]*

*Malef.* Do, do; rage on; rend open, *Æolus*,<sup>13</sup>

<sup>13</sup> ——— Do, do, rage on, &c.

This Description of the Horrors of a guilty Mind is inimitable:—  
*Shakespeare* has a Passage in the *Tempest*, to the same Purpose, which I  
shall here set down.

O, it is monstrous! monstrous! ———

Methought the Billows spoke, and told me of it;  
The Winds did sing it to me; and the Thunder,  
That deep and dreadful Organpipe, pronounc'd  
The Name of *Prosper*.

Act III. Scene 4.

Thy



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Thy brazen Prison, and let loose at once [A Storm.  
Thy stormy Issue, blustering *Boreas*,  
Aided with all the Gales, the Pilot numbers  
Upon his Compass, cannot raise a Tempest  
Through the vast Region of the Air, like that  
I feel within me: for I am possess'd  
With Whirl-winds, and each guilty Thought to me is  
A dreadful Hurricane; though this Centre  
Labour to bring forth Earthquakes, and Hell open  
Her wide-stretch'd Jaws, and let out all her Furies,  
They cannot add an Atom to the Mountain  
Of Fears and Terrors that each Minute threaten  
To fall on my accursed Head. Ha! is't Fancy?

*Enter the Ghost of young Malefort, naked from the Waist,  
full of Wounds, leading in the Shadow of a Lady, her  
Face leprous.* <sup>14</sup>

Or hath Hell heard me, and makes Proof if I  
Dare stand the Trial? Yes, I do, and now  
I view these Apparitions, I feel  
I once did know the Substances. For what come you?  
Are your aerial Forms depriv'd of Language,  
And so deny'd to tell me? that by Signs

[The Ghosts use several Gestures.

You bid me ask here of myself? 'Tis so,  
And there is something here makes Answer for you.  
You come to launce my fear'd-up Conscience? Yes,  
And to instruct me, that those Thunderbolts,  
That hurl'd me headlong from the Height of Glory,

<sup>14</sup> This is the only Play in which *Massinger* has introduced Ghosts; and I may venture to say that he has done it with Propriety, and Justness: For though Ghosts are very frequent in *English* Tragedies; Ghosts, as well as Fairies, seem to be the peculiar Province of *Shakespeare*. In such Circles, none but he could move with Dignity. That in *Hamlet* is introduced with the utmost Solemnity, awful throughout, and majestic. At the Appearance of *Banquo* in *Macbeth*, Act III. Scene 5. the Images are set off in the strongest Expression, and strike the Imagination with high Degrees of Horror, which is supported with surprizing Art through the whole Scene."

Wealth,

Wealth, Honours, worldly Happiness, were forg'd  
 Upon the Anvil of my impious Wrongs  
 And Cruelty to you. I do confess it ;  
 And that my Lust compelling me to make Way  
 For a second Wife, I poison'd thee, and that  
 The Cause (which to the World is undiscover'd)  
 That forc'd thee to shake off thy Filial Duty  
 To me thy Father, had its Spring and Source  
 From thy Impatience to know thy Mother,  
 That with all Duty and Obedience serv'd me,  
 (For now with Horror I acknowledge it)

*[Answer'd still by Signs.]*

Remov'd unjustly : Yet thou being my Son,  
 Wert not a competent Judge mark'd out by Heaven  
 For her Revenger, which thy falling by  
 My weaker Hand confirm'd. 'Tis granted by thee.  
 Can any Penance expiate my Guilt ?  
 Or can Repentance save me ? They are vanish'd.

*[Exit Ghosts.]*

What's left to do then ? I'll accuse my Fate  
 That did not fashion me for nobler Uses :  
 Or if those Stars, cross to me in my Birth,  
 Had not deny'd their prosperous Influence to it  
 With Peace of Conscience like to innocent Men,  
 I might have ceas'd to be ; and not as now,  
 To curse my Cause of Being.

*[He's kill'd with a Flash of Lightning.]*

*Enter Belgard with Soldiers.*

*Belg.* Here is a Night  
 To season my Silks. Buff-jerkin, now I miss thee,  
 Thou hast endur'd many foul Nights, but never  
 One like to this : How fine my Feather looks now !  
 Just like a Capon's Tail stoln out of the Pen,  
 And hid in the Sink ; and yet 't had been Dishonour  
 To have charg'd me without it. — Wilt thou never  
 cease ?

# THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.

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Is the Petarde, as I gave Directions, fasten'd  
On the Portcullis?

*Another Sold.* It hath been attempted  
By divers, but in vain.

*Belg.* These are your Gallants,  
That at a Feast take the first Place; poor I,  
Hardly allow'd to follow. Marry, in  
These foolish Businesses they are content  
That I shall have Precedence. I much thank  
Their Manners, or their Fear. Second me, Soldiers,  
They have had no Time to undermine, or if  
They have, 'tis but blowing up, and fetching  
A Caper or two in the Air, and I will do it,  
Rather than blow my Nails here.

*Sold.* O brave Captain!

[*Exeunt.*]

*An Alarum, Noise and Cries within. A Flourish.*

*Enter Beaufort sen. Beaufort jun. Montaign, Chamont,  
Lanour, Belgard, Montrevile, Soldiers.*

*Montr.* Racks cannot force more from me than I have  
Already told you. I expect no Favour.  
I have cast up my Accompt.

*Beauf. sen.* Take you the Charge  
Of the Fort, *Belgard*; your Dangers have deserv'd it.

*Belg.* I thank your Excellence; this will keep me  
safe yet  
From being pull'd by the Sleeve, and bid remember  
The Thing I wot of.

*Beauf. jun.* All that have Eyes to weep,  
Spare one Tear with me. *Theocrine's* dead.

*Mont.* Her Father too lies breathless here, I think,  
Struck dead with Thunder.

*Cham.* 'Tis apparant: How  
His Carcase smells!

*Lan.* His Face is alter'd to  
Another Colour.

*Beauf.*



*Beauf. jun.* But here's one retains  
Her native Innocence, that never yet  
Call'd down Heaven's Anger.

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis in vain to mourn  
For what's past Help. We will refer, Bad Man,  
Your Sentence to the King: May we make use of  
This great Example, and learn from it, that  
There cannot be a Want of Power above  
To punish Murther, and unlawful Love.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The E N D.



THE  
BASHFUL LOVER.  
A  
TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it hath been often acted at the Private-House  
in *Black-Friers*, by his late Majesty's Servants,  
with great Applause. 1655.

WRITTEN  
By PHILIP MASSINGER.



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## P R O L O G U E.

**T**HIS from our Author, far from all Offence,  
 To abler Writers, or the Audience  
 Met here to judge his Poem. He, by me,  
 Presents his Service, with such Modesty  
 As well becomes his Weakness. 'Tis no Crime,  
 He hopes, as we do in this curious Time,  
 To be a little diffident, when we are  
 To please so many with one Bill of Fare.  
 Let others, building on their Merit, say  
 Y'are in the wrong, if you move not that Way  
 Which they prescribe you; as you were bound to learn  
 Their Maxims, but incapable to discern  
 'Twixt Truth and Falshood. Ours had rather be  
 Censur'd by some, for too much Obsequy,  
 Than tax'd of Self-Opinion. If he hear  
 That his Endeavours thriv'd, and did appear  
 Worthy your View (tho' made so by your Grace,  
 With some Desert) he in another Place  
 Will thankfully report, one Leaf of Bays  
 Truly confer'd upon this Work, will raise  
 More Pleasure in him, you the Givers free,  
 Than Garlands ravish'd from the Virgin-Tree.

## Dramatis Personæ.

GONZAGA, Duke of *Mantua*.  
LORENZO, Duke of *Tuscany*.  
UBERTI, Prince of *Parma*.  
FARNEZE, Cousin to *Gonzaga*.  
ALONZO, Nephew to *Lorenzo*.  
MANFROY, a Lord of *Mantua*.  
OCTAVIO, General, once, to *Gonzaga*; now exil'd.  
GOTHRIO, his Servant.  
ASCANIO, a Page.  
GALEAZZO, a Nobleman disguised.  
JULIO, his Man,  
PISANO, a *Tuscan* Lord.  
MARTINIO, a Captain.  
Two Captains more.  
Ambassadors.  
Soldiers.  
  
MATILDA, Daughter to *Gonzaga*.  
BEATRICE, her Waiting-Gentlewoman.  
MARIA, Daughter to *Ottavio*, disguis'd as a Page.  
Two Women.



THE  
BASHFUL LOVER.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Galeazzo and Julio.*

*Julio.*



I Dare not cross you, Sir, but I would gladly  
(Provided you allow it) render you  
My personal Attendance.

*Gal.* You shall better discharge the Duty of  
an honest Servant,

In following my Instructions, which you have  
Receiv'd already, than in questioning  
What my Intents are, or upon what Motives  
My Stay's resolv'd in *Mantua*: Believe me,  
That Servant overdoes, that's too officious;  
And, in presuming to direct your Master,  
You argue him of Weakness, and yourself  
Of Arrogance and Impertinence.

*Jul.* I have done, Sir;  
But what my Ends are —

*Gal.* Honest ones, I know it:

I have my Bills of Exchange, and all Provisions  
Entrusted to you; you have shewn yourself  
Just and discreet, what would you more? and yet,  
To satisfy in some Part your curious Care,  
Hear this, and leave me: I desire to be  
Obscur'd; and, as I have demean'd myself —

These



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These six Months past in *Mantua*, I'll continue  
Unnoted and unknown, and, at the best,  
Appear no more than a Gentleman, and a Stranger  
That travels for his Pleasure.

*Jul.* With your Pardon,  
This hardly will hold Weight, tho' I should swear it,  
With your noble Friends and Brother.

*Gal.* You may tell 'em,  
Since you will be my Tutor, there's a Rumour  
(Almost cry'd up into a Certainty)  
Of Wars with *Florence*, and that I am determin'd  
To see the Service: Whate'er I went forth,  
(Heav'n prosp'ring my Intents) I would come home  
A Soldier, and a good one.

*Jul.* Should you get  
A Captain's Place, nay, Colonel's, 'twould add little  
To what you are; few of your Rank will follow  
That dangerous Profession.

*Gal.* 'Tis the noblest,  
And Monarchs honour'd in it: But no more,  
On my Displeasure.

*Jul.* Saints and Angels guard you. [Exit.]

*Gal.* A War indeed is threaten'd, nay, expected  
From *Florence*; but it is 'gainst me already  
Proclaim'd in *Mantua*: I find it, here,  
No foreign, but intestine War: I have  
Defy'd myself, in giving up my Reason  
A Slave to Passion, and am led Captive  
Before the Battle's fought: I fainted, when  
I only saw mine Enemy, and yielded,  
Before that I was charg'd; and, tho' defeated,  
I dare not sue for Mercy. Like *Ixion*,

a ——— I find it here.

*Shakespear*, in *Troilus and Cressida*, has a Passage something similar  
to this.

Call here my Varlet; I'll unarm again.  
Why should I war without the Walls of *Troy*,  
That find such cruel Battle here within?

ACT I. Scene 1.

I look

I look on *Juno*, feel my Heart turn Cinders  
 With an invisible Fire: And yet, should she  
 Deign to appear cloath'd in a various Cloud,  
 The Majesty of the Substance is so sacred,  
 I durst not clasp the Shadow. I behold her  
 With Adoration; feast my Eye, while all  
 My other Senses starve; and, oft frequenting  
 The Place which she makes happy with her Presence,  
 I never yet had Power with Tongue or Pen  
 To move her to Compassion, or make known  
 What 'tis I languish for; yet I must gaze still,  
 Though it increase my Flame.—However, I  
 Much more than fear I am observ'd, and censur'd  
 For bold Intrusion. [Walks sadly.]

*Enter Beatrice and Ascanio.*

*Beat.* Know you, Boy, that Gentleman?

*Asc.* Who, Monsieur *Melancholy*? hath not your Ho-  
 Mark'd him before? [nour

*Beat.* I have seen him often wait  
 About the Princess' Lodgings, but ne'er guess'd  
 What his Designs were.

*Asc.* No? what a Sigh he breath'd now!  
 Many such will blow up the Roof.—On my small Credit  
 There's Gunpowder in 'em.

*Best.* How, Crack! Gunpowder?  
 He's Flesh and Blood, and Devils only carry  
 Such roaring Stuff about 'em. You cannot prove  
 He is or Spirit, or Conjuror.

*Asc.* That I grant:  
 But he's a Lover, and that's as bad; their Sighs  
 Are like Petards, and blow all up.

*Beat.* A Lover!  
 I've been in Love myself: but ne'er found yet  
 That it could work such strange Effects.

*Asc.* True, Madam,  
 In Women it cannot; for when they miss th' enjoying  
 Of their full Wishes, all their Sighs and Heigh-hoes,

262 THE BASHFUL LOVER.

At the worst, breed Tympanies, and these are cur'd too  
With a Kiss or two of their Saint, when he appears  
Between a Pair of Sheets: but with us Men  
The Case is otherwise.

*Beat.* You will be breech'd, Boy,  
For your physical Maxims—But how are you assur'd  
He is a Lover?

*Asc.* Who, I? I know with whom too;  
—But that is to be whisper'd. [*Whispers.*]

*Beat.* How? the Princess? th' unparallel'd *Matilda*?  
Some Proof of it; I'll pay for my Intelligence.

[*Gives him Gold.*]

*Asc.* Let me kiss  
Your Honour's Hand; 'twas ever fair, but now  
Beyond Comparison.

*Beat.* I guess the Reason;  
A giving Hand is still fair to the Receiver.

*Asc.* Your Ladyship's in the right: But to the Purpose.  
He is my Client, and pays his Fees as duly  
As ever Usurer did in a bad Cause  
To his Man of Law; and yet I get, and take 'em  
Both easily and honestly: All the Service  
I do him, is, to give him Notice when  
And where the Princess will appear; and that  
I hope's no Treason. If you miss him, when  
She goes to the Vesper or the Mattins, hang me;  
Or when she takes the Air, be sure to find him  
Near her Coach, at her going forth, or coming back:  
But, if she walk, he's ravish'd. I have seen him smell out  
Her Footing like a Lime-Hound, and knows it  
From all the rest of her Train.

*Beat.* Yet I ne'er saw him  
Present her a Petition.

*Asc.* Nor e'er shall:  
He only sees her, sighs, and sacrifices  
A Tear or two—then vanishes.

*Beat.* 'Tis most strange!  
What a sad Aspect he wears! but I'll make use of't.  
The Princess is much troubled with the Threats

That



That come from *Florence* ; I will bring her to him,  
The Novelty may afford her Sport, and help  
To purge deep melancholy. Boy, can you stay  
Your Client here for the third Part of an Hour ?  
I have some Ends in't.

*Asc.* Stay him, Madam ? fear not :  
The present Receipt of a round Sum of Crowns,  
And that will draw most Gallants from their Prayers,  
Cannot drag him from me.

*Beat.* See you do.

*Asc.* Ne'er doubt me, [Exit Beatrice.  
I'll put him out of his Dream.—Good Morrow, Signior!

*Gal.* My little Friend, good Morrow ! Hath the  
Slept well To-night ? [Princess

*Asc.* I hear not from her Women  
One Murmur to the contrary.

*Gal.* Heav'n be prais'd for't :  
Does she go to Church this Morning ?

*Asc.* 'Troth, I know not ;  
I keep no Key of her Devotion, Signior.

*Gal.* Goes she abroad ? Pray tell me.

*Asc.* 'Tis thought rather  
She is resolv'd to keep her Chamber.

*Gal.* Ah me !

*Asc.* Why do you sigh ? If that you have a Business  
To be dispatch'd in Court, shew ready Money,  
You shall find those that will prefer it for you.

*Gal.* Business ! can any Man have Business, but  
To see her, than admire her, and pray for her,

She being compos'd of Goodness ? For myself,  
I find it a Degree of Happiness

But to be near her ; and I think I pay  
A strict religious Vow, when I behold her,  
And that's all my Ambition.

*Asc.* I believe you :  
Yet, she being absent, you may spend some Hours  
With Profit and Delight too. After Dinner,  
The Duke gives Audience to a rough Ambassador,  
Whom yet I never saw, nor heard his Title,

264 THE BASHFUL LOVER.

Employ'd from *Florence*: I'll help you to a Place  
Where you shall see and hear all.

*Gal.* 'Tis not worth  
My Observation.

*Asc.* What think you of  
An excellent Comedy to be presented  
For his Entertainment? He that penn'd it, is  
The Poet of the Time; and all the Ladies  
(I mean the amorous and learned ones)

Except the Princess, will be there to grace it.

*Gal.* What's that to me? Without her all is nothing;  
The Light that shines in Court, *Cimmerian* Darkness;  
I will to Bed again, and there contemplate  
On her Perfections.

*Enter Matilda, Beatrice, and two Women.*

*Asc.* Stay, Sir! see the Princess,  
Beyond our Hopes.

*Gal.* Take that. [*Gives him Money.*] As *Moors* salute  
The rising Sun with joyful Superstition,  
I could fall down and worship.—O my Heart!  
Like *Phæbe* breaking through an envious Cloud,  
Or something which no Simile can express,  
She shews to me; a reverend Fear, but blended  
With Wonder and Amazement, does possess me.  
Now glut thyself, my famish'd eye! [*Aside.*

*Beat.* That's he,  
An't please your Excellence

1 *Wom.* Observe his Posture,  
But with a Quarter-Look.

2 *Wom.* Your Eye fix'd on him  
Will breed Astonishment.

*Matil.* A comely Gentleman!  
I would not question your Relation, Lady,  
Yet faintly can believe it.—How he eyes me!  
Will he not speak?

*Beat.* Your Excellence hath depriv'd him  
Of Speech and Motion,

*Matil,*

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*Matil.* 'Tis most strange!

*Asc.* These Fits are usual with him.

*Matil.* Is it not, *Ascanio*,

A personated Folly? or is he a Statue?

If it be, it is a Master-piece; for Man

I cannot think him.

*Beat.* For your Sport, vouchsafe him

A little Conference.

*Matil.* In Compassion rather:

For should he love me as you say (though hopeless)

It should not be return'd with Scorn; that were

An Inhumanity, which my Birth nor Honour

Could privilege, were they greater. Now I perceive

He has Life and Motion in him; to whom, Lady,

Pays he that Duty?

[*Galeazzo, bowing, offers to go off.*

*Beat.* Sans doubt, to yourself.

*Matil.* And whither goes he now?

*Asc.* To his private Lodging;

But to what End I know not: This is all

I ever noted in him.

*Matil.* Call him back:

In Pity I stand bound to counsel him,

Howe'er I am denied, though I were willing

To ease his Sufferings.

*Asc.* Signior, the Princess

Commands you to attend her.

*Gal.* How! the Princess?

Am I betray'd?

*Asc.* What a Lump of Flesh is this!

You are betray'd, Sir, to a better Fortune

Than you durst ever hope for.—What a *Tantalus*

Do you make yourself! The flying Fruit stays for you,

And the Water, that you long'd for, rising up

Above your Lip, do you refuse to taste it?

Move faster, sluggish Camel, or I will thrust

This Goad in your Breech. Had I such a promising

I should need the Reins, not Spurs. [Beard,

*Matil.* You may come nearer.

Why



Why do you shake, Sir? If I flatter not  
Myself, there's no Deformity about me,  
Nor any Part so monstrous to beget  
An Ague in you.

*Gal.* It proceeds not, Madam,  
From Guilt, but Reverence.

*Matil.* I believe you, Sir;  
Have you a Suit to me?

*Gal.* Your Excellence  
Is wondrous fair.

*Matil.* I thank your good Opinion,

*Gal.* And I beseech you that I may have Licence  
To kneel to you.

*Matil.* A Suit I cannot cross.

*Gal.* I humbly thank your Excellence.

*Matil.* But what

As you are prostrate on your Knee before me,  
Is your Petition?

*Gal.* I have none, great Princess.

*Matil.* Do you kneel for nothing?

*Gal.* Yes, I have a Suit;

But such a one, as, if denied, will kill me.

*Matil.* Take Comfort; it must be of some strange  
Unfitting you to ask, or me to grant, [Nature,  
If I refuse it.

*Gal.* It is, Madam, —

*Matil.* Out with 't.

*Gal.* That I may not offend you, this is all,  
When I presume to look on you.

*Asc.* A flat Eunuch!  
To look on her? I should desire myself  
To move a little farther. [Aside.

*Matil.* Only that?

*Gal.* And I beseech you, Madam, to believe  
I never did yet with a wanton Eye,  
Or cherish one lascivious Wish beyond it.

*Beat.* You'll never make good Courtier, or be  
In Grace with Ladies.

*Wom.* Or us Waiting-women,

If that be your *Nil Ultra*,  
 2 *Wom.* He's no Gentleman,  
 On my Virginity, it is apparent:  
 My Taylor has more Boldness; nay, my Shoe-maker  
 Will fumble a little farther, he could not have  
 The Length of my Foot else.

*Matil.* Only to look on me?  
 Ends your Ambition there?

*Gal.* It does, great Lady;  
 And that confin'd too, and at fitting Distance:  
 The Fly that plays too near the Flame, burns in it.  
 A I behold the Sun, the Stars, the Temples,  
 I look upon you, and wish 'twere no Sin,  
 Should I adore you.

*Matil.* Come, there's something more in't;  
 And since that you will make a Goddess of me,  
 As such a one, I'll tell you, I desire not  
 The meanest Altar rais'd up to mine Honour  
 To be pull'd down. I can accept from you  
 (Be your Condition ne'er so far beneath me)  
 One Grain of Incense with Devotion offer'd,  
 Beyond all Perfumes, or *Sabeen* Spices,  
 By one that proudly thinks he merits in it.  
 I know you love me.

*Gal.* Next to Heaven, Madam,  
 And with as pure a Zeal. That, we behold  
 With th' Eyes of Contemplation, but can  
 Arrive no nearer to it in this Life;  
 But when that is divorc'd, my Soul shall serve yours,  
 And witness my Affection.

*Matil.* Pray you, rise;  
 But wait my further Pleasure.

*Enter Farneze and Uberti.*

*Farn.* I'll present you,  
 And give you Proof I am your Friend, a true one;  
 And in my Pleading for you, teach the Age,  
 That calls erroneously Friendship but a Name,

It

268 THE BASHFUL LOVER.

It is a Substance.——Madam, I am bold  
To trench so far upon your Privacy,  
As to desire my Friend (let not that wrong him,  
For he's a worthy one) may have the Honour  
To kiss your Hand.

*Matil.* His own Worth challengeth  
A greater Favour.

*Farn.* Your Acknowledgment  
Confirms it, Madam. If you look on him  
As he's built up a Man, without Addition  
Of Fortune's liberal Favours, Wealth or Titles,  
He doth deserve no usual Entertainment:  
But, as he is a Prince, and for your Service  
Hath left fair *Parma* (that acknowledges  
No other Lord) and uncompe'd exposes  
His Person to the Dangers of War,  
Ready to break in Storms upon our Heads;  
In noble Thankfulness you may vouchsafe him  
Nearer Respect, and such Grace as may nourish,  
Not kill, his amorous Hopes.

*Matil.* Cousin, you know  
I am not the Disposer of myself,  
The Duke my Father challengeth that Power:  
Yet thus much I dare promise; Prince *Uberti*  
Shall find the Seed of Service that he sows  
Falls not on barren Ground.

*Uber.* For this high Favour  
I am your Creature, and profess I owe you  
Whatever I call mine. [*They walk.*]

*Gal.* This great Lord is  
A Suitor to the Princess?

*Asc.* True, he is so.

*Gal.* Fame gives him out too for a brave Commander.

*Asc.* And in it does him but deserved Right;  
The Duke hath made him General of his Horse  
On that Assurance.

*Gal.* And the Lord *Farneze*  
Pleads for him, as it seems.

*Asc.* 'Tis too apparent:

And,



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And, this consider'd, give me Leave to ask  
What Hope have you, Sir?

*Gal.* I may still look on her,  
Howe'er he wear the Garland.

*Asc.* A thin Diet,  
And will not feed you fat, Sir.

*Uber.* I rejoice,  
Rare Princess, that you are not to be won  
By Carpet-Courtship, but the Sword: With this  
Steel Pen I'll write on *Florence* Helm, how much  
I can, and dare do for you.

*Matil.* 'Tis not question'd.  
Some private Business of mine own dispos'd of,  
I'll meet you in the Presence.

*Uber.* Ever your Servant.  
[Exit *Uberti* and *Farneze*.

*Matil.* Now, Sir, to you. You have observ'd, I doubt  
(For Lovers are sharp-sighted) to what Purpose [not,  
This Prince solicits me; and yet I am not  
So taken with his Worth, but that I can  
Vouchsafe you further Parley. The first Command  
That I'll impose upon you, is to hear  
And follow my good Counsel. I am not  
Offended that you love me: persist in it;  
But love me virtuously; such Love may spur you  
To noble Undertakings, which atchiev'd  
Will raise you into Name, Preferment, Honour:  
For all which, though you ne'er enjoy my Person,  
(For that's impossible) you are indebted  
To your high Aims. Visit me when you please;  
I do allow it, nor will blush to own you,  
(So you confine yourself to what you promise)  
As my virtuous Servant.

*Beat.* Farewel, Sir! You have  
An unexpected Cordial.

*Asc.* May it work well!  
[Exeunt all but *Galeazzo*.

*Gal.* Your Love—yes, so she said, may spur you to  
Brave Undertakings: Adding this, you may

Visit

270 THE BASHFUL LOVER.

Visit me when you please. Is this allow'd me,  
And any Act within the Power of Man  
Impossible to be effected? No:  
I will break through all Oppositions that  
May stop me in my full Career to Honour;  
And, borrowing Strength to do, from her high Favour,  
Add, something to *Alcides'* greatest Labour. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*Enter Gonzaga, Uberti, Farneze, Manfroy, Attendants.*

*Gonz.* This is your Place; and, were it in our Power,  
You should have greater Honour, Prince of *Parma*.  
The rest know theirs.—Let some attend with Care  
On the Ambassador, and let my Daughter  
Be present at his Audience. Reach a Chair,  
We'll do all fit Respects; and, pray you, put on  
Your milder Looks; you're in a Place where Frowns  
Are no prevailing Agents.

*Enter (at one Door) Alonzo and Attendants: Matilda, Beatrice, Ascanio, Galeazzo, and Waiting-Women (at the other.)*

*Asc.* I have seen  
More than a Wolf, a Gorgon! [Swoons.

*Gonz.* What's the Matter?

*Matil.* A Page of mine is fall'n into a Swoon:  
Look to him carefully.

*Gonz.* Now, when you please,  
The Cause that brought you hither.

*Alon.* The Protraction  
Of my Dispatch forgotten, from *Lorenzo*  
The *Tuscan* Duke, thus much to you, *Gonzaga*,  
The Duke of *Mantua*. By me, his Nephew,  
He does salute you fairly, and entreats  
(A Word not suitable to his Power and Greatness)

You

You would consent to tender that, which he  
Unwillingly must force, if contradicted.  
Ambition, in a private Man a Vice,  
Is in a Prince a Virtue.

*Gonz.* To the Purpose;  
These Ambages are impertinent.

*Alon.* He demands  
The fair *Matilda* (for I dare not take  
From her Perfections) in a noble Way;  
And in creating her the Consort of  
His Royal Bed, to raise her to a Height  
Her flatt'ring Hopes could not aspire to, where she  
With Wonder shall be gaz'd upon, and live  
The Envy of her Sex.

*Gonz.* Suppose this granted?

*Uber.* Or, if denied, what follows?

*Alon.* Present War,  
With all Extremities the Conqueror can  
Inflict upon the Vanquish'd.

*Uber.* Grant me Licence  
To answer this Defiance. What Intelligence  
Holds your proud Master with the Will of Heaven,  
That, ere th' uncertain Dye of War be thrown,  
He dares assure himself the Victory?  
Are his unjust, invading Arms of Fire?  
Or those we put on, in Defence of Right,  
Like Chaff to be consum'd in the Encounter?  
I look on your Dimensions, and find not  
Mine own of lesser Size; the Blood that fills  
My Veins, as hot as yours; my Sword as sharp,  
My Nerves of equal Strength, my Heart as good;  
And, confident we have the better Cause,  
Why should we fear the Trial?

*Farn.* You presume  
You are superior in Numbers; we  
Lay hold upon the surest Anchor, Virtue;  
Which, when Tempest of the War roars loudest,  
Must prove a strong Protection.

*Gonz.* Two main Reasons

Seconding



(Seconding those you have already heard)  
 Gives us Encouragement : The Duty that  
 I owe my Mother Country, and the Love  
 Descending to my Daughter. For the first,  
 Should I betray her Liberty, I deserv'd  
 To have my Name with Infamy raz'd from  
 The Catalogue of good Princes ; and I should  
 Unnaturally forget I am a Father,  
 If, like a *Tartar*, or for Fear or Profit,  
 I should consign her as a Bond-woman  
 To be dispos'd of at another's Pleasure,  
 Her own Consent or Favour never su'd for,  
 And mine by Force exacted. No, *Alonzo*,  
 She is my only Child, my Heir ; and, if  
 A Father's Eyes deceive me not, the Hand  
 Of prodigal Nature hath given so much to her,  
 As, in the former Ages, Kings would rise up  
 In her Defence, and make her Cause their Quarrel :  
 Nor can she, if that any Spark remain  
 To kindle a Desire to be possess'd  
 Of such a Beauty, in our Time want Swords  
 To guard it safe from Violence.

*Gal.* I must speak,  
 Or I shall burst ; now to be silent, were  
 A Kind of Blasphemy. If such Purity,  
 Such Innocence, an Abstract of Perfection,  
 The Soul of Beauty, Virtue, in a Word,  
 A Temple of Things sacred, should groan under  
 The Burthen of Oppression, we might  
 Accuse the Saints, and tax the Powers above us  
 Of Negligence or Injustice. [*Aside.*] — Pardon, Sir,  
 A Stranger's Boldness, and in your Mercy call it  
 True Zeal, not Rudeness. In a Cause like this,  
 The Husbandman would change his Ploughing-Irons  
 To Weapons of Defence, and leave the Earth  
 Untill'd, although a general Dearth should follow :  
 The Student would forswear his Book ; the Lawyer  
 Put of his thriving Gown, and without Pay  
 Conclude this Cause is to be fought, not pleaded.

The

THE BASHFUL LOVER. 273

The Women will turn *Amazons*, as their Sex  
In her were wrong'd; and Boys write down their Names  
I' th' Muster-book for Soldiers.

Gonz. Take my Hand——

Whate'er you are, I thank you. How are you call'd?

Gal. *Hortensio*, a *Milanese*.

Gonz. I wish *Mantua*

Had many such. My Lord Ambassador,  
Some Privacy, if you please. *Manfroy*, you may  
Partake it, and advise us. [They go aside.]

Uber. Do you know, Friend,  
What this Man is, or of what Country?

Farn. Neither.

Uber. I'll question him myself.—What are you, Sir?

Gal. A Gentleman.

Uber. But if there be Gradation  
In Gentry, as the Heralds say, you have  
Been over-bold i' th' Presence of your Betters.

Gal. My Betters, Sir?

Uber. Your Betters! As I take it,  
You are no Prince.

Gal. 'Tis Fortune's Gift you were born one:  
I have not heard that glorious Title crowns you  
As a Reward of Virtue: It may be  
The first of your House deserv'd it; yet his Merits  
You can but faintly call your own.

Matil. Well answer'd.

Uber. You come up to me.

Gal. I would not turn my Back  
If you were the Duke of *Florence*, tho' you charg'd me  
I' th' Head of your Troops.

Uber. Tell me in gentler Language,  
(Your passionate Speech induces me to think so)  
Do you love the Princess?

Gal. Were you mine Enemy,  
Your Foot upon my Breast, Sword at my Throat,  
E'en then I would profess it. The Ascent  
To th' Height of Honour, is by Arts or Arms:  
And if such an unequal'd Prize might fall

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On him that did deserve best in Defence  
Of this rare Princess, in the Day of Battle,  
I should lead you a Way would make your Greatness  
Sweat Drops of Blood to follow.

*Uber.* Can your Excellence  
Hear this without Rebuke from one unknown?  
Is he a Rival for a Prince?

*Matil.* My Lord,  
You take that Liberty I never gave you.  
In Justice you should give Encouragement  
To him, or any Man, that freely offers  
His Life to do me Service, not deter him;  
I give no Suffrage to it. Grant he loves me,  
As he professes, how are you wrong'd in it?  
Would you have all Men hate me but yourself?  
No more of this, I pray you: If this Gentleman  
Fight for my Freedom, in a fit Proportion  
To his Desert and Quality, I can  
And will reward him; yet give you no Cause  
Of Jealousy or Envy.

*Gal.* Heavenly Lady!

*Gonz.* No Peace, but on such poor and base Condi-  
We will not buy it at that Rate.—Return [tions?  
This Answer to your Master: Though we wish'd  
To hold fair Quarter with him, on such Terms  
As Honour would give Way to, we are not  
So Thunder-struck with the loud Voice of War,  
As to acknowledge him our Lord before  
His Sword hath made us Vassals. We long since  
Have had Intelligence of the unjust Gripe  
He purpos'd to lay on us; neither are we  
So unprovided as you think, my Lord,  
He shall not need to seek us, we will meet him  
And prove the Fortune of a Day.—Perhaps,  
Sooner than he expects.

*Alon.* And find Repentance,  
When 'tis too late. Farewel! [Exit with Farneze.

*Gonz.* No, my Matilda,  
We must not part so. Beasts and Birds of Prey

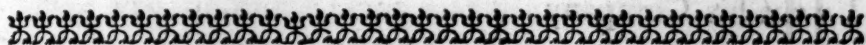
To



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To their last Gasp defend their Brood; and *Florence*  
 Over thy Father's Breast shall march up to thee,  
 Before he force Affection. The Arms  
 That thou must put on for us and thyself,  
 Are Pray'rs and pure Devotion, which will  
 Be heard, *Matilda*, *Manfroy*, to your Trust  
 We do give up the City, and my Daughter;  
 On both keep a strong Guard.—No Tears, they are omi-  
 O my *Ostasio*, my try'd *Ostasio*, [nous.  
 In all my Dangers! now I want thy Service,  
 In Passion recompenc'd with Banishment.  
 Error of Princes, who hate Virtue when  
 She's present with us, and in vain admire her  
 When she is absent!—'Tis too late to think on't.  
 The wish'd-for Time is come, Princely *Uberti*,  
 To shew your Valour. Friends being to do, not talk.  
 All Rhetorick is fruitless; only this,  
 Fate cannot rob you of deserv'd Applause,  
 Whether you win, or lose, in such a Cause. [Exeunt.

*The End of the First Act.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Matilda Beatrice, and two Women.*

*Matil.* NO Matter for the Ring I ask'd you for:—  
 The Boy not to be found?

*Beat.* Nor heard of, Madam.

*1 Wom.* He hath been sought and search'd for, House  
 by House,

Nay, every Nook of the City, but to no Purpose.

*2 Wom.* And how he should escape hence, the Lord  
 Being so vigilant o'er the Guards, appears [Manfroy  
 A Thing impossible.

*Matil.* I never saw him  
 Since he swoon'd in the Presence, when my Father  
 Gave Audience to th' Ambassador: But I feel

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A sad miss of him; on any slight Occasion  
He would find out such pretty Arguments  
To make me Sport, and with such witty Sweetness  
Deliver his Opinion, that I must  
Ingenuously confess his harmless Mirth,  
When I was most oppress'd with Care, wrought more  
In the removing of it, than Musick on me.

*Beat.* An't please your Excellence, I have observ'd him  
Waggishly witty; yet, sometimes, on the sudden,  
He would be very pensive, and then talk  
So feelingly of Love, as if he had  
Tasted the Bitter-Sweets of't.

*1 Wom.* He would tell too  
A pretty Tale of a Sister, that had been  
Deceiv'd by her Sweetheart; and then, weeping, swear  
He wonder'd how Men could be false.

*2 Wom.* And that,  
When he was a Knight, he'd be the Ladies Champion,  
And travel o'er the World to kill such Lovers.  
As durst play false with their Mistresses.

*Matil.* I'm sure  
I want his Company.

*Enter Manfroy with a Letter.*

*Manf.* There are Letters, Madam,  
In Post come from the Duke; but I am charg'd  
By the careful Bringer, not to open them  
But in your Presence.

*Matil.* Heav'n preserve my Father!  
Good News; an't be thy Will!

*Manf.* Patience must arm you  
Against what's ill.

*Matil.* I'll hear 'em in my Cabinet.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Enter Galeazzo and Ascanio (with a Ring.)*

*Gal.* Why have you left the Safety of the City  
And Service of the Princess, to partake  
The Dangers of the Camp? and at a Time too  
When the Armies are in View, and every Minute  
The dreadful Charge expected.

*Asc.* You appear  
So far beyond yourself, as you are now  
Arm'd like a Soldier; (though I grant your Presence  
Was ever gracious) that I grow enamour'd  
Of the Profession; in the Horror of it  
There is a Kind of Majesty.

*Gal.* But too heavy  
To sit on thy soft Shoulders, Youth; retire  
To the Duke's Tent that's guarded.

*Asc.* Sir, I come  
To serve you: Knight-Adventurers are allow'd  
Their Pages; and I bring a Will that shall  
Supply my Want of Power.

*Gal.* To serve me, Boy!  
I wish (believe it) that 'twere in my Nerves  
To do thee any Service; and thou shalt,  
If I survive the Fortune of this Day,  
Be satisfy'd I am serious.

*Asc.* I am not  
To be put off so, Sir: Since you neglect  
My offer'd Duty, I must use the Power  
I bring along with me, that may command you:  
You've seen this Ring?

*Gal.* Made rich by being worn  
Upon the Princess' Finger.

*Asc.* 'Tis a Favour  
To you, by me sent from her.—View it better;  
But why coy to receive it?

*Gal.* I am unworthy



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Of such a Blessing. I have done nothing yet  
That may deserve it; no Commander's Blood  
Of th' adverse Party hath yet dy'd my Sword  
Drawn out in her Defence.—I must not take it.  
This were a Triumph for me when I had  
Made *Florence* Duke my Prisoner, and compell'd him  
To kneel for Mercy at her Feet.

*Asc.* 'Twas sent, Sir,  
To put you in Mind whose Cause it is you fight for;  
And, as I am her Creature, to revenge  
A Wrong to me done.

*Gal.* By what Man?

*Asc.* *Alonzo*.

*Gal.* Th' Ambassador?

*Asc.* The same.

*Gal.* Let it suffice.

I know him by his Armour and his Horse;  
And if we meet—I am cut off, the Alarm  
Commands me hence: Sweet Youth, fall off.

*Asc.* I must not;  
You are too noble to receive a Wound  
Upon your Back; and, following close behind you,  
I am secure, though I could wish my Bosom  
Were your Defence.

*Gal.* Thy Kindness will undo thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*Enter Lorenzo, Alonzo, Pisano, Martinio.*

*Lor.* We'll charge the main Battalia, fall you  
Upon the Van, preserve your Troops entire  
To force the Rear: He dies that breaks his Ranks,  
'Till all be ours and sure.

*Pisa.* 'Tis so proclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

*Alarm.*

*Enter Galeazzo, Ascanio, and Alonzo.*

*Gal.* 'Tis he, *Ascanio*: Stand!

*Alon.*

*Alon.* I never shun'd  
A single Opposition; but tell me  
Why in the Battle, of all Men, thou hast  
Made Choice of me?

*Gal.* Look on this Youth; his Cause  
Sits on my Sword.

*Alon.* I know him not.

*Gal.* I'll help  
Your Memory. [Exit.]

*Asc.* What have I done? I am doubtful  
To whom to with the Victory; for, still  
My Resolution wav'ring, I so love  
The Enemy that wrong'd me, that I cannot  
Without Repentance with Success to him  
That seeks to do me Right.—Alas! he's fall'n!

[Alonzo falls.]

As you are gentle, hold, Sir! or, if I want  
Pow'r to persuade so far, I conjure you  
By her lov'd Name I'm sent from.

*Gal.* 'Tis a Charm  
Too strong to be resisted.—He is yours.  
Yet, why should you make Suit to save that Life  
Which you so late desir'd should be cut off  
For Injuries receiv'd, begets my Wonder.

*Asc.* Alas! we foolish spleental Boys would have  
We know not what: I have some private Reasons;  
But now not to be told.

*Gal.* Shall I take him Prisoner?

*Asc.* By no Means, Sir; I will not save his Life  
To rob him of his Honour: When you give,  
Give not by Halves.—One short Word, and I follow.  
[Exit Galeazzo.]

My Lord *Alonzo*, if you have receiv'd  
A Benefit, and would know to whom you owe it,  
Remember what your Entertainment was  
At old *Ostasio's* House, one you call'd Friend,  
And how you did return it. [Exit.]

*Alon.* I remember

I did not well; but it is now no Time

To think upon't; my wounded Honour calls  
 For Reparation, I must quench my Fury  
 For this Disgrace in Blood, and some shall smart for't.  
 [Exit.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Uberti, Farneze (wounded)*

*Farn.* O Prince *Uberti*, Valour cannot save us;  
 The Body of our Army's pierc'd and broken,  
 The Wings are routed, and our scatter'd Troops  
 Not to be rallied up.

*Uber.* 'Tis, yet, some Comfort,  
 The Enemy must say we were not wanting  
 In Courage or Direction; and we may  
 Accuse the Powers above us partial, when  
 A good Cause, well defended too, must suffer  
 For want of Fortune.

*Farn.* All is lost; the Duke  
 Too far engag'd, I fear, to be brought off:  
 Three Times I did attempt his Rescue, but  
 With Odds was beaten back: Only the Stranger  
 (I speak it to my Shame) still follow'd him,  
 Cutting his Way; but 'tis beyond my Hopes  
 That either should return.

*Uber.* That noble Stranger,  
 Whom I in my proud Vanity of Greatness  
 As one unknown contemn'd, when I was thrown  
 Out of my Saddle by the great Duke's Lance,  
 Hors'd me again, in spight of all that made  
 Resistance; and then whisper'd in mine Ear,  
 Fight bravely, Prince *Uberti*; there's no Way, else,  
 To the fair *Matilda's* Favour.

*Farn.* 'Twas done nobly.

*Uber.* In you, my Bosom-friend, I had call'd it noble:  
 But such a Courtesie from a Rival, merits  
 The highest Attribute.

*Enter*



*Enter Galeazzo and Gonzaga.*

*Farn.* Stand on your Guard,  
We are pursu'd.

*Uber.* Preserv'd! Wonder on Wonder.

*Farn.* The Duke in Safety?

*Gonz.* Pay your Thanks, *Farneze*,  
To this brave Man, if I may call him so,  
Whose Acts were more than human. If thou art  
My better Angel, from my Infancy  
Design'd to guard me, like thyself appear;  
For sure thou'rt more than mortal.

*Gal.* No, great Sir;  
A weak and sinful Man; though I have done you  
Some prosp'rous Service that hath found your Favour,  
I'm lost unto myself; but lose not you  
The offer'd Opportunity to delude  
The hot pursuing Enemy: These Woods,  
Nor the dark Veil of Night, cannot conceal you,  
If you dwell long here.—You may rise again,  
But I am fall'n for ever.

*Farn.* Rather borne up  
To the supreme Sphere of Honour.

*Uber.* I confess  
My Life your Gift.

*Gonz.* I my Liberty: You've snatch'd  
The Wreath of Conquest from the Victor's Head,  
And do alone, in Scorn of *Lorenzo's* Fortune,  
Though we are slav'd, by true heroic Valour  
Deserve a Triumph. From whence then proceeds  
This poor Dejection?

*Gal.* In one Suit I'll tell you,  
Which I beseech you grant,—I lov'd your Daughter;  
But how? as Beggars in their wounded Fancy  
Hope to be Monarchs: I long languish'd for her;  
But did receive no Cordial, but what  
Despair, my rough Physician, prescrib'd me.  
At length her Goodness and Compassion found it:

And,

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And, whereas I expected, and with Reason,  
The Distance and Disparity consider'd  
Between her Birth and mine, she would contemn me,  
The Princess gave me Comfort.

*Gonz.* In what Measure?

*Gal.* She did admit me for her Knight and Servant,  
And spur'd me to do something in this Battle  
Fought for her Liberty, that might not blemish  
So fair a Favour.

*Gonz.* This you have perform'd  
To th' Height of Admiration.

*Uber.* I subscribe to't,  
That am your Rival.

*Gal.* You are charitable :  
But how short of my Hopes, nay, the Assurance  
Of those Atchievements which my Love and Youth  
Already held accomplish'd, this Day's Fortune  
Must sadly answer. What I did, she gave me  
The Strength to do; her Piety preserv'd  
Her Father; and her Gratitude for the Dangers  
You threw yourself into for her Defence,  
Protected you, by me her Instrument :  
But when I came to strike in mine own Cause,  
And to do something so remarkable,  
That should at my Return command her Thanks  
And gracious Entertainment, then, alas !  
I fainted like a Coward. I made a Vow too  
(And it is register'd) ne'er to presume  
To come into her Presence, if I brought not  
Her Fears and Dangers bound in Fetters to her,  
Which now's impossible.——Hark! the Enemy  
Makes his Approaches: Save yourselves!—This only  
Deliver to her Sweetness; I have done  
My poor Endeavours, and pray her not repent  
Her Goodness to me. May you live to serve her,  
This Loss recover'd, with a happier Fate,  
And make Use of this Sword. Arms I abjure,  
And Conversation of Men: I'll seek out  
Some unfrequented Cave, and die Love's Martyr. [*Exit.*  
*Gonz.*

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*Gonz.* Follow him.

*Uber.* 'Tis in vain ; his nimble Feet  
Have borne him from my Sight.

*Gonz.* I suffer for him.

*Farn.* We share in it ; but must not, Sir, forget  
Your Means of Safety.

*Uber.* In the War I've serv'd you,  
And to the Death will follow you.

*Gonz.* 'Tis not fit :

We must divide ourselves. My Daughter, if I retain not  
A Sov'reign's Power o'er thee, or Friends with you,  
Do, and dispute not ; by my Example change  
Your Habits : As I thus put off my Purple,  
Ambition dies ; this Garment of a Shepherd  
Left here by Chance will serve ; in Lieu of it  
I leave this to the Owner. Raise new Forces,  
And meet me at St. Leo's Fort ; my Daughter,  
As I commanded *Manfroy*, there will meet us.  
The City cannot hold out, we must part.  
Farewell ; thy Hand——

*Farn.* You still shall have my Heart. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter Lorenzo, Alonzo, Pisano, Martino, Captains,  
Soldiers.

*Loren.* The Day is ours, tho' it cost dear ; yet 'tis not  
Enough to get a Victory, if we lose  
The true Use of it. We have hitherto  
Held back your forward Swords, and in our Fear  
Of Ambushes, defer'd the wish'd Reward  
Due to your bloody Toil : But now give Freedom,  
Nay, Licence to your Fury and Revenge.  
Now glut yourselves with Prey. Let not the Night,  
Nor these thick Woods, give Sanctuary to  
The fear-struck Hares our Enemies : Fire these Trees,  
And force the Wretches to forsake their Holes,  
And offer their scorch'd Bodies to your Swords,

Or



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Or burn 'em as a Sacrifice to your Angers.  
 Who brings *Gonzaga's* Head, or takes him Prisoner;  
 (Which I incline to rather, that he may  
 Be sensible of those Tortures, which I vow  
 T' inflict upon him, for denial of  
 His Daughter to our Bed) shall have a Blank;  
 With our Hand and Signet made authentical,  
 In which he may write down himself, what Wealth  
 Or Honours he desires.

*Alon.* The great Duke's Will  
 Shall be obey'd.

*Pisan.* Put it in Execution.

*Mart.* Begirt the Wood, and fire it!

*Sold.* Follow, follow! [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Farneze (with a Florentine Soldier's Coat.)*

*Farn. Uberti!* Prince *Uberti!* O my Friend,  
 Dearer than Life! I've lost thee! Cruel Fortune,  
 Unsatisfy'd with our Sufferings! We no sooner  
 Were parted from the Duke, and e'en then ready  
 To take a mutual Farewel, when a Troop  
 Of th' Enemy's Horse fell on us: We were forc'd  
 To take the Woods again, but in our Flight  
 Their hot Pursuit divided us. We had been happy  
 If we had dy'd together; to survive him  
 To me is worse than Death, and therefore should not  
 Embrace the Means of my Escape, though offer'd.  
 When Nature gave us Life, she gave a Burthen;  
 But at our Pleasure not to be cast off,  
 Though weary of it; and my Reason prompts me,  
 This Habit of a *Florentine*, which I took  
 From a dying Soldier, may keep me unknown,  
 'Till Opportunity mark me out a Way  
 For Flight, and with Security.

*Enter*

*Enter Uberti.*

*Uber.* Was there ever  
Such a Night of Horror? *[Aside.*

*Farn.* My Friend's Voice? I now  
In Part forgive thee, Fortune.

*Uber.* The Wood flames,  
The Bloody Sword devours all that it meets,  
And Death in several Shapes rides here in Triumph,  
I'm like a Stag, clos'd in a Toil, my Life,  
As soon as found, the cruel Huntsman's Prey :  
Why fly'st thou, then, what is inevitable ?  
Better to fall with manly Wounds before  
Thy cruel Enemy, than survive thine Honour :  
And yet to charge him, and die unreveng'd,  
Mere Desperation.

*Farn.* Heroic Spirit ! *[Aside.*

*Uber.* Mine own Life I contemn, and would not save  
But for the future Service of the Duke, *[it*  
And Safety of his Daughter ; having Means,  
If I escape, to raise a second Army,  
And what is nearest to me, to enjoy  
My Friend *Farneze*.

*Farn.* I am still his Care. *[Aside.*

*Uber.* What shall I do ? If I call loud, the Foe  
That hath begirt the Wood, will hear the Sound.  
Shall I return by the same Path ? I cannot ;  
The Darkness of the Night conceals it from me :  
Something I must resolve.

*Farn.* Let Friendship rouse  
Thy sleeping Soul, *Farneze* : Wilt thou suffer  
Thy Friend, a Prince, nay, one that may set free  
Thy captiv'd Country, perish, when 'tis in  
Thy Power with this Disguise to save his Life ?  
Thou hast liv'd too long, therefore resolve to die ;  
Thou hast seen thy Country ruin'd, and thy Master  
Compell'd to shameful Flight ; the Fields and Woods  
Strew'd o'er with Carcases of thy Fellow-Soldiers :

The

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These Miseries thou art fall'n in, and before  
 Thy Eyes the Horror of this Place, and thousand  
 Calamities to come; and after all these  
 Can any Hope remain? Shake off Delays,  
 Dost thou doubt yet? To save a Citizen,  
 The conqu'ring *Roman*, in a General,  
 Esteem'd the highest Honour; can it be then  
 Inglorious to preserve a Prince? thy Friend?  
*Uberti*, Prince *Uberti*, use this Means  
 Of thy Escape; conceal'd in this thou may'st  
 Pass through the Enemy's Guards.—The Time denies  
 Longer Discourse: Thou hast a noble End;  
 Live, therefore, mindful of thy dying Friend. [Exit.

*Uber. Farneze*, stay thy hasty Steps: *Farneze*!  
 Thy Friend *Uberti* calls thee.—'Tis in vain;  
 He's gone to Death an Innocent, and makes Life,  
 The Benefit he confers on me, my Guilt.  
 Thou art too covetous of another's Safety;  
 Too prodigal and careless of thine own.  
 'Tis a Deceit in Friendship to enjoin me  
 To put this Garment on, and live, that he  
 May have alone the Honour to die nobly.  
 O cruel Pity, in our equal Danger  
 To rob thyself of that thou giv'st thy Friend!  
 It must not be.—I will restore his Gift  
 And die before him.—How? where shall I find him?  
 Thou art o'ercome in Friendship. Yield, *Uberti*,  
 To the Extremity of the Time, and live:  
 A heavy Ransom! but it must be paid.  
 I will put on this Habit: Pitying Heaven,  
 As it loves Goodness, may protect my Friend,  
 And give me Means to satisfy the Debt  
 I stand engag'd for; if not, pale Despair,  
 I dare thy Worst; thou canst but bid me die,  
 And so much I'll force from an Enemy. [Exit.

SCENE



SCENE VII.

*Enter Alonzo, Pisano, Farneze (bound) Soldiers (with Torches) Farneze's Sword in one of the Soldiers Hands.*

*Alon.* I know him, he's a Man of Ransom.

*Pisan.* True.

But if he live, 'tis to be paid to me.

*Alon.* I forc'd him to the Woods.

*Pisan.* But my Art found him;  
Nor will I brook a Partner in the Prey  
My Fortune gave me.

*Alon.* Render him, or expect  
The Point of this.

*Pisan.* Wer't Lightning, I would meet it  
Rather than be out-brav'd.

*Alon.* I thus decide the Difference.

*Pisan.* My Sword shall plead my Title. [*They fight.*]

*Enter Lorenzo, Martinio, two Captains.*

*Lor.* Ha! where learn'd you this Discipline? My  
Commanders

Oppos'd 'gainst one another? What blind Fury  
Brings forth this Brawl? *Alonzo and Pisano*  
At bloody Difference!—Hold! or I tilt  
At both as Enemies.—Now speak, how grew  
This strange Division?

*Pisan.* Against all Right;  
By Force *Alonzo* strives to reap the Harvest  
Sown by my Labour.

*Alon.* Sir, this is my Prisoner,  
The Purchase of my Sword, which proud *Pisano*,  
That hath no Interest in him, would take from me.

*Pisan.* Did not the Presence of the Duke forbid me,  
I would say—

*Alon.* What?

*Pisan.* 'Tis false,

[*Lor.*]

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*Lor.* Before my Face? —

Keep 'em asunder. And was this the Cause  
Of such a mortal Quarrel? This the Base  
To raise your Fury on? The Ties of Blood,  
Of Fellowship in Arms, Respect, Obedience  
To me your Prince and General, no more  
Prevailing on you? This a Price for which  
You would betray our Victory, or wound  
Your Reputation with Mutinies,  
Forgetful of yourselves, Allegiance, Honour?  
This is a Course to throw us headlong down  
From that proud Height of Empire, upon which  
We were securely seated. Shall Division  
O'erturn what Concord built? If you desire  
To bathe your Swords in Blood, the Enemy  
Still flies before you: Would you have Spoil, the Coun-  
Lies open to you. O unheard-of Madness! [try  
What greater Mischief could *Gonzaga* with us,  
Than you pluck on our Heads?—No, my brave Leaders,  
Let Unity dwell in our Tents, and Discord  
Be banish'd to our Enemies.

*Alon.* Take the Prisoner,  
I do give up my Title.

*Pisan.* I desire  
Your Friendship, and will buy it. He is yours.

[*They embrace.*

*Alon.* No Man's a faithful Judge in his own Cause:  
Let the Duke determine of him; we are Friends, Sir.

*Lor.* Shew it in Emulation to o'ertake  
The flying Foe: This cursed Wretch dispos'd of,  
With our whole Strength we'll follow.

[*Exeunt Alonzo and Pifano embracing.*

*Farn.* Death at length  
Will set a Period to Calamity.

*Enter Uberti like a Soldier, and shuffles in among 'em.*

I see it in this Tyrant's Frowns haste to me.

*Lor.*

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*Lor.* Thou Machine of this Mischief, look to feel  
Whate'er the Wrath of an incensed Prince  
Can pour upon thee : With thy Blood I'll quench  
(But drawn forth slowly) the invisible Flames  
Of Discord;—by thy Charms first fetch'd from Hell,  
Then forc'd into the Breasts of my Commanders.  
——Bring forth the Tortures.

*Uber.* Hear, victorious Duke,  
The Story of my miserable Fortune,  
Of which this Villain (by your sacred Tongue  
Condemn'd to die) was the immediate Cause :  
And, if my humble Suit have Justice in it,  
Vouchsafe to grant it.

*Lor.* Soldier, be brief;  
Our Anger cannot brook a long Delay.

*Uber.* I am the last  
Of three Sons, by one Father got, and train'd up  
With his best Care for Service in your Wars :  
My Father dy'd under his fatal Hand,  
And two of my poor Brothers. Now I hear,  
(Or Fancy, wounded by my Grief, deludes me)  
Their pale and mangled Ghosts, crying for Vengeance  
On Perjury and Murther.—Thus the Case stood.—  
My Father (on whose Face he durst not look  
In equal Mart) by his Fraud circumvented,  
Became his Captive. We his Sons, lamenting  
Our old Sire's hard Condition, freely offer'd  
Our utmost for his Ransom. That refus'd,  
The subtle Tyrant, for his cruel Ends,  
(Conceiving that our Piety might ensnare us)  
Propos'd my Father's Head to be redeem'd,  
If two of us would yield ourselves his Slaves.  
We, upon any Terms resolv'd to save him,  
Though with the Loss of Life which he gave to us;  
With an undaunted Constancy drew Lots  
(For each of us contended to be one)  
Who should preserve our Father. I was exempted;  
But, to my more Affliction, my Brothers  
Deliver'd up. The perjur'd Homicide



Laughing in Scorn, and by his hoary Locks  
 Pulling my wretched Father on his Knees,  
 Said thus : " Receive the Father you have ransom'd ;"  
 And instantly struck off his Head.

*Lor.* Most barbarous !

*Farn.* I never saw this Man.

*Lor.* One Murmur more,  
 I'll have thy Tongue pull'd out.—Proceed.

*Uber.* Conceive, Sir,  
 How thunderstruck we stood, being made Spectators  
 Of such an unexpected Tragedy :  
 Yet this was a Beginning, not an End  
 To his intended Cruelty ; for, pursuing  
 Such a Revenge as no *Hyrcean* Tygres,  
 Robb'd of her Whelps, durst aim at, in a Moment  
 Treading upon my Father's Trunk, he cut off  
 My pious Brothers Heads, and threw 'em at me.  
 Oh, what a Spectacle was this ! What Mountain  
 Of Sorrow overwhelm'd me ! My poor Heart-strings,  
 As tenter'd by his Tyranny, crack'd ; my Knees  
 Beating 'gainst one another, Groans and Tears  
 Blended together follow'd ; not one Passion  
 Calamity ever yet express'd, forgotten.  
 Now, mighty Sir, (bathing your Feet with Tears)  
 Your Suppliant's Suit is, that he may have Leave,  
 With any Cruelty Revenge can fancy,  
 To sacrifice this Monster, to appease  
 My Father's Ghost and Brothers.

*Lor.* Thou hast obtain'd it :  
 Choose any Torture ; let the Memory  
 Of what thy Father and thy Brothers suffer'd  
 Make thee ingenious in it ; such a one  
 As *Phalaris* would wish to be call'd his.  
*Martinio*, guarded with your Soldiers, see  
 The Execution done ; but bring his Head,  
 On Forfeiture of your own, to us : Our Presence  
 Long since was elsewhere look'd for.

[Exit, with Attendants.]

*Mart.*

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*Mart.* Soldier, to work ;  
Take any Way thou wilt, for thy Revenge,  
Provided that he die. His Body's thine ;  
But I must have his Head.

*Uber.* I have already  
Concluded of the Manner.—O just Heaven,  
The Instrument I wish'd for offer'd me !

*Mart.* Why art thou rap'd thus ?

*Uber.* In this Soldier's Hand  
I see the Murtherer's own Sword ; I know it ;  
Yes, this is it by which my Father and  
My Brothers were beheaded : Noble Captain,  
Command it to my Hand.—Stand forth and tremble :  
This Weapon, of late drunk with innocent Blood,  
Shall now carouse thine own. Pray, if thou canst ;  
For, though the World shall not redeem thy Body,  
I would not kill thy Soul.

*Farn.* Canst thou believe  
There is a Heav'n, or Hell, or Soul ? Thou hast none,  
In Death to rob me of my Fame, my Honour,  
With such a forged Lye ? Tell me, thou Hangman,  
Where did I ever see thy Face ? or when  
Murder'd thy Sire or Brothers ? Look on me,  
And make it good : Thou dar'st not.

*Uber.* Yes I will *[Unbinds his Arms.]*  
In one short Whisper ; and, that told, thou art dead.  
I am *Uberti*.—Take thy Sword, fight bravely ;  
We'll live or die together.

*Mart.* We are betray'd.

*[Martinio struck down, the Soldiers run away.]*

*Farn.* And have I Leave once more, brave Prince,  
My Head on thy true Bosom ? *[to ease]*

*Uber.* I glory more  
To be thy Friend, than in the Name of Prince,  
Or any higher Title.

*Farn.* My Preserver !

*Uber.* The Life you gave to me, I but return ;  
And pardon, dearest Friend, the bitter Language  
Necessity made me use.

T 2

*Farn.*

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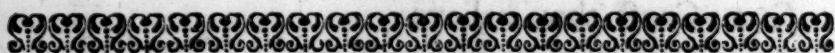
*Farn.* O Sir, I am  
Outdone in all; but comforted, that none  
But you can wear the Laurel.

*Uber.* Here's no Place  
Or Time to argue this; let us fly hence.

*Farn.* I follow. [*Exeunt.*

*Mart.* A thousand Furies keep you Company!  
I was at the Gate of — but now I feel  
My Wound's not mortal; I was but astonish'd,  
And, coming to myself, I find I am  
Reserv'd for th' Gallows. There's no looking on  
Th' enraged Duke, Excuses will not serve;  
I must do something that may get my Pardon;  
If not, I know the worst, a Halter ends all. [*Exit.*

*The End of the Second Act.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Octavio (a Book in his Hand.)*

*Oct.* 'TIS true, by Proof I find it, Human Reason  
Views with such dim Eyes what's good or  
That, if the great Disposer of our Being [ill,  
Should offer to our Choice all worldly Blessings,  
We know not what to take.—When I was young,  
Ambition of Court-Preferment fir'd me:  
And, as there were no Happiness beyond it,  
I labour'd for't and got it: No Man stood  
In greater Favour with his Prince; I had  
Honours and Offices; Wealth flow'd unto me;  
And, for my Service both in Peace and War,  
The general Voice gave out I did deserve 'em.  
But, O vain Confidence in subordinate Greatness!  
When I was most secure it was not in  
The Power of Fortune to remove me from

The



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The Flat I firmly stood on, in a Moment  
My Virtues were made Crimes, and popular Fayour  
(To new-rai'd Men still fatal) bred Suspicion  
That I was dangerous ; which no sooner enter'd  
*Gonzaga's* Breast, but strait my Ruin follow'd ;  
My Offices were taken from me, my 'State seiz'd on ;  
And, had I not prevented it by Flight,  
The Jealousy of the Duke had been remov'd  
With the Forfeiture of my Head.

*Galeazzo within.*

*Gal.* Or shew Compassion,  
Or I will force it.

*Oct.* Ha ! is not Poverty safe ?  
I thought proud War, that aim'd at Kingdoms Ruins,  
The Sack of Palaces and Cities, scorn'd  
To look on a poor Cottage.

*Enter Galeazzo, with Ascanio in his Arms, Gothrio following.*

*Goth.* What would you have ? The Devil sleeps in  
my Pocket ; I have no Crofs to drive him from it. Be  
you or Thief or Soldier, or such a Beggar as will not  
be denied, My Scrip, my Tar-Box, Hook and Coat  
will prove but a thin Purchase ; if you turn my Inside  
Outwards, you'll find it true.

*Gal.* Not any Food ? *[Searches his Scrip.*

*Goth.* Alas ! Sir, I am no Glutton. but an Under-  
Shepherd ; the very Picture of Famine ; judge by my  
Cheeks, else : I have my Pittance by Ounces, and starve  
myself, when I pay a Pensioner I have, an ancient Mouse,  
a Crum a-meal.

*Gal.* No Drop left ? *[Takes the Bottle.*  
Drunkard ! hast thou swill'd up all ?

*Goth.* How ! Drunkard, Sir ? I am a poor Man :  
You mistake me, Sir : Alas ! Drunkard's a Title for  
the Rich, my Betters ; a Calling in Repute. — Some  
fell

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sell their Lands for't, and roar Wine's better than Money. Our poor Beverage of Buttermilk or Whey, allay'd with Water, ne'er raise our Thoughts so high. Drunk? I had never the Credit to be so yet.

*Gal. Ascanio,*

Look up, dear Youth, *Ascanio*, did thy Sweetness Command the greedy Enemy to forbear To prey upon it? And I thank my Fortune For suff'ring me to live, that in some Part I might return thy Courtesies: And now, To heighten my Afflictions, must I be Inforc'd, no pitying Angel near to help us, Heav'n deaf to my Complaints too, to behold thee Die in my Arms for Hunger?—No Means left To lengthen Life a little? I will open A Vein, and pour my Blood, not yet corrupted With any sinful Act, but pure as he is, Into his famish'd Mouth.

*Old.* Young Man, forbear  
Thy savage Pity; I have better Means  
To call back flying Life

*[They apply themselves to Ascanio.]*

*Goth.* You may believe him; it is his Sucking-Bottle, and confirms, An Old Man's twice a Child; his Nurse's Milk was ne'er so chargeable: Should you put it too for Soap and Candles, tho' he sell his Flock for't, the Baby must have this Dug: He swears 'tis ill for my Complexion, but wond'rous comfortable for an old Man that would never die.

*Old.* Hope well, Sir:  
A temperate Heat begins to thaw his Numbness;  
The Blood too by Degrees takes fresh Possession  
On his pale Cheeks; his Pulse beats high.—Stand off,  
Give him more Air, he stirs.

*[Gothrio steals the Bottle.]*

*Goth.* And have I got thee,  
Thou Bottle of Immortality!

*Asc.* Where am I?  
What cruel Hand hath forc'd back wretched Life?

Is Rest in Death deny'd me?

*Gotb.* O sweet Liquor!

Were here enough to make me drunk, I might  
Write myself Gentleman, and never buy  
A Coat of th' Heralds.

*Os.* How now, Slave?

*Gotb.* I was fainting,  
A clown-like Qualm seiz'd on me; but I am  
Recover'd, Thanks to your Bottle, and begin  
To feel new Stirrings, gallant Thoughts.—One Draught  
Will make me a perfect Signior. [more

*Os.* A tough Cudgel  
Will take this gentle Itch off: Home to my Cottage,  
See all Things handsome.

*Gotb.* Good Sir, let me have  
The Bottle along to smell to:—O rare Perfume! [*Ex.*

*Gal.* Speak once more, dear *Ascanio*! How he eyes  
you,

Then turns away his Face! Look up, sweet Youth!  
The Object cannot hurt you; this good Man,  
Next Heav'n, is your Preserver.

*Asc.* Would I had perish'd  
Without Relief, rather than live to break  
His good old Heart with Sorrow. O my Shame!  
My Shame! my never dying Shame!

*Os.* I have been  
Acquainted with this Voice, and know the Face too:  
—'Tis she, 'tis too apparent; O my Daughter!  
I mourn'd long for thy Loss; but thus to find thee,  
Is more to be lamented.

*Gal.* How? your Daughter?

*Os.* My only Child: I murmur'd against Heaven  
Because I had no more; but now I find  
This one too many. Is *Alonzo* glutt'd

[*Ascanio weeps.*

With thy Embraces?

*Gal.* At his Name a Shower  
Of Tears falls from her Eyes.—She faints again.  
Grave Sir, over-rule your Passion, and defer



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The Story of your Fortune, On my Life  
 She is a worthy one : Her Innocence  
 Might be abus'd ; but Mischief's Self wants Power  
 To make her guilty, Shew yourself a Father  
 In her Recovery ; then as a Judge,  
 When she hath Strength to speak in her own Cause,  
 You may determine of her.

*Off.* I much thank you

For your wise Counsel : You direct, Sir,  
 As one indebted more to Years, and I  
 As a Pupil will obey you. Not far hence  
 I have a homely Dwelling ; if you please there  
 To make some short Repose, your Entertainment,  
 Tho' coarse, shall relish of a Gratitude ;  
 And that's all I can pay you. Look up, Girl,  
 Thou'rt in thy Father's Arms.

*Gal.* She's weak and faint still :—

O spare your Age ! I'm young and strong, and this Way  
 To serve her is a Pleasure, not a Burthen ;  
 Pray you, lead the Way.

*Off.* The Saints reward your Goodness. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Manfroy, and Matilda (disguis'd)*

*Matil.* No Hope of Safety left ?

*Manf.* We are descry'd.

*Matil.* I thought that, cover'd in this poor Disguise,  
 I might have pass'd unknown.

*Manf.* A Diamond,  
 Though set in Horn, is still a Diamond,  
 And sparkles as in purest Gold. We're follow'd :  
 Out of the Troops that scour'd the Plains, I saw  
 Two gallant Horsemen break forth (who by their  
 Brave Furniture and Habiliments for the War  
 Seem'd to command the rest) spurring hard towards us.  
 See with what winged Speed they climb the Hill,  
 Like Falcons on the Stretch to seize the Prey :

Now

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Now they dismount, and on their Hands and Knees  
O'ercome the steep Ascent that guards us from them.  
Your Beauty hath betray'd you ; for it can  
No more be Night when bright *Apollo* shines  
In our Meridian, than that be conceal'd.

*Matil.* It is my Curse, not Blessing ; fatal to  
My Country, Father, and myself.——Why did you  
Forsake the City ?

*Manf.* 'Twas the Duke's Command ——  
No Time to argue that ; we must descend ;  
If undiscover'd your soft Feet (unus'd  
To such rough Travail) can but carry you  
Half a League hence, I know a Cave which will  
Yield us Protection.

*Matil.* I wish I could lend you  
Part of my Speed ; for me, I can outstrip  
*Daphne* or *Atalanta*.

*Manf.* Some good Angel  
Defend us, and strike blind our hot Pursuers ! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Alonzo and Pisano.*

*Alon.* She cannot be far off.—How gloriously  
She shew'd to us in the Valley !

*Pisan.* In my Thought,  
Like to a blazing Comet.

*Alon.* Brighter far :  
Her Beams of Beauty made the Hill all Fire ;  
From whence remov'd, 'tis cover'd with thick Clouds.  
But we lose Time ; I'll take that Way.

*Pisan.* I this, [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

*Enter Galeazzo, dress'd as a Shepherd.*

*Gal.* 'Tis a Degree of Comfort in my Sorrow,  
I have done one good Work in reconciling  
*Maria*, long hid in *Ascanio's* Habit,

To

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To griev'd *Octavio*. What a Sympathy  
 I found in their Affections! She with Tears  
 Making a free Confession of her Weakness,  
 In yielding up her Honour to *Alonzo*,  
 Upon his Vows to marry her: *Octavio*  
 Prepar'd to credit her Excuses, nay,  
 T' extenuate her Guilt; she the Delinquent,  
 And Judge, as 'twere, agreeing.—But to me,  
 The most forlorn of Men, no Beam of Comfort  
 Deigns to appear; nor can I in my Fancy  
 Fashion a Means to get it: To my Country  
 I'm lost for ever, and 'twere Impudence  
 To think of a Return.—Yet this I could  
 Endure with Patience: But to be divorc'd  
 From all my Joy on Earth, the Happiness  
 To look upon the Excellence of Nature,  
 That is Perfection in herself, and needs not  
 Addition or Epithet, Rare *Matilda*  
 Would make a Saint blaspheme. Here, *Galeazzo*,  
 In this obscure Abode 'tis fit thou should'st  
 Consume thy Youth, and grow old in lamenting  
 Thy Star-cross'd Fortune, in this Shepherd's Habit;  
 This Hook thy best Defence; since thou could'st use  
 (When thou didst fight in such a Princess' Cause)  
 Thy Sword no better. [Lies down.]

*Enter Alonzo, Pisano, Matilda.*

*Matil.* Are you Men, or Monsters?  
 Whither will you drag me? Can the open Ear  
 Of Heav'n be deaf, when an unspotted Maid  
 Cries out for Succour!

*Pisan.* 'Tis in vain; cast Lots  
 Who shall enjoy her first.

*Alon.* Flames rage within me,  
 And such a Spring of Nectar near to quench 'em!  
 My Appetite shall be cloy'd first.—Here I stand  
 Thy Friend, or Enemy; let me have Precedence,  
 I write a Friend's Name in my Heart; deny it,  
 As an Enemy I defy thee. *Pisan.*



*Pisan.* Friend or Foe  
In this alike I value ; I disdain  
To yield Priority.—Draw thy Sword.

*Alon.* To sheath it  
In thy ambitious Heart.

*Matil.* O curb this Fury,  
And hear a wretched Maid first speak.

*Gal.* I'm Marble.

*Matil.* Where shall I seek out Words, or how restrain  
My Enemy's Rage, or Lovers'?—Oh the latter  
Is far more odious! [*Aside.*] Did not your Lust  
Provoke you, for that is its proper Name,  
My Chastity were safe ; and yet I tremble more  
To think what dire Effects Lust may bring forth,  
Than what, as Enemies, you can inflict,  
And less I fear it. Be Friends to yourselves,  
And Enemies to me ; Better I fall  
A Sacrifice to your Attonement, than  
Or one, or both, should perish. I'm the Cause  
Of your Division ; remove it, Lords,  
And Concord will spring up : Poison this Face  
That hath bewitch'd you ; this Grove cannot want  
Aspicks or Toads, Creatures, though justly call'd  
For their Deformity the Scorn of Nature,  
More happy than myself with this false Beauty  
(The Seed and Fruit of Mischief) you admire so.  
I thus embrace your Knees, and yours a Suppliant,  
If Tigers did not nurse you, or you suck  
The Milk of a fierce Lions, shew Compassion  
Unto yourselves in being reconciled,  
And Pity to poor me, my Honour safe,  
In taking loath'd Life from me.

*Pisan.* What shall we do ?  
Or end our Difference in killing her,  
Or fight it out ?

*Alon.* To the last Gasp. I feel  
The moist Tears on my Cheeks, and blush to find  
A Virgin's Plaints can move so.

*Pisan.* To prevent

Her

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Her Flight while we contend, let's bind her fast  
To this Cypress-Tree.

*Alon.* Agreed.

*Matil.* It does presage  
My Funeral Rites.

*Gal.* I shall turn Atheist,  
If Heaven see and suffer this. Why did I  
Abandon my good Sword? with unarm'd Hands  
I cannot rescue her. Some Angel pluck me  
From the Apostacy I'm falling to,  
And by a Miracle lend me a Weapon  
To underprop falling Honour.

*Pisan.* She is fast,  
Resume your Arms.

*Alon.* Honour, Revenge, the Maid too  
Lie at the Stake.

*Pisan.* Which thus I draw — *[They fight,*

*Alon.* All's mine. *Pisano falls.*

But bought with some Blood of mine own. *Pisano,*  
Thou wert a noble Enemy; wear that Laurel  
In Death to comfort thee; for the Reward,  
'Tis mine now without Rival.

*[Galeazzo snatches up Pisano's Sword.]*

*Gal.* Thou art deceiv'd;  
Men will grow up, like to the Dragon's Teeth,  
From *Cadmus'* Helm sown in the Field of *Mars*,  
To guard pure Chastity from Lust and Rape.  
Libidinous Monster, Satyr, Fawn, or what  
Does better speak thee Slave to Appetite  
And sensual Baseness; if thy profane Hand  
But touch this Virgin Temple, thou art dead.

*Matil.* I see the Aid of Heav'n, tho' slow, is sure.

*Alon.* A rustic Swain dare to retard my Pleasure?

*Gal.* No Swain, *Alonzo*, but her Knight and Servant,  
To whom the World should owe and pay Obedience;  
One that thou hast encounter'd, and shrunk under  
His Arm, that spar'd thy Life in the late Battle  
At th' Intercession of the Princess' Page.  
Look on me better.

*Matil.*

*Matil.* 'Tis my virtuous Lover :  
Under his Guard 'twere Sin to doubt my Safety.

*Alon.* I know thee, and with Courage will redeem  
What Fortune then took from me.

*Gal.* Rather keep [Fight. Alonzo falls.  
Thy Compeer Company in Death.—Lie by him,  
A prey for Crows and Vultures: These fair Arms,  
[He unbinds Matilda.

Unfit for Bonds, should have been Chains to make  
A Bridegroom happy, though a Prince, and proud  
Of such Captivity. Whatsoe'er you are,  
I glory in the Service I have done you ;  
But I intreat you pay your Vows and Prayers  
For Preservation of your Life and Honour,  
To the most virtuous Princess, chaste *Matilda*.  
I am her Creature, and what Good I do  
You truly may call hers ; what's Ill, mine own.

*Matil.* You never did do Ill, my virtuous Servant ;  
Nor is it in the Pow'r of poor *Matilda*  
To cancel such an Obligation as  
With humble Willingness she must subscribe to.

*Gal.* The Princess ? Ha !

*Matil.* Give me a fitter Name,  
Your manumis'd Bondwoman, but even now  
In the Possession of Lust, from which  
Your more than brave heroic Valour bought me :  
And can I then, for Freedom unexpected,  
But kneel to you, my Patron ?

*Gal.* Kneel to me !  
For Heav'n's sake rise ; I kiss the Ground you tread on,  
My Eyes fix'd on the Earth ; for I confess  
I am a Thing not worthy to look on you,  
'Till you have sign'd my Pardon.

*Matil.* Do you interpret  
The much Good you have done me, an Offence ?

*Gal.* The not performing your Injunctions to me,  
Is more than capital : Your Allowance of  
My Love and Service to you, with Admission  
To each Place you made Paradise with your Presence,  
Should



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Should have enabled me to bring home Conquest :  
Then, as a Sacrifice, to offer it  
At the Altar of your Favour. Had my Love  
Answer'd your Bounty or my Hopes, an Army  
Had been as Dust before me ; whereas I  
Like a Coward turn'd my Back, and durst not stand  
The Fury of th' Enemy.

*Matil.* Had you done nothing  
In the Battle, this last Act deserves more  
Than I, the Duke my Father joining with me,  
Can ever recompence. But take your Pleasure ;  
Suppose you have offended, in not grasping  
Your boundless Hopes, I thus seal on your Lips  
A full Remission.

*Gal.* Let mine touch your Foot,  
Your Hand's too high a Favour.

*Matil.* Will you force me  
To ravish a Kifs from you ?

*Gal.* I'm intranc'd.

*Matil.* So much Desert and Bashfulness should not  
march [me  
In the same File. Take Comfort ; when you've brought  
To some Place of Security, you shall find  
You have a Seat here, a Heart that hath  
Already study'd, and vow'd to be thankful.

*Gal.* Heav'n make me so ! Oh, I am overwhelm'd  
With an Excess of Joy ! Be not too prodigal,  
Divinest Lady, of your Grace and Bounties  
At once ; if you are pleas'd, I shall enjoy 'em.  
Not taste 'em, and expire.

*Matil.* I'll be more sparing. [Exeunt.

*Enter Octavio, Gothrio, and Maria.*

*Oct.* What Noise of clashing Swords, like Armour  
fashion'd  
Upon an Anvil, pierc'd mine Ears ? The Echo  
Redoubling the loud Sound through all the Vallies,  
This Way the Wind assures me that it came.

*Goth.*

*Goth.* Then, with your Pardon, I'll take this.

*Off.* Why, Sirrah?

*Goth.* Because, Sir, I will trust my Heels before  
All Winds that blow in the Sky : We are wiser far  
Than our Grandfathers were, and in this I'll prove it ;  
They said, " Haste to the Beginning of a Feast,  
(There I am with 'em) " but to the End of a Fray,"  
That is apocryphal ; 'tis more canonical  
Not to come there at all.—After a Storm  
There are still some Drops behind.

*Mar.* Pure Fear hath made  
The Fool a Philosopher.

*Off.* See, *Maria*, see!

I did not err ; here lie two brave Men weltring  
In their own Gore.

*Mar.* A pitiful Object.

*Goth.* I am in a Swoon to look on't.

*Off.* They are stiff already.

*Goth.* But are you sure they're dead?

*Off.* Too sure, I fear.

*Goth.* But are they stark dead?

*Off.* Leave prating!

*Goth.* Then I am valiant, and dare come nearer to 'em.  
This Fellow without a Sword shall be my Patient.

*Off.* Whate'er they are, Humanity commands us  
To do our best Endeavour.—Run, *Maria*,  
To th' neighbour Spring for Water ; you'll find there  
A wooden Dish, the Beggar's Plate, to bring it in.

[*Exit Maria.*

Why dost not, dull Drone, bend his Body, and feel  
If any Life remain?

*Goth.* By your Leave  
He shall die first, and then I'll be his Surgeon.

*Off.* Tear ope his Doublet,  
And prove if his Wounds be mortal.

*Goth.* Fear not me, Sir :  
Here's a large Wound — How it is swoln and im-  
posthum'd! —

[*His Pocket.*  
This

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This must be cunningly drawn out; should it break,  
[Pulls out his Purse.

'Twould strangle him: What a deal of foul Matter's  
here! — [His little Pocket.

This hath been long a gathering: Here's a Gash too  
On the Rim of his Belly, it may have Matter in it.

He was a cholerick Man, sure: What comes from him  
[Gold.

Is yellow as Gold: How! troubled with the Stone too?  
[A Diamond Ring.

I'll cut you for this.

*Pisan.* Oh, oh! [Starts up and quakes.

*Goth.* He roars before I touch him.

*Pisan.* Robb'd of my Life?

*Goth.* No, Sir; nor of your Money

Nor Jewel; I keep 'em for you.—If I had been

A perfect Mountebank, he had not liv'd

To call for his Fees again.

*Off.* Give me Leave—There's Hope of his Recovery.

*Goth.* I had rather bury him quick [not.

Than part with my Purchase; let his Ghost walk, I care

*Enter Maria (with a Dish of Water.)*

*Off.* Well done, *Maria*, lend thy helping Hand:  
He hath a deep Wound in his Head, wash off  
The clotted Blood.—He comes to himself.

*Alon.* My Lust!

The Fruit that grows upon the Tree of Lust!  
With Horror now I taste it.

*Off.* Do you not know him?

*Mar.* Too soon.—*Alonzo*! Ah me! though disloyal,  
Still dear to thy *Maria*.

*Goth.* So they know not  
My Patient, all's cock-sure: I do not like  
The Romanish Restitution.

*Off.* Rise and leave him.  
Applaud Heav'n's Justice.

*Mar.*



*Mar.* 'Twill become me better  
T' implore its saving Mercy.

*Off.* Haft thou no Gall?  
No Feeling of thy Wrongs?

*Mar.* Turtles have none;  
Nor can there be such Poison in her Breast  
That truly loves, and lawfully.

*Off.* True, if that Love  
Be plac'd on a worthy Subject. What he is,  
In thy Disgrace is publish'd; Heav'n hath mark'd him  
For Punishment, and 'twere rebellious Madness  
In thee t' attempt to alter it: Revenge,  
A sovereign Balm for Injuries, is more proper  
To thy robb'd Honour. Join with me, and thou  
Shalt be thyself the Goddess of Revenge,  
This Wretch the Vassal of thy Wrath: I'll make him,  
While yet he lives, partake those Torments which  
For perjur'd Lovers are prepar'd in Hell,  
Before his curs'd Ghost enter it. This Oil,  
Extracted and sublim'd from all the Simples  
The Earth when swoln with Venom e'er brought forth,  
Pour'd in his Wounds, shall force such Anguish as  
The Furies' Whips but imitate<sup>2</sup>; and when  
Extremity of Pain shall hasten Death,  
Here is another that shall keep in Life,  
And make him feel a Perpetuity  
Of ling'ring Tortures.

<sup>2</sup> *The Furies' Whips but imitate.*

Many of the Images in this Play are very noble, and shew great  
Strength of Imagination; but to remark every Beauty of an Author  
would be displeasing: Readers love to judge for themselves; how-  
ever, I shall here set down the following from the Play before us,  
Act II. Scene the last, spoken by *Uberti* in behalf of his Friend  
*Farneze*, whom he delivers by Stratagem,

Oh what a Spectacle was this! What Mountain  
Of Sorrow overwhelm'd me! My poor Heartstrings,  
As tenter'd by his Tyranny, crack'd; my Knees  
Beat against one another; Groans and Tears  
Blended together follow'd; not one Passion  
Calamity ever yet express'd forgotten.

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*Goth.* Knock 'em both o' th' Head, I say,  
And it be but for their Skins ; they are embroider'd,  
And will sell well i' th' Market.

*Mar.* Ill-look'd Devil,  
Tie up thy bloody Tongue !—O Sir ! I was slow  
In beating down those Propositions which  
You urge for my Revenge ; my Reasons being  
So many, and so forcible, that make  
Against yours, that, until I had collected  
My scatter'd Powers, I waver'd in my Choice  
Which I should first deliver. Fate hath brought  
My Enemy (I can faintly call him so)  
Prostrate before my Feet : Shall I abuse  
The Bounty of my Fate, by trampling on him ?  
He alone ruin'd me, nor can any Hand  
But his rebuild my late demolish'd Honour.  
If you deny me Means of Reparation,  
To satisfy your Spleen, you are more cruel  
Than ever yet *Alonzo* was ; you stamp  
The Name of Strumpet on my Forehead, which  
Heav'n's Mercy would take off ; you fan the Fire  
E'en ready to go out ; forgetting that  
'Tis truly noble, having Power to punish,  
Nay, King-like, to forbear it. I would purchase  
My Husband by such Benefits, as should make him  
Confess himself my Equal, and disclaim  
Superiority.

*Off.* My Blessing on thee !  
What I urg'd, was a Trial ; and my Grant  
To thy Desires shall now appear, if Art  
Or long Experience can do him Service ;  
Nor shall my Charity to this be wanting,  
Howe'er unknown. Help me, *Maria*. You, Sir,  
Do your best to raise him.—So.

*Goth.* He's wond'rous heavy.—  
But the Porter's paid, there's the Comfort.

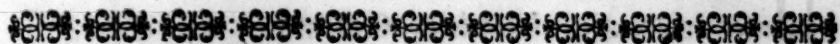
*Off.* 'Tis but a Trance,  
And 'twill forsake both.

*Mar.*

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*Mar.* If I live, I fear not  
He will redeem all, and in Thankfulness  
Confirm he owes you for a second Life,  
And pays the Debt in making me his Wife. [*Exeunt.*]

*The End of the Third Act.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Lorenzo, and Captains.*

*Lor.* **MANTUA** is ours; place a strong Garrison  
in it

To keep it so; and as a due Reward  
To your brave Service, be our Governor in it.

*1 Capt.* I humbly thank your Excellence. [*Exit.*]

*Lor. Gonzaga*

Is yet out of our Gripe; but his strong Fort  
St. *Leo*, which he holds impregnable  
By th' Aids of Art, as Nature, shall not long  
Retard our absolute Conquest. The Escape  
Of fair *Matilda*, my supposed Mistress,  
(For whose desir'd Possession 'twas given out  
I made this War) I value not. Alas!  
*Cupid's* too feeble-ey'd to hit my Heart;  
Or, could he see, his Arrows are too blunt  
To pierce it; his imagin'd Torch is quench'd  
With the more glorious Fire of my Ambition  
T' enlarge my Empire. Soft and silken Amours,  
With Carpet-courtship, which weak Princes stile  
The happy Issue of a flourishing Peace,  
My Toughness scorns. Were there an Abstract made  
Of all the eminent and canoniz'd Beauties  
By Truth recorded, or by Poets feign'd,  
I could unmov'd behold it; as a Picture,  
Commend the Workmanship, and think no more on't;  
I have



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I have more noble Ends.—Have you not heard, yet,  
Of *Alonzo*, or *Pisano*?

2 *Capt.* My Lord, of neither.

*Lor.* Two turbulent Spirits, unfit for Discipline,  
Much less Command in War; if they were lost,  
I shall not pine with Mourning.

*Enter Martinio, Matilda, Galeazzo, and Guard.*

*Mart.* Bring 'em forward;  
'This will make my Peace, tho' I had kill'd his Father;  
Besides the Reward that follows.

*Lor.* Ha! *Martinio*?

Where is *Farneze's* Head?—Dost thou stare? and where  
The Soldier that desir'd the Torture of him?

*Mart.* An't please your Excellence ———

*Lor.* It doth not please us.

Are our Commands obey'd?

*Mart.* *Farneze's* Head, Sir,  
Is a Thing not worth your Thought; the Soldier's less,  
I have brought your Highness such a Head! a Head  
So well set on too! a fine Head ———

*Lor.* Take that [Strikes him.  
For thy Impertinence: What Head, ye Rascal?

*Mart.* My Lord, if they that bring such Presents to  
Are thus rewarded, there are few will strive [you  
To be near your Grace's Pleasures: But I know  
You will repent your Choler. Here's the Head;  
And, now I draw the Curtain, it hath a Face too,  
And such a Face ———

*Lor.* Ha!

*Mart.* View her all o'er, my Lord;  
My Company on't, she's sound of Wind and Limb,  
And will do her Labour tightly, a *Bona Roba*:  
And for her Face, as I said, there are Five Hundred  
City-dub'd Madams in the Dukedom, that would part  
with [Head, Maid.  
Their Jointures to have such another.—Hold up your

*Lor.* Of what Age is the Day?

*Mart.*

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*Mart.* Sir, since Sun-rising  
About two Hours.

*Lor.* Thou ly'ft; the Sun of Beauty,  
In modest Blushes on her Cheeks, but now  
Appear'd to me, and in her Tears breaks forth  
As through a Show'r in *April*; every Drop  
An Orient Pearl, which, as it falls, congeal'd,  
Were Ear-rings for the Catholick King,  
Worn on his Birth-day.

*Mart.* Here's a sudden Change.

*Lor.* Incens'd *Cupid*, whom e'en now I scorn'd,\*  
Hath took his Stand, and by Reflexion shines  
(As if he had two Bodies, or indeed  
A Brother-twin whom Sight cannot distinguish)  
In her fair Eyes.—See how they head their Arrows  
With her bright Beams; now frown, as if my Heart,  
Rebellious to their Edicts, were unworthy,  
Should I rip up my Bosom, to receive  
A Wound from such Divine Artillery.

*Mart.* I am made for ever.

*Matil.* We are lost, dear Servant.

[*Aside.*

*Gal.* Virtue's but a Word;  
Fortune rules all.

*Matil.* We are her Tennis-Balls.

*Lor.* Allow her fair, her Symmetry and Features  
So well proportion'd, as the heavenly Object  
With Admiration would strike *Ovid* dumb,  
Nay, force him to forget his Faculty  
In Verse, and celebrate her Praise in Prose,  
What's this to me? I that have pass'd my Youth  
Unscorch'd with wanton Fires, my sole Delight  
In glitt'ring Arms, my conq'ring Sword my Mistress;  
Neighing of barbed Horse, the Cries and Groans  
Of vanquish'd Foes suing for Life, my Musick:

\* 'Tis dangerous to contemn the Pow'r of Love,  
He rules o'er all Things, and is King above.

OTWAY.

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And shall I in the Autumn of my Age,<sup>3</sup>  
 Now when I wear the Livery of Time  
 Upon my Head and Beard, suffer myself  
 To be transform'd, and like a puling Lover,  
 With Arms thus folded up, echo *Ay me's*!  
 And write myself a Bondman to my Vassal?  
 It must not, nay, it shall not be: Remove  
 The Object, and th' Effect dies.—Nearer, *Martinio*.

*Mart.* I shall have a Regiment.—Colonel *Martinio*,  
 I cannot go less. [Aside.]

*Lor.* What Thing is this thou hast brought me?

*Mart.* What Thing? Heaven blest me! are you a  
*Florentine*?

Nay, the Great Duke of *Florentines*, and having had her  
 So long in your Power, do you now ask what she is?  
 Take her aside and learn; I have brought you that  
 I look to be dearly paid for.

*Lor.* I am a Soldier;  
 And Use of Women will, *Martinio*, rob  
 My Nerves of Strength.

*Mart.* All Armour, and no Smock?  
 Abominable! A little of the one with the other  
 Is excellent: I ne'er knew General yet,  
 Nor Prince that did deserve to be a Worthy,  
 But he desir'd to have his Sweat wash'd off  
 By a juicy Bedfellow.

*Lor.* But say she be unwilling  
 To do that Office?

*Mart.* Wrestle with her, I will wager  
 Ten to one on your Grace's Side.

*Lor.* Slave, hast thou brought me  
 Temptation in a Beauty not to be  
 With Pray'rs resisted; and in Place of Counsel

<sup>3</sup> *And shall I in the Autumn of my Age.*

Thus *Shakespear* in *Macbeth*,

————— My Way of Life  
 Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow Leaf.

Act V. Scene 3.



To master my Affections, and to guard  
 My Honour now besieg'd by Lust, with the Arms  
 Of sober Temperance, mark me out a Way  
 To be a Ravisher? Would thou had'st shewn me  
 Some Monster, though in a more ugly Form  
 Than *Nile* or *Africk* ever bred. The Basilisk  
 (Whose envious Eye yet never brook'd a Neighbour)  
 Kills but the Body. Her more potent Eye  
 Buries alive mine Honour: Shall I yield thus?  
 And all brave Thoughts of Victory and Triumphs,  
 The Spoils of Nations, the loud Applauses  
 Of happy Subjects made so by my Conquests;  
 And, what's the Crown of all, a glorious Name  
 Insculp'd on Pyramids to Posterity,  
 Be drench'd in *Lethe*, and no Object take me  
 But a weak Woman, rich in Colours only,  
 Too delicate to touch, and some rare Features  
 Which Age or sudden Sickness will take from her;  
 And where's then the Reward of all my Service?  
 Love-soothing Passions, nay Idolatry  
 I must pay to her. Hence, and with thee take  
 This second, but more dangerous *Pandora*,  
 Whose fatal Box, if open'd, will pour on me  
 All Mischiefs that Mankind is subject to.  
 To the Desarts with this *Circe*, this *Calypso*,  
 This fair Enchantress; let her Spells and Charms  
 Work upon Beasts and thee, than whom wise Nature  
 Ne'er made a viler Creature.

*Matil.* Happy Exile!

*Gal.* Some Spark of Hope remains yet.

*Mart.* Come, you're mine now;

I will remove her where your Highness shall not  
 Or see or hear more of her.—What a Sum,  
 Will she yield for the *Turk's* Seraglio!

*Lor.* Stay, I feel

A sudden Alteration.

*Mart.* Here are fine Whimsies.

*Lor.* Why should I part with her? Can any Foulness  
 Inhabit such a clean and gorgeous Palace?

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The Fish, the Fowl, the Beasts may safer leave  
The Elements they were nourish'd in, and live,  
Than I endure her Absence.—Yet her Presence  
Is a Torment to me: Why do I call it so?  
My Sire enjoy'd a Woman, I had not been, else;  
He was a complete Prince, and shall I blush  
To follow his Example? Oh! but my Choice,  
Though she gave Suffrage to it, is beneath me:  
But even now in my proud Thoughts I scorn'd  
A Princess, fair *Matilda*; and is't decreed  
For Punishment, I straight must doat on one,  
What, or from whence, I know not? Grant she be  
Obscure, without a Coat or Family,  
Those I can give.—And yet, if she were noble,  
My Fondness were more pardonable.—*Martinio*,  
Dost thou know thy Prisoner?

*Mart.* Do I know myself?

I kept that for the Lenvoy; 'tis the Daughter  
Of your Enemy, Duke *Gonzaga*.

*Lor.* Fair *Matilda*!

I now call to my Memory her Picture,  
And find this is the Substance; but her Painter  
Did her much Wrong, I see it.

*Mart.* I am sure

I tugg'd hard for her; here are Wounds can witness,  
Ere I could call her mine.

*Lor.* No Matter how:

Make thine own Ransom, I will pay it for her.

*Mart.* I knew 'twould come at last.

*Matil.* We're lost again.

*Gal.* Variety of Afflictions!

*Lor.* That his Knee,

That never yet bow'd to Mortality,  
Kisses the Earth, happy to bear your Weight,  
I know, begets your Wonder: Hear the Reason,  
And cast it off.—Your Beauty does command it.  
'Till now, I never saw you; Fame hath been  
Too sparing in Report of your Perfections,  
Which now with Admiration I gaze on.

[*Kneels.*

Be

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Be not afraid, fair Virgin ; had you been  
Employ'd to mediate your Father's Cause,  
My Drums had been unbrac'd, my Trumpets hung up ;  
Nor had the Terror of the War e'er frightened  
His peaceful Confines ; your Demands had been,  
As soon as spoke, agreed to. But you'll answer,  
And may with Reason, Words make no Satisfaction  
For what's in Fact committed. Yet, take Comfort,  
Something my pious Love commands me do,  
Which may call down your Pardon.

*Matil.* This Expression

Of Reverence to your Person, better suits

*[Takes him up and kneels,*

With my low Fortune. That you deign to love me,  
My Weakness would persuade me to believe  
(Though conscious of mine own Unworthiness)  
You being as the liberal Eye of Heaven  
Which may shine where it pleases. Let your Beams  
Of Favour warm and comfort, not consume me !  
For, should your Love grow to Excess, I dare not  
Deliver what I fear.

*Lor.* Dry your fair Eyes ;

I apprehend your Doubts, and could be angry  
If humble Love could warrant it, you should  
Nourish such base Thoughts of me. Heav'n bear Witness,  
And, if I break my Vow, dart Thunder at me,  
You are, and shall be, in my Tent as free  
From Fear of Violence, as a cloyster'd Nun  
Kneeling before the Altar. What I purpose  
Is yet an Embrion ; but, grown into Form,  
I'll give you Power to be the sweet Disposer  
Of Blessings unexpected ; that your Father,  
Your Country, People, Children yet unborn too,  
In holy Hymns on Festivals shall sing  
The Triumph of your Beauty. On your Hand  
Once more I swear it.—O imperious Love !  
Look down, and, as I truly do repent,  
Prosper the good Ends of thy Penitent. *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E



## SCENE II.

*Enter Octavio and Maria.*

*Oct.* You must not be too sudden, my *Maria*,  
 In being known.—I'm, in this Friar's Habit,  
 As yet conceal'd.—Though his Recovery  
 Be almost certain, I must work him to  
 Repentance by Degrees. When I would have you  
 Appear in your true Shape of Sorrow to  
 Move his Compassion, I will stamp thus — Then  
 You know to act your Part.

*Mar.* I shall be careful.

[*Exit Mar.*

*Oct.* If I can cure the Ulcers of his Mind,  
 As I despair not of his Body's Wounds,  
 Felicity crowns my Labour. *Gothrio!*

*Enter Gothrio.*

*Goth.* Here, Sir.

*Oct.* Desire my Patients to leave their Chamber,  
 And take fresh Air here. How have they slept?

*Goth.* Very well, Sir.

I would we were soon rid of 'em.

*Oct.* Why?

*Goth.* I fear one hath the Art of Memory, and will  
 Remember his Gold and Jewels: Could you not minister  
 A Potion of Forgetfulness? What would Gallants  
 That are in Debt, give me for such a Receipt  
 To pour in their Creditors Drink?

*Oct.* You shall restore all:  
 Believ't you shall.—Will you please to walk?

*Goth.* Will you please to put off  
 Your holy Habit, and spic'd Conscience? One  
 I think infects the other.

[*Exit.*

*Oct.* I have observ'd  
 Compunction in *Alonzo*; he speaks little,  
 But full of retir'd Thoughts: The other is

Jocund

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Jocund and merry, no doubt, because he hath  
The less Accompt to make here.

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alon.* Reverend Sir,  
I come to wait your Pleasure ; but, my Friend,  
(Your Creature I should say, being so myself)  
Willing to take further Repose, entreats  
Your Patience a few Minutes.

*Off.* At his Pleasure :  
Pray you sit down ; you are faint still.

*Alon.* Growing to Strength,  
I thank your Goodness : But my Mind is troubled,  
Very much troubled, Sir ; and I desire,  
Your pious Habit giving me Assurance  
Of your Skill and Power that Way, that you would please  
To be my Mind's Physician.

*Off.* Sir, to that  
My Order binds me, if you please to unload  
The Burthen of your Conscience, I will minister  
Such heavenly Cordials as I can, and set you  
In a Path that leads to Comfort.

*Alon.* I will open  
My Bosom-secrets to you.—That I am  
A Man of Blood, being brought up in the Wars,  
And cruel Executions my Profession,  
Admits not to be question'd : But in that,  
Being a Subject, and bound to obey  
Whate'er my Prince commanded, I have left  
Some Shadow of Excuse : With other Crimes,  
As Pride, Lust, Gluttony (it must be told)  
I am besmear'd all over.

*Off.* On Repentance  
Mercy will wash it off.

*Alon.* O Sir, I grant  
These Sins are deadly ones ; yet their Frequency  
With wicked Men, make them less dreadful to us.  
But I am conscious of one Crime, with which

Al

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All Ills I have committed from my Youth  
Put in the Scale weigh nothing: Such a Crime,  
So odious to Heaven and Man, and to  
My fear'd-up Conscience so full of Horror,  
As Penance cannot expiate.

*Oct.* Despair not,  
'Tis impious in Man to prescribe Limits  
To the Divine Compassion.—Out with it.

*Alon.* Hear then, good Man; and when that I have  
given you

The Character of it, and confess'd myself  
The Wretch that acted it, you must repent  
The Charity you have extended towards me.

Not long before these Wars began, I had  
Acquaintance ('tis not fit I stile it Friendship,  
That being a Virtue, and not to be blended  
With vicious Breach of Faith) with th' Lord *Othavio*,  
The Minion of his Prince and Court, set off  
With all the Pomp and Circumstance of Greatness:  
To this, then happy, Man I offer'd Service,  
And with Insinuation wrought myself  
Into his Knowledge, grew familiar with him,  
Ever a welcome Guest. This noble Gentleman  
Was bless'd with one fair Daughter, (so he thought  
And boldly might believe so, for she was  
In all Things excellent without a Rival)  
'Till I (her Father's Mass of Wealth before  
My greedy Eyes, but hood-wink'd to mine Honour)  
With far more subtle Arts than perjur'd *Paris*  
Ere practis'd on poor credulous *Oenone*,  
Besieg'd her Virgin-Fort, in a Word, took it;  
No Vows or Imprecation forgotten  
With Speed to marry her.

*Oct.* Perhaps she gave you  
Just Cause to break those Vows.

*Alon.* She Cause? alas!

Her Innocence knew no Guilt, but too much Favour  
To me unworthy of it: 'Twas my Baseness,  
My foul Ingratitude.—What shall I say more?

The



The good *Octavio* no sooner fell  
In the Displeasure of his Prince, his 'State  
Confiscated, and he forc'd to leave the Court,  
And she expos'd to Want, but all my Oaths  
And Protestation of Service to her,  
Like seeming Flames rais'd by Enchantment, vanish'd;  
This, this sits heavy here.

*Oct.* He speaks as if  
He were acquainted with my Plot. [*Aside.*] You have  
Reason

To feel Compunction, for 'twas most inhuman  
So to betray a Maid.

*Alon.* Most barbarous.

*Oct.* But does your Sorrow for the Fact beget  
An Aptness in you to make Satisfaction  
For th' Wrong you did her?

*Alon.* Gracious Heaven! an Aptness?  
It is my only Study: Since I tasted  
Of your Compassion, these Eyes ne'er were clos'd;  
But fearful Dreams cut off my little Sleep,  
And, being awake in my Imagination,  
Her Apparition haunted me.

*Oct.* 'Twas mere Fancy. [*He stamps.*]

*Alon.* 'Twas more, grave Sir—Nay, 'tis——Now it  
appears.

*Enter Maria.*

*Oct.* Where?

*Alon.* Do you not see there the gliding Shadow  
Of a fair Virgin? That is she, and wears  
The very Garments that adorn'd her when  
She yielded to my Crocodile Tears: A Cloud  
Of Fears and Diffidence then so chac'd away  
Her purer White and Red, as it foretold  
That I should be disloyal. Blessed Shadow!  
For 'twere a Sin, far, far exceeding all  
I have committed, to hope only that  
Thou art a Substance: Look on my true Sorrow,  
Nay, Soul's Contrition; hear again those Vows  
My Perjury cancell'd, stamp'd in Brass, and never  
To be worn out——

*Enter*

*Enter Gothrio.*

*Mar.* I can endure no more ;  
Action, not Oaths, must make me Reparation :  
I am *Maria*.

*Alon.* Can this be ?

*Off.* It is,  
And I *Octavio*.

*Alon.* Wonder on Wonder !  
How shall I look on you ? or with what Forehead  
Desire your Pardon ?

*Mar.* You truly shall deserve it  
In being constant.

*Off.* If you fall not off,  
But look on her in Poverty with those Eyes  
As when she was my Heir in Expectation,  
You thought her beautiful.

*Alon.* She's in herself  
Both *Indies* to me.

*Goth.* Stay, she shall not come  
A Beggar to you, my sweet young Mistress ! no,  
She shall not want a Dower : Here's White and Red  
Will ask a Jointure ; but how you should make her one,  
Being a Captain, would beget some Doubt,  
If you should deal with a Lawyer.

*Alon.* I have seen this Purse.

*Goth.* How the World's given—I dare not say to Lying, because you are a Soldier ; you may say as well, this Gold is mark'd too : you, being to receive it, should ne'er ask how I got it. I'll run for a Priest to dispatch the Matter ; you shall not want a Ring, I have one for the Purpose. Now, Sir, I think I'm honest. [*Exit.*]

*Alon.* This Ring was *Pisano's*.

*Off.* I'll dissolve this Riddle at better Leisure :  
The Wound given to my Daughter, which in your Honour  
You're bound to cure, exacts our present Care. [*nour*]

*Alon.* I am all yours, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE III.

*Enter Gonzaga, Uberti, Manfroy.*

*Gonz.* Thou hast told too much to give Assurance that  
Her Honour was too far engag'd to be  
By human Help redeem'd : If thou hadst given  
Thy sad Narration this full Period,  
*She's dead* ; I had been happy. [Weeps.]

*Uber.* Sir, these Tears  
Do well become a Father ; and my Eyes  
Would keep you Company as a forlorn Lover,  
But that the burning Fire of my Revenge  
Dries up those Drops of Sorrow. We once more,  
Our broken Forces rallied up, and with  
Full Numbers strengthen'd, stand prepar'd t' endure  
A second Trial ; nor let it dismay us  
That we are once again to affront the Fury  
Of a victorious Army ; their Abuse  
Of Conquest hath disarm'd themselves, and call'd down  
The Pow'rs above to aid us. I have read  
Some Piece of Story, yet ne'er found but that  
The General, that gave Way to Cruelty,  
The Profanation of Things Sacred, Rapes  
Of Virgins, Butchery of Infants, and  
The Massacre in Cold Blood of reverend Age,  
Against the Discipline and Law of Arms,  
Did feel the Hand of Heav'n lie heavy on him,  
When most secure.—We have had a late Example ;  
And let us not despair but that, in *Lorenzo*,  
It will be seconded.

*Gonz.* You argue well,  
And 'twere a Sin in me to contradict you :  
Yet we must not neglect the Means that's lent us  
To be the Ministers of Justice.

*Uber.* No, Sir :  
One Day giv'n to refresh our weary'd Troops,  
Tir'd with a tedious March, we'll be no longer  
Coop'd



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Coop'd up, but charge the Enemy in his Trenches,  
And force him to a Battle. *[Shouts within.*

*Gonz.* Ha! how's this?  
In such a general Time of Mourning, Shouts  
And Acclamations of Joy?

*Within they cry,*  
Long live the Princess! Long live *Matilda!*

*Uber. Matilda!*  
The Princess' Name!

*Matilda, oft re-echo'd.*

*Enter Farneze.*

*Gonz.* What speaks thy Haste?

*Farn.* More Joy and Happiness  
Than weak Words can deliver, or strong Faith  
Almost give Credit to: The Princess lives.—  
I saw her, kiss'd her Hand.

*Gonz.* By whom deliver'd?

*Farn.* That is not to be 'stall'd by my Report,  
This only must be told.—As I rode forth  
With some choice Troops to make Discovery  
Where th' Enemy lay, and how intrench'd, a Leader  
Of th' adverse Party, but unarm'd, and in  
His Hand an Olive-branch, encounter'd me.  
He shew'd the Great Duke's Seal that gave him Power  
To parley with me: His Desires were, that  
Assurance for his Safety might be granted  
To his Royal Master, who came as a Friend,  
And not as an Enemy, to offer to you  
Conditions of Peace: I yielded to it.  
This being return'd, the Duke's *Prætorium* open'd;  
When suddenly, in a triumphant Chariot  
Drawn by such Soldiers of his own as were  
For Insolence after Victory condemn'd  
Unto this slavish Office, the fair Princess  
Appear'd, a Wreath of Laurel on her Head,  
Her Robes majestic, their Richness far  
Above all Value, as if the present Age

Con-

# THE BASHFUL LOVER.

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Contended that a Woman's Pomp should dim  
The glitt'ring Triumphs of the *Roman Cæsars*.  
—I am cut off; no Cannon's Throat now thunders,  
Nor Fife nor Drum beat up a Charge; choice Musick  
Ushers the Parent of Security,  
Long-absent Peace.

*Manf.* I know not what to think on't.

*Uber.* May it poise the Expectation!

*Enter Soldiers (unarm'd, with Olive Branches) Captains;  
Lorenzo, Galeazzo, Martino, Matilda, (a Wreath  
of Laurel on her Head, in her Chariot drawn through  
them.)*

*Gonz.* Thus to meet you,  
Great Duke of *Tuscany*, throws Amazement on me:  
But to behold my Daughter, long since mourn'd for,  
And lost even to my Hopes, thus honour'd by you,  
With an Excess of Comfort overwhelms me:  
And yet I cannot truly call myself  
Happy in this Solemnity, 'till your Highness  
Vouchsafe to make me understand the Motives  
That in this peaceful Way hath brought you to us.

*Lor.* I must crave Licence first; for know, *Gonzaga*,  
I'm subject to another's Will, and can  
Nor speak nor do without Permission from her.  
My curled Forehead, of late terrible

*[While Lorenzo speaks, Uberti and the rest  
present themselves to Matilda.]*

To those that did acknowledge me their Lord,  
Is now as smooth as Rivers when no Wind stirs:  
My Frowns or Smiles, that kill'd or sav'd, have lost  
Their potent Awe, and Sweetness: I am transform'd  
(But do not scorn the Metamorphosis)  
From that fierce Thing Men held me; I am captiv'd,  
And by the unresistable Force of Beauty  
Led hither as a Prisoner. Is't your Pleasure that  
I shall deliver those Injunctions which  
Your absolute Command impos'd upon me,

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Or deign yourself to speak 'em?

*Matil.* Sir, I am

Your Property, you may use me as you please ;  
But what is in your Power and Breast to do,  
No Orator can dilate so well.

*Lor.* I obey you.

That I came hither as an Enemy,  
With hostile Arms, to th' utter Ruin of  
Your Country, what I have done makes apparent :  
That Fortune seconded my Will, the late  
Defeat will make good : That I resolv'd  
To force the Scepter from your Hand, and make  
Your Dukedom tributary, my Surprizal  
Of *Mantua* your Metropolis can well witness :  
And that I cannot fear the Change of Fate,  
My Army, flesh'd in Blood, Spoil, Glory, Conquest,  
Stand ready to maintain : Yet, I must tell you  
By whom I am subdu'd, and what's the Ransom  
I am commanded to lay down.

*Gonz.* My Lord,

You humble yourself too much ; 'tis fitter you  
Should first propose, and we consent.

*Lor.* Forbear,

The Articles are here subscrib'd and sign'd  
By my obedient Hand : All Prisoners  
Without a Ransom set at Liberty ;  
*Mantua* to be deliver'd up ; the Rampiers  
Ruin'd in the Assault, to be repair'd ;  
The Loss the Husbandman receiv'd, his Crop  
Burnt up by wanton Licence of the Soldier  
To be made good — with whatsoever else  
You could impose on me, if you had been  
The Conqu'ror, I your Captive.

*Gonz.* Such a Change

Wants an Example : I must owe this Favour  
To th' Clemency of the old heroic Valour,  
That spar'd when it had Power to kill ; a Virtue  
Buried long since, but rais'd out of the Grave  
By you to grace this latter Age.

*Lor.* Mistake not

The



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The Cause that did produce this good Effect,  
If as such you receive it: 'Twas her Beauty  
Wrought first on my rough Nature; but the Virtues  
Of her fair Soul, dilated in her Converse,  
That did confirm it.

*Matil.* Mighty Sir, no more:  
You honour her too much, that is not worthy  
To be your Servant.

*Lor.* I have done; and now  
Would gladly understand that you allow of  
The Articles propounded.

*Gonz.* Do not wrong  
Your Benefits with such a Doubt; they are  
So great and high, and with such Reverence  
To be receiv'd, that, if I should profess  
I hold my Dukedom from you as your Vassal,  
Or offer'd up my Daughter as you please  
To be dispos'd of, in the Point of Honour  
And a becoming Gratitude, 'twould not cancel  
The Bond I stand engag'd for.—But accept  
Of that which I can pay: My All is yours, Sir;  
Nor is there any here (though I must grant  
Some have deserv'd much from me, for so far  
I dare presume) but will surrender up  
Their Interest to that your Highness shall  
Deign to pretend a Title.

*Uber.* I subscribe not  
To this Condition.

*Farn.* The Services this Prince  
Hath done your Grace in your most Danger,  
Are not to be so slighted.

*Gal.* 'Tis far from me  
To urge my Merits; yet, I must maintain  
Howe'er my Power is less, my Love is more:  
Nor will the gracious Princess scorn t'acknowledge  
I've been her humble Servant.

*Lor.* Smooth your Brows:  
I'll not inroach upon your Right, for that were  
Once more to force Affection (a Crime

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With which should I the second Time be tainted,  
 I did deserve no Favour); neither will I  
 Make use of what is offer'd by the Duke,  
 Howe'er I thank his Goodness. I'll lay by  
 My Power; and though I should not brook a Rival,  
 (What we are, well consider'd) I'll descend  
 To be a third Competitor. He that can  
 With Love and Service best deserve the Garland,  
 With your Consent let him wear it; I despair not  
 The Trial of my Fortune.

*Gonz.* Bravely offer'd,  
 And like yourself, great Prince.

*Uber.* I must profess  
 I am so taken with it, that I know not  
 Which Way t' express my Service.

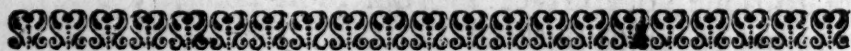
*Gal.* Did I not build  
 Upon the Princess' Grace, I could sit down,  
 And hold it no Dishonour.

*Matil.* How I feel  
 My Soul divided! All have deserv'd so well,  
 I know not where to fix my Choice.

*Gonz.* You have  
 Time to consider. Will you please to take  
 Possession of the Fort? Then, having tasted  
 The Fruits of Peace, you may at Leisure prove  
 Whose Plea will prosper in the Court of Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The End of the Fourth Act.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter* Alonzo, Octavio, Pisano, Maria (*with a Purse*)  
 Gothrio.

*Alon.* **Y**OU need not doubt, Sir, were not Peace  
 proclaim'd,  
 And celebrated with a general Joy, The

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The high Displeasure of the *Mantuan* Duke,  
Rais'd on just Grounds, not jealous Suppositions.  
The saving of our Lives (which, next to Heaven,  
To you alone is proper) would force Mercy  
For an Offence, though capital.

*Pisan.* When the Conqueror  
Uses Entreaties, they are arm'd Commands  
The Vanquish'd must not check at.

*Mar.* My Piety pay the Forfeit,  
If Danger come but near you! I have heard  
My gracious Mistress often mention you,  
(When I serv'd her as a Page) and feelingly  
Relate how much the Duke her Sire repented  
His hasty Doom of Banishment, in his Rage  
Pronounc'd against you.

*Oct.* In a private Difference,  
I grant that Innocence is a Wall of Brass,  
And scorns the hottest Battery: But, when  
The Cause depends between the Prince and Subject,  
'Tis an unequal Competition; Justice  
Must lay her Balance by, and use her Sword  
For his Ends that protect it. I was banish'd,  
And, 'till revok'd from Exile, to tread on  
My Sovereign's Territories with forbidden Feet,  
The severe Letter of the Law calls Death;  
Which I am subject to in coming so near  
His Court and Person. But my only Child  
Being provided for, her Honour salv'd too,  
(I thank your noble Change) I shall endure  
Whate'er can fall, with Patience.

*Alon.* You have us'd  
That Medicine too long; prepare yourself  
For Honour in your Age, and rest secure of't.

*Mar.* Of what is your Wisdom musing?

*Goth.* I am gazing on this gorgeous House; our  
Cot's a Dishclout to it: It has no Sign.—What do you  
call't?



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*Mar.* The Court;  
I've liv'd in't a Page.

*Goth.* Page! very pretty:  
May I not be a Page? I am old enough,  
Well-timber'd too, and I've a Beard to carry it:  
Pray you, let me be your Page; I can swear already  
Upon your Pantoffle.

*Mar.* What?

*Goth.* That I'll be true  
Unto your Smock.

*Mar.* How, Rascal?

*Off.* Hence, and pimp  
To your Rams and Ewes; such foul Pollution is  
To be whipp'd from Court. I've now no more Use of  
Return to you Trough. [you;

*Goth.* Must I feed on Husks,  
Before I have play'd the Prodigal?

*Off.* No, I'll reward  
Your Service; live in your own Element  
Like an honest Man; all that is mine in the Cottage  
I freely give you.

*Goth.* Your Bottles too, that I carry  
For your own Tooth?

*Off.* Full as they are.

*Mar.* And Gold,  
That will replenish 'em.

*Goth.* I'm made for ever.  
This was done i' th' Nick.

*Off.* Why in the Nick?

*Goth.* O Sir! 'twas well for me that you did reward  
my Service  
Before you enter'd the Court; for 'tis reported  
There is a Drink of Forgetfulness, which once tasted,  
Few Masters think of their Servants, who, grown old,  
Are turn'd off like lame Hounds and Hunting Horses,  
To starve on the Commons.

*Alon.* Bitter Knave!

*Enter*

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*Enter Martinio.*

There's Craft i' the clouted Shoe.<sup>4</sup> Captain!

*Mart.* I am glad to kiss  
Your valiant Hand, and yours: But pray you, take No-  
My Title's chang'd, I am a Colonel. [tice

*Pisan.* A Colonel! where's your Regiment?

*Mart.* Not rais'd yet;  
All the old ones are cashier'd, and we are now  
To have a new Militia. All is Peace here,  
Yet I hold my Title still, as many do  
That never saw an Enemy.

*Alon.* You are pleasant,  
And it becomes you. Is the Duke stirring?

*Mart.* Long since,  
Four Hours at least; but yet not ready.

*Pisan.* How?

*Mart.* Even so; you make a Wonder of't, but leave  
Alas, he is not now (Sir) in the Camp, [it:  
To be up and arm'd upon the least Alarm;  
There's something else to be thought on.  
Here he comes, with his Officers, new-rigg'd.

*Enter Lorenzo, Doctor, Gent. Page (employed about him  
as from his Chamber.)*

*Alon.* A Looking-glass!  
Upon my Head, he saw not his own Face  
These seven Years past, but by Reflexion  
From a bright Armour.

*Mart.* Be silent, and observe.

*Lor.* So, have you done yet?  
Is your Building perfect?

*Doct.* If your Highness please,  
Here is a Water.

<sup>4</sup> *There's Craft i' the clouted Shoe.*

Thus *Hamlet*, speaking of the Clown, says, "That the Toe of  
"the Peasant comes so near the Heel of the Courtier, he galls his  
"Kibe."

*Lar.*

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*Lor.* To what Use? my Barber  
Hath wash'd my Face already.

*Doct.* But this Water  
Hath a strange Virtue in't, beyond his Art;  
It is a sacred Relique, Part of that  
Most powerful Juice, which with *Medæa* made  
Old *Æson* young.

*Lor.* A Fable.—But suppose  
I should give Credit to it, will it work  
The same Effect on me?

*Doct.* I'll undertake  
This will restore the honour'd Hair that grows  
Upon your Highness' Head and Chin, a little  
Inclining unto Grey.

*Lor.* Inclining, Doctor?

*Doct.* Pardon me, mighty Sir, I went too far;  
Not Grey at all.—I dare not flatter you,  
'Tis something chang'd; but this apply'd will help it  
To the first Amber-Colour, every Hair  
As fresh as when, your Manhood in the Prime,  
Your Grace arriv'd at Thirty.

*Lor.* Very well.

*Doct.* Then here's a precious Oil (to which the Maker  
Hath not yet given a Name) will soon fill up  
These Dimples in your Face and Front. I grant  
They are terrible to your Enemies, and set off  
Your Frowns with Majesty: But you may please  
To know (as sure you do) a smooth Aspect,  
Softness and Sweetness, in the Court of Love,  
Though dumb, are the prevailing Orators.

*Lor.* Will he new create me?

*Doct.* If you deign to taste too  
Of this Confection.

*Lor.* I'm in Health, and need  
No Physick.

*Doct.* Physick, Sir! An Empress  
(If that an Empress' Lungs, Sir, may be tainted  
With Putrefaction) would taste of it  
That Night on which she were to print a Kiss

Upon



Upon the Lips of her long-absent Lord  
Returning home with Conquest.

*Lor.* 'Tis predominant  
Over a stinking Breath, is it not, Doctor?

*Doct.* Cloath the Infirmary with sweeter Language;  
'Tis a Preservative that Way.

*Lor.* You are then  
Admitted to the Cabinets of great Ladies,  
And have the Government of the borrow'd Beauties  
Of such as write near Forty.

*Doct.* True, my good Lord,  
And my Attempts have prosper'd.

*Lor.* Did you never  
Minister to the Princess?

*Doct.* Sir, not yet;  
She's in the *April* of her Youth, and needs not  
The Aids of Art, my gracious Lord: But in  
The Autumn of her Age I may be useful,  
And sworn her Highness' Doctor, and your Grace  
Partake of the Delight.

*Lor.* Slave! Witch! Impostor! [Kicks him.]  
Mountebank! Cheater! Traitor to great Nature!  
In thy Presumption to repair what she  
In her immutable Decrees design'd  
For some few Years to grow up, and then wither.  
Or is't not Crime enough thus to betray  
The Secrets of the weaker Sex, thy Patients,  
But thou must make the Honour of this Age,  
And Envy of the Time to come, *Matilda*,  
(Whose sacred Name I bow to) guilty of  
A future Sin in thy ill-boding Thoughts,  
Which for a Perpetuity of Youth  
And Pleasure she disdains to act, such is  
Her Purity and Innocence?

[His Foot on the Doctor's Breast.]

*Alon.* Long since  
I look'd for this Lenvoy.

*Mart.* Would I were well off!  
He's dang'rous in these Humours,

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*Off.* Stand conceal'd.

*Doct.* O Sir, have Mercy! in my Thought I never Offended you.

*Lor.* Me? most of all, thou Monster!  
What a Mock-man Property in thy Intent  
Would'st thou have made me? a meer Pathick to  
Thy Devilish Art, had I given Suffrage to it.  
Are my Grey Hairs, the Ornament of Age,  
And held a Blessing by the wisest Men,  
And for such warranted by Holy Writ,<sup>s</sup>  
To be conceal'd, as if they were my Shame?  
Or plaister up these Furrows in my Face,  
As if I were a painted Bawd or Whore?  
By such base Means if that I could ascend  
To the Height of all my Hopes, their full Fruition  
Would not wipe off the Scandal. No, thou Wretch!  
Thy coz'ning Water and adult'rate Oil  
I thus pour in thine Eyes, and tread to Dust  
Thy loath'd Confection, with thy Trumperies:  
Vanish for ever!

*Mart.* You've your Fee, as I take it,  
Dear *Domine Doctor*! I'll be no Sharer with you.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

*Lor.* I'll court her like myself; these rich Adornments  
And Jewels, worn by me an Absolute Prince;  
My Order too, of which I am the Sovereign,  
Can meet no ill Construction: Yet 'tis far  
From my Imagination to believe  
She can be taken with sublimed Clay,  
The Silk-worm's Spoils, or rich Embroideries:  
Nor must I borrow Helps from Power or Greatness;  
But as a loyal Lover plead my Cause,  
If I can feelingly express my Ardour,  
And make her sensible of the much I suffer

<sup>s</sup> ——— Warranted by Holy Writ.

This alludes to the *Proverbs* of Solomon, who says,

“ The Hoary Head is a Crown of Glory, if it be found in the  
Way of Righteousness. Chap. xvi. ver. 31.

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In Hopes and Fears, and she vouchsafe to take  
Compassion on me.—Ha! Compassion?  
The Word sticks in my Throat: What's here that tells  
I do descend too low? *Rebellious Spirit,* [me  
I conjure thee to leave me: There is now  
No Contradiction or Declining left,  
I must and will go on.

*Mart.* The Tempest's laid;  
You may present yourselves.

*Alon.* My gracious Lord!

*Pisan.* Your humble Vassal.

*Lor.* Ha! both living?

*Alon.* Sir,

We owe our Lives to this good Lord, and make it  
Our humble Suit —

*Lor.* Plead for yourselves: We stand  
Yet unresolv'd whether your Knees or Prayers  
Can save the Forfeiture of your own Heads:  
Though we have put our Armour off.—Your Pardon  
For leaving the Camp without our Licence  
Is not yet sign'd. At some more fit Time wait us.

[*Exit Lor. and Attendants.*]

*Alon.* How's this?

*Mart.* 'Tis well it is no worse; I met with  
A rougher Entertainment, yet I had  
Good Cards to shew. He's parcel mad, you'll find him  
Every Hour in a several Mood, this foolish Love  
Is such a Shuttlecock; but all will be well  
When a better Fit comes on him, never doubt it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter Gonzaga, Uberti, Farneze, Mansfroy.*

*Gonz.* How do you find her?

*Uber.* Thankful for my Service,  
And yet she gives me little Hope; my Rival  
Is too great for me.

*Gonz.* The Great Duke, you mean?

*Uber.*



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*Uber.* Who else? the *Millanois*, although he be  
A compleat Gentleman, I am sure despairs  
More than myself.

*Farn.* A high Estate, with Women,  
Takes Place of all Desert.

*Uber.* I must stand my Fortune.

*Enter Lorenzo and Attendants.*

*Manf.* The Duke of *Florence*, Sir!

*Gonz.* Your Highness' Presence  
Answers my Wish. Your private Ear:—I have us'd  
My best Persuasion with a Father's Power  
To work my Daughter to your Ends; yet she,  
Like a small Bark on a tempestuous Sea,  
Toss'd here and there by opposite Winds, resolves not  
At which Port to put in, this Prince's merits;  
Your Grace and Favour; nor is she unmindful  
Of the brave Acts (under your Pardon, Sir,  
I needs must call them so) *Hortensio*  
Hath done to gain her good Opinion of him:  
All these together tumbling in her Fancy,  
Do much distract her. I have Spies upon her,  
And am assur'd this instant Hour she gives  
*Hortensio* private Audience; I will bring you  
Where we will see and hear all.

*Lor.* You oblige me.

*Uber.* I do not like this Whispering.

*Gonz.* Fear no foul Play.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

*Enter Galeazzo, Beatrice, and two Waiting-Women.*

*1 Wom.* The Princess, Sir, long since expected you;  
And, would I beg a Thanks, I could tell you that  
I've often mov'd her for you.

*Gal.* I'm your Servant.

*Enter*

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*Enter Matilda.*

*Beat.* She's come; there are others I must place to hear

The Conference.

[*Exit.*

*1 Wom.* Is't your Excellency's Pleasure That we attend you?

*Matil.* No; wait me in the Gallery.

*1 Wom.* Would each of us, Wench, had a Sweetheart To pass away the Time! [too,

*2 Wom.* There I join with you.

[*Exit Waiting-Women.*

*Matil.* I fear this is the last Time we shall meet.

*Gal.* Heaven forbid!

*Enter (above) Beatrice, Lorenzo, Gonzaga, Uberti, Farneze.*

*Matil.* O my *Hortensio*!

In me behold the Misery of Greatness,  
And that which you call Beauty. Had I been  
Of a more low Condition, I might  
Have call'd my Will and Faculties mine own,  
Not seeing that which was to be lov'd  
With other's Eyes: But now, ay me! most wretched  
And miserable Princess! in my Fortune  
To be too much engag'd for Service done me,  
It being impossible to make Satisfaction  
To my so many Creditors; all deserving,  
I can keep Touch with none.

*Lor.* A sad *Exordium*!

*Matil.* You lov'd me long, and without Hope, (alas,  
I die to think on't!) *Parma's* Prince, invited  
With a too partial Report of what  
I was, and might be to him, left his Country  
To fight in my Defence. Your brave Achievements  
I' the War, and what you did for me, unspoken,  
(Because I would not force the Sweetness of

Your

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Your Modesty to a Blush) are written here :  
 And, that there might be nothing wanting to  
 Sum up my numerous Engagements (never  
 In my Hopes to be cancell'd) the Great Duke,  
 Our mortal Enemy, when my Father's Country  
 Lay open to his Fury, and the Spoil  
 Of the victorious Army, and I brought  
 Into his Power, hath shewn himself so noble,  
 So full of strictest Honour, Temperance,  
 And all Virtues that can set off a Prince,  
 That, though I cannot render him that Respect  
 I would, I'm bound in Thankfulness t' admire him.

*Gal.* 'Tis acknowledg'd, and on your Part  
 To be return'd.

*Matil.* But oh! how can I,  
 Without the Brand of foul Ingratitude  
 To you, and Prince *Uberti*?

*Gal.* Hear me, Madam,  
 And what your Servant shall with Zeal deliver,  
 As a *Dædalean* Clew may guide you out of  
 This Labyrinth of Destruction. He that loves  
 His Mistress truly, should prefer her Honour  
 And Peace of Mind, above the glutting of  
 His rav'nous Appetite: He should affect  
 But with a fit Restraint, and not take from her  
 To give himself: He should make it the Height  
 Of his Ambition, if it lie in  
 His stretch'd-out Nerves t' effect it, though she fly in  
 An eminent Place, to add Strength to her Wings,  
 And mount her higher, though he fall himself  
 Into the bottomless Abyss; or else  
 The Services he offers are not real,  
 But counterfeit.

*Matil.* What can *Hortensio*  
 Infer from this?

*Gal.* That I stand bound in Duty  
 (Though in the Act I take my last Farewel  
 Of Comfort in this Life) to sit down willingly,  
 And move my Suit no farther. I confess,

While



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While you were in Danger, and Heav'n's Mercy made  
me

Its Instrument to preserve you, (which your Goodness  
Priz'd far above the Merit) I was bold  
To feed my starv'd Affection with false Hopes  
I might be worthy of you: For know, Madam,  
How mean soever I appear'd in *Mantua*,  
I had in Expectation a Fortune,  
Though not possess'd of't, that encourag'd me  
With Confidence to prefer my Suit, and not  
To fear the Prince *Uberti* as my Rival.

*Gonz.* I ever thought him more than what he seem'd.

*Lor.* Pray you, forbear.

*Gal.* But when the Duke of *Florence*  
Put in his Plea, in my Consideration  
Weighing well what he is, as you must grant him,  
A *Mars* of Men in Arms; and, those put off,  
The great Example for a Kingly Courtier  
To imitate: Annex to these his Wealth,  
Of such a large Extent, as other Monarchs  
Call him the King of Coin; and, what's above all,  
His lawful Love, with all the Happiness  
This Life can fancy, from him flowing to you;  
The true Affection which I have ever borne you,  
Does not alone command me to desist,  
But, as a faithful Counsellor, to advise you  
To meet and welcome that Felicity  
Which hastes to crown your Virtues.

*Lor.* We must break off this Parley.  
Something I have to say.

[*Exeunt above.*]

*Matil.* In Tears I thank  
Your Care of my Advancement; but I dare not  
Follow your Counsel. Shall such Piety  
Pass unrewarded? Such a pure Affection,  
For any Ends of mine, be undervalu'd?  
Avert it, Heaven! I will be thy *Matilda*,  
Or cease to be: No other Heat but what  
Glows from thy purest Flames, shall warm this Bosom,  
Nor

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Nor *Florence*, nor all Monarchs of the Earth  
Shall keep thee from me.

*Enter Lorenzo, Gonzaga, Uberti, Farneze, Manfroy,  
two Waiting-Women.*

*Gal.* I fear, gracious Lady,  
Our Conference hath been o'erheard.

*Matil.* The better :  
Your Part is acted ; give me Leave at Distance  
To zany it. — Sir, on my Knees thus prostrate  
Before your Feet. [To Lorenzo.

*Lor.* This must not be : I shall  
Both wrong myself and you in suff'ring it.

*Matil.* I will grow here, and weeping thus turn Mar-  
Unless you hear and grant the first Petition [ble,  
A Virgin, and a Princess, ever tendred :  
Nor doth the Suit concern poor me alone,  
It hath a stronger Reference to you  
And to your Honour ; and, if you deny it,  
Both Ways you suffer. Remember, Sir, you were not  
Born only for yourself ; Heav'n's liberal Hand  
Design'd you to command a potent Nation,  
Gave you heroic Valour, which you have  
Abus'd in making unjust War upon  
A Neighbour-Prince, a Christian ; while the *Turk*,  
Whose Scourge and Terror you should be, securely  
Wastes the *Italian* Confines : 'Tis in you  
To force him to pull in his horned Crescents,  
And 'tis expected from you.

*Lor.* I have been in  
A Dream, and now begin to wake.

*Matil.* And will you  
Forbear to reap the Harvest of such Glories,  
Now ripe, and at full Growth, for the Embraces  
Of a slight Woman ? or exchange your Triumphs  
For Chamber-pleasures ? melt your able Nerves  
(That should with your victorious Sword make Way  
Through th'Armies of your Enemies) in loose

And

And wanton Dalliance? Be yourself, great Sir,  
The Thunderbolt of War, and scorn to sever  
Two Hearts long since united: Your Example  
May teach the Prince *Uberti* to subscribe  
To that which you allow of.

*Lor.* The same Tongue  
That charm'd my Sword out of my Hand, and threw  
A frozen Numbness on my active Spirit,  
Hath disenchant'd me. Rise, fairest Princess!  
And, that it may appear I do receive  
Your Counsel as inspir'd from Heav'n, I will  
Obey and follow it: I am your Debtor,  
And must confess you've lent my weaken'd Reason  
New Strengths once more to hold a full command  
Over my Passions. Here to the World  
I freely do profess that I disclaim  
All Interest in you, and give up my Title,  
Such as it is, to you, Sir; and, as far  
As I have Power, thus join your Hands,

*Gonz.* To yours  
I add my full Consent.

*Uber.* I am lost, *Farneze*.

*Farn.* Much nearer to the Port than you suppose:  
In me our Laws speak, and forbid this Contract.

*Matil.* Ay me! new Stops?

*Gal.* Shall we be ever cross'd thus?

*Farn.* There is an Act upon Record, confirm'd  
By your wise Predecessors, that no Heir  
Of *Mantua* (as questionless the Princess  
Is the undoubted one) must be join'd in Marriage,  
But where the Match may strengthen the Estate  
And Safety of the Dukedom. Now this Gentleman,  
However I must stile him Honourable,  
And of a high Desert, having no Power  
To make this good in his Alliance, stands  
Excluded by our Laws; whereas this Prince,  
Of equal Merit, brings to *Mantua*  
The Power and Principality of *Parma*:  
And therefore, since the Great Duke hath let fall



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His Plea, there lives no Prince that justlier can  
Challenge the Princess' Favour.

*Lor.* Is this true, Sir?

*Gonz.* I cannot contradict it.

*Enter Manfroy.*

*Manf.* There's an Ambassador  
From *Milan*, that desires a present Audience;  
His Business is of highest Consequence,  
As he affirms: I know him for a Man  
Of the best Rank and Quality.

*Gal.* From *Milan*?

*Gonz.* Admit him.

*Enter Ambassador and Julio with a Letter, which he presents on his Knee to Galeazzo.*

—How? so low!

*Amb.* I am sorry, Sir,  
To be the Bringer of this heavy News:  
But since it must be known ———

*Gal.* Peace rest with him!  
I shall find fitter Time to mourn his Loss.  
My faithful Servant too, *Julio*!

*Jul.* I am o'erjoy'd,  
To see your Highness safe.

*Gal.* Pray you peruse this,  
And there you'll find that the Objection  
The Lord *Farnese* made, is fully answer'd.

*Gonz.* The great *John Galeas* dead?

*Lor.* And this his Brother,  
The absolute Lord of *Milan*.

*Matil.* I'm reviv'd.

*Uber.* There's no contending against Destiny,  
I wish both Happiness.

*Enter*

*Enter* Alonzo, Maria, Octavio, Pisano, Martinio.

*Lor.* Marry'd, *Alonzo*?

I will salute your Lady, she's a fair one,  
And seal your Pardon on her Lips.

*Gonz. Octavio,*

Welcome e'en to my Heart! Rise, I should kneel  
To thee for Mercy.

*Off.* The poor Remainder of  
My Age shall truly serve you.

*Matil.* You resemble a Page I had, *Ascanio.*

*Mar.* I am your Highness' Servant still.

*Lor.* All stand amaz'd

At this unlook'd-for Meeting: But defer  
Your several Stories. Fortune here hath shewn  
Her various Power; but Virtue in the End  
Is crown'd with Laurel: Love hath done his Parts too;  
And mutual Friendship, after bloody Jars,  
Will cure the Wounds received in our Wars.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

## E P I L O G U E.

**P**RAY you, Gentlemen, keep your Seats ; some-  
 thing I would  
 Deliver to gain Favour, if I could,  
 To us, and the still doubtful Author. He,  
 When I desir'd an Epilogue, answer'd me,  
 “ ’Twas to no Purpose : He must stand his Fate,  
 “ Since all Intreaties now would come too late ;  
 “ You being long since resolv’d what you would say  
 “ Of him, or us, as ye rise, or of the Play.”  
 A strange old Fellow ! yet this fullen Mood  
 Would quickly leave him, might it be understood  
 You part not hence displeas’d. I am design’d  
 To give him certain Notice : If you find  
 Things worth your Liking, shew it. Hope and Fear,  
 Though different Passions, have the self-same Ear.

E N D of VOL. III.





